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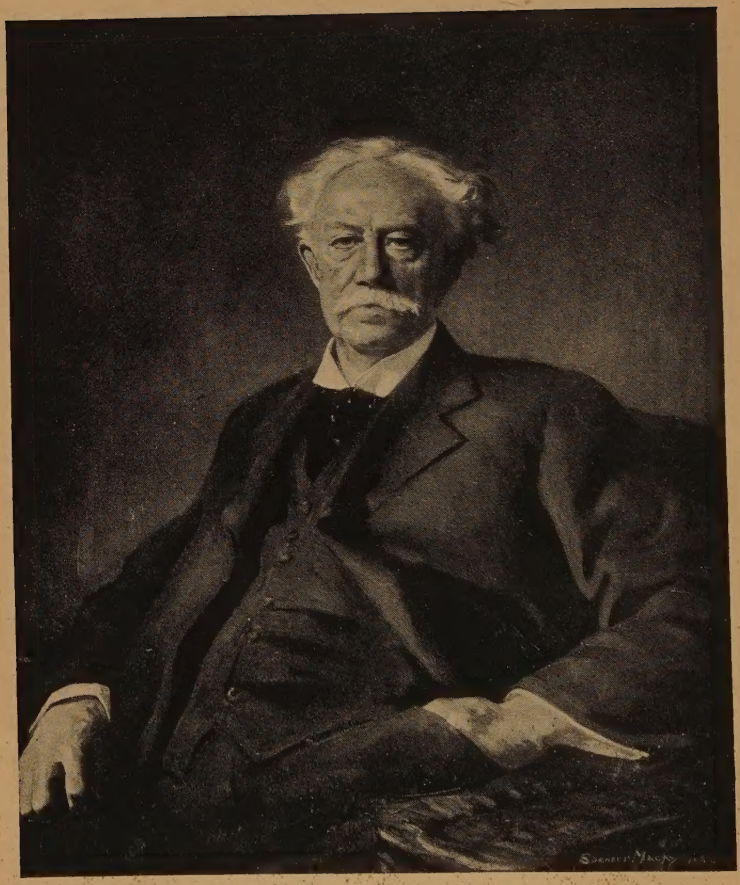

DAVID STARR JORDAN, 1921

From portrait by E. Spencer Macky. Presented to Stanford University by Mrs. Jordan

THE DAYS OF A MAN

BEING MEMORIES OF A NATURALIST, TEACHER AND MINOR PROPHET OF DEMOCRACY

BY DAVID STARR JORDAN

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME TWO

1900-1921

Jungle and town and reef and sea,
I have loved God's earth and God's earth loved me,
Take it for all in all!

Yonkers-on-Hudson, New York
WORLD BOOK COMPANY
1922

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JDM: I-I

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BOOK FOUR

1900–1906

THE DAYS OF A MAN

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

I

With the beginning of 1900 there was inaugurated an important movement for coöperation in higher education. This began at the University of Chicago in a conference called by the University of California at the instance of Dr. Armin O. Leuschner, professor of Astronomy, and made up of representatives of American institutions providing for research. Its occasion was the receipt from the authorities of the University of Berlin of a request for data to enable them to reach a just valuation of American degrees, the standards in this regard among our 575 colleges being very unequal.

Finding ourselves in agreement as to the delicacy and difficulty of the proposed task, we abandoned it and went on to discuss various other matters of common interest with profit and enjoyment. I accordingly ventured to move that the institutions there represented form a permanent organization open to all others making provision for graduate research. My resolution being favorably received, I was made chairman of a committee of three — Dr. William Rainey Harper of the University of Chicago, Dr. Conaty of the Catholic University, and myself — to prepare a constitution for "The Association of American Universities." Sitting next to Harper at a banquet in our honor, I then drew up the necessary

Association of American Universities

document on the back of a menu card. This my colleagues signed and, thus prepared, it still remains practically unchanged. Annual meetings are regularly held at one or another university. Each sends as many delegates as it pleases, though having but one vote; at the same time all resolutions are advisory only, so as not to limit the free action of any institution within the group. In a small way, the make-up of the association and its relation to colleges generally bear a strong resemblance to that proposed for the "League of Nations." The "Big Fourteen" group of 1900 has since increased to about thirty. The charter members were:

Membership

California	Johns Hopkins
Catholic University	Michigan
Chicago	Princeton
Clark	Stanford
Columbia	Virginia
Cornell	Wisconsin
Harvard	Yale

At a meeting held at Yale, President Arthur Twining Hadley read a scholarly paper on the organization of the medieval university. In the discussion which followed, Dr. Eliot (with a clear-cut audacity we younger men could not venture to emulate) rose to say that "the American university has nothing to learn from medieval universities, nor yet from those still in the medieval period."

Eliot on medievalism

I shall now touch briefly on a painful and trying episode which, originating in September, 1896, became gradually critical during the next four years. If the matter concerned only myself and my own shortcomings, temperamental or otherwise, I should

gladly pass it by, heeding Elbert Hubbard's advice: "Never explain; your friends don't need it and your enemies won't believe you anyhow."

Uninformed criticism

In this particular case, however, I had a double problem — on the one hand to shield the University from uninformed or unsympathetic criticism such as then beset the University of Chicago, and on the other to protect the reputation of a young professor from the natural consequences of his indiscreet adventures in thorny paths of partisan politics. I failed in both efforts; but the complex situation can be fairly judged by no one unfamiliar with the details of our "Long Fight," during which almost every other consideration was necessarily subordinated to the one prime duty of saving the endowment for higher education. Founder, president, and professors then worked as members of a coöperating family rather than as university officials.

Yet I am bound to declare, and beyond all possibility of denial, that Mrs. Stanford did not at any time or in any way step outside her right and duty as trustee of the University; also, that in her opinions and judgment she was guided solely by what she correctly interpreted to be the letter and spirit of the governing statutes as clearly laid down at the outset. Above all, I must again affirm that no one has now or ever had a particle of evidence to show that "Money Power," "the Interests," or "the Republican Machine" influenced her in the least. Her frequently expressed resolve never to concern herself "with the religion, politics, or love affairs of any professor" she faithfully kept.

2

The summer of this year was marked by two outstanding features — the most interesting and instructive of all my scientific excursions, and the most cruel personal calamity we have ever experienced, the sudden death just before my return home of our beloved daughter Barbara. The first was my exploration of Japan, made possible by Mr. Hopkins, who again came generously to my aid by arranging to send Snyder with me as associate.

Fishing in Japan

In the course of the summer we visited every promising stream and fishing station from Nagasaki and Obama on the island of Kyushyu in the south to Mororan and Otaru in the northern island of Hokkaido. In many of these places white men were almost unknown, as it was only a few weeks after the abolition of the passport system, which immediately followed the turning over by the Powers to Japanese jurisdiction of the foreign concessions in the "Treaty Ports" — Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Hakodate, and Niigata.

As a result of our work we brought home about one thousand species, nearly two hundred of them new to science — a mass larger than all previous collections put together and forming the material for numerous papers by myself and my colleagues.

In all our operations we had the thorough sympathy and unfailing help of Dr. Mitsukuri, one of my associates in the Fur Seal Investigation, and the ablest of Japanese men of science.[1] Referring to the *torii*, or Shinto temple gates placed before forests which must not be felled, Mitsukuri said that "it

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XXIII, pages 602 and 605

could not be a bad religion that saved the trees"! He moreover assured me that Japan was a civilized country; that in any village we should find the people possessed of an intelligent knowledge of what we were trying to do, and willing and eager to help us. This statement was literally true. As I have said, we visited many villages where foreigners were virtually unknown, and yet everywhere we met not only courtesy but entire understanding. All towns of 10,000 people or more had a natural history museum, and usually an art gallery as well. The museums turned over their fishes to us without hesitation, for "they would be able to get more and we might not."

Annexation of Hawaii

Going out, we reached Honolulu the very day (June 14) on which Hawaii, already nominally annexed [1] to the United States, was organized as a territory — an occasion remarkable for the enthusiasm displayed by the foreign residents, especially the sugar planters, and the futile though temporary lamentation of the natives.

The Nuuanu Pali

During our short stop-over we drove up to the Nuuanu Pali, the almost vertical rim of an ancient and gigantic crater half of which has been torn away by the sea. From there the westward view down over vivid green sugar-cane fields [2] and dusky jungles of guava to the blue ocean some miles away is one of the fairest in all my range of travel. Nevertheless, one can hardly fail to recall the fact that a bloody catastrophe was once staged on the Pali, when Kame-

[1] Annexation released great numbers of Japanese from serfdom to the sugar corporations, bringing many of them to Honolulu. There they soon monopolized certain trades, ultimately the fisheries as well; and some thousands came at once to California, where their presence has created both political and social complications not yet resolved.

[2] Now (1920) mostly replaced by gray-green plantations of pineapple.

hameha the Great, King of Hawaii, drove the people of Oahu over the cliff and down to their death on the rocks a thousand feet below.

First impressions

It was on a sullen, drizzly day (June 24) that we had our first glimpse of Japan. Entering the harbor of Yokohama, we looked down on warm, sloppy water full of white jellyfish; on either side appeared low shores, dimly seen, backed by dark pines, and in the foreground brick warehouses and gray hotels.

At the wharf jinrikisha men waited with their little vehicles, called in Japanese *kuruma*, "wheel," while all about swarmed the people in costumes familiar from Japanese lanterns and fans. Selecting my man, I gave at once the magic order, "*Sakana; ichi ba*" ("Fish; market-place"), and off we sped through the foreign concession by way of well-kept streets lined with English-looking brick houses, a green cricket field and a pretty park, then over rough and narrow lanes to our destination. The great market consisted of open stalls, the dealers squatting above their wares, a generous variety of fish in baskets or alive in troughs of water. Among them was a huge swordfish, a species never before recorded from Japan; this, like the black-tailed sole at San Diego,[1] we regarded as a good omen. As I went on a round of inspection, one young lad, apparently much impressed, gave my leg a polite pinch and shouted as he ran away: "He's real, he's real!"

Having satisfied my first curiosity, I was next impressed by the variety in men's costume, anything from a towel to flowing robes of silk seeming to serve the purpose. Especially conspicuous were the large

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter IX, page 203.

letters or ideographs on the backs of workmen's blouses, mostly red in a white circle, the garment itself being generally blue.

Dress in Japan, as we afterward discovered, is a matter of status, not of choice. Every man, as a rule, had his clothes shaped for him centuries ago, a matter to which I may again refer. But the more striking types tend to disappear, to be replaced by what men choose for themselves, or care to pay for. In European costume, rare at the time of my first visit, the women look taller, less refined, more competent, more aggressive, and less attractive than in native garb. The man becomes shorter, homelier, and relatively insignificant in European clothes.

Among the remarkable costumes are those of mendicant musicians who bear on the head a tall or broad basket with slits in front of the face, and go piping from house to house. One pilgrim girl we saw at Nagasaki had a huge hat two feet or more across and trimmed with green cloth.

After a few hours in Yokohama we went on to Tokyo for a very brief stay before setting out on our mission. But certain matters detained us there unexpectedly long. Our first necessity was to find among the Stanford group some one who could go about with us as secretary-interpreter. In this we were especially fortunate, securing for the first half of the summer Keidichi Abë, a native of Sendai, and for the second half, Keinosukë Otaki, one of my students in Zoölogy.[1] *Stanford helpers*

Japanese youths at Stanford for the first sixteen years were nearly all of the impoverished *samurai* (feudal retainer) class who had worked their way

[1] See page 17 for note on pronunciation of Japanese.

Japanese students in America

upward by sheer energy and persistence. They were older than most of their fellow-students — older indeed sometimes than appearance would indicate — and they were often disposed to look down on the rather careless American lads who took their opportunities more lightly. Probably most of them had been directed to the United States by missionaries. Returning to Japan, they often acquired large influence as teachers or officials in provincial towns. Political posts in Tokyo, however, were rarely offered to any educated in America or England, for such were almost sure to be infected by "dangerous ideas"; and graduates of the excellent Imperial University were always preferred by the *Genro* or "Elder Statesmen," representatives for the most part of the "fighting clans," Satsuma and Choshu,[1] who led in public affairs. This condition American graduates were disposed to resent, although ineffectively. There can be no doubt, however, that their attitude has been a large factor in quieting the war spirit so easily aroused against America by waterfront agitators or unscrupulous militarists.

Effect of Gentlemen's Agreement

Since the Root-Takahira pact of 1907, first called by Will Irwin "the Gentlemen's Agreement," the character of the Japanese student body in America has considerably changed. For no one of them is allowed to leave Japan without evidence of means to pay all his expenses for four years. Thus many who would like to enter American institutions are held back, and while the Stanford group still runs from twenty-five to thirty, its members now belong mainly to the well-to-do classes, and they have in general better preparation than their predecessors. As a rule,

[1] Satsuma is the center of naval influence; Choshu stands for the army.

however, any Asiatic student who finds his way overseas is "one of a thousand," a person of superior ambition. In recent years American-born Japanese girls as well as boys have begun to enter our colleges; these are thoroughly "assimilated," sometimes knowing little or nothing of the old mother tongue or of native Japanese customs.

Abe's adventures

Abe's experiences were interesting and typical of *samurai* persistence. At twenty, not knowing a word of English, he left San Francisco bearing a placard, "Send this man to Denver." There he became in turn farm laborer, railway section hand, and apprentice to the trade of rubber cutting. From Denver he went on to Peoria, thence to Arkansas where he worked as railway gateman. Stricken with malaria, he now returned to Illinois; growing profoundly discouraged, however, he was tempted, he said, "to curse God and die." But pulling himself together he went back to Colorado to work for a time as a cowboy, meanwhile studying English with a friendly judge, who advised him to enter school at once. Dr. James H. Baker, principal of the Denver High School (later president of the University of Colorado), then helped him to pay his way and finish his course by the sale of Navajo blankets. In 1894 he entered the University of Chicago, but finding the climate unfavorable, started for California with only ten dollars, and by "beating it" through on the trains, arrived with a margin of fifty cents. At Stanford he served as cook in Gilbert's family. On receiving his degree in 1898, he returned to Japan, to become clerk in a Tokyo steamship office. Now we found him, at the age of thirty-four, married and relatively prosperous, a magazine writer and advocate of rigorous moral

standards for his people and of a drastic reform of the *geisha* system. But although apparently in sound health at that time, he died not many years after our visit.

Otaki

Otaki was one of the two Japanese students who entered Stanford the first year, during which he and Sadonosuke Kokubo, his classmate, served my family as cook and second boy. Graduating in Zoology, he became a temporary field assistant to the United States Fish Commission on the Columbia River. An eloquent speaker in his own language, and much interested in educational problems, at the time of our visit he was teaching English in the Imperial Military Academy of Tokyo. There he trained Japanese youth in thought and literary style, his principal text being the essays of Herbert Spencer. Afterward he became professor of Ichthyology in the provincial University of Sapporo, writing a series of popular essays on the fishes of Japan. But in a tramway wreck he received injuries from which he died in 1910.

A social call

One afternoon I ventured to make a call at his modest home, a slight breach, perhaps, of conventional etiquette. He was absent, but his mild, motherly wife (who could not escape) bowed three times to the ground in extreme deference. I then presented my card. This being meaningless to her, I walked boldly into the tiny house, which contained three exquisite rooms with sliding panels, besides a sort of kitchen — a brick alcove about a yard square. In the "library" I found two small shelves of American books; on the center stool lay a copy of "The Book of Knight and Barbara," which I pointed out to the little lady. It then flashed upon her who the

invader must be, and she brought forth in triumph one of my photographs. This the two *kuruma* men pronounced a good likeness.

A meek tot of one year easily made friends, but "Knight" Otaki, then about three, ran out and hid behind a cherry tree. I caught him, however, and brought him in, which everybody thought a great joke. Finally, after numerous bows and attempts at foreign handshaking, they let me go. The home was very pretty, but its simplicity and enforced economies seemed pathetic; a scholar cannot work under such limiting conditions. On one of the tiny lacquer stands I noticed the unfinished draft of Otaki's welcome to his "dear teacher," to be delivered at the banquet given me that evening by the Stanford alumni, a speech earnest and heartfelt but with large traces of Japanese idiom.

In front of the house was a dainty garden, including one flowering cherry and a native palm. It is a charming feature of Japan that no home is complete without a garden, however small. In a humble Tokyo dwelling I saw one in a lacquered tray two feet square, with rocks, paths, pagodas, pools made of glass, green moss for grass, dwarf pines, maples, and palms, none of them over six or eight inches in height.

Dinner à la Japonaise

The dinner arranged for me by the Stanford boys was served, at my suggestion, in Japanese style. Then, before we separated, a Stanford Alumni Association was blocked out, and various pertinent matters came up for discussion. Among them was that of the standing of Japanese students at Stanford, it being the general opinion that the professors were

High standards

too lenient with them on account of their imperfect knowledge of English. The new association therefore resolved to ask our faculty to exact from Japanese the same standards as from the others. It was also arranged that questions of admission to Stanford from Japanese secondary schools should be referred to a committee who would undertake the investigation necessary to fix the status of any institution.

Spooner's career

Present that evening was D. Brainerd Spooner, Stanford '99, a student in Philology then resident in Tokyo, where he acted as secretary to the Minister of Siam, exchanging instruction in English for similar lessons in Siamese. Spooner and James F. Abbott, his classmate, who will appear in later pages, entered the Imperial University of Tokyo for graduate work in 1901, the first non-Asiatics to be admitted to that institution. This move at once aroused some clamor among the students, who maintained that the national university was for Japanese alone. The professors, however, made the foreigners welcome and soon quieted criticism. Mitsukuri even looked farther, writing to me especially to express his regret that our men remained for a term only, as he wished to establish the principle of an open door in higher education. Spooner, a tireless and erudite student of Sanskrit and other Oriental lore, has been now for years an official of the British government in charge of archeological surveys in India, in the course of which he brought to light the famous crystal vase which still held the finger bones of Buddha.

As a sequel to the dinner we were invited to an interesting excursion arranged jointly by the graduates of Stanford and the University of California, the professors in Biology at the Imperial University —

Mitsukuri, Isao Iijima, Sho Watasë, Chiyomatsu Ishikawa, K. Kishinouyë, and H. Nakagawa — being also included as guests. Dr. Iijima, after Mitsukuri the leading naturalist of Japan, and also his lifelong associate and friend, was a student of Edward S. Morse.[1] Watase, a morphologist who had worked under Brooks at Johns Hopkins, was for some time professor in the University of Chicago. Ishikawa had written an important memoir on the fishes of Lake Biwa, Kishinouye was a fishery expert, Nakagawa a student of insects.

Cormorant fishing

Our trip led to the Tamagawa or "Jewel" River, a clear, swift stream with wide flood-plain of coarse gravel, where fishing by cormorants is made a specialty. Four birds, each with a harness about its body and a rubber band at the base of the neck to keep it from swallowing the catch, showed amazing skill at their trade. Two boys drew a low net along the river to drive the fish ahead, while the cormorants, led by a third lad, swam in front, diving for prey. When a bird's pouch filled up he was shaken over a basket, and thus disgorged with little ceremony. Watching the process, Mitsukuri said: "You can see by the looks of that cormorant how Japan felt when she was made to give up Port Arthur."

[1] Iijima was not only a morphologist of high rank, but an outdoor naturalist as well, and a noted popularizer of science. Near the Misaki Seaside Laboratory where he spent his summers are the great ocean depths of Okinose — four miles — from which Kuma Aoki, his man, brought him the rarest of glass-sponges, on which wonderful but little-known group he was the chief authority. Of them he described many new forms, even new families, in a region where, in the words of Dr. Bashford Dean, "Nature seemed to have taken many pains to keep them alive in an early geological garden." His death occurred in 1920.

It was at Iijima's initiative that means were devised to force the pearl oyster to produce "culture pearls" by artificial irritation of the mantle or outside skin under the shell. These globules, often very beautiful, are now well known in commerce. In substance they are the same as true pearls, the latter being the result of intrusion by minute parasitic worms.

But the birds are wholly devoted to their duties and rush at the fish with the eagerness of a retriever. They dislike strangers, however, croaking hoarsely at them.

A general feast

Fishing over, the *ayu*, a species of yellow trout — *Plecoglossus* — were saved for our feast, while the minnows and sculpins were thrown back to the birds, which gulped them with exuberant delight. Among the species secured that day was one dace new to science, which we named *Leuciscus phalacrocorax* for its captor — *Phalacrocorax*. I was interested to notice native in the river bed an abundance of the day lily — *Hemerocallis fulva* — common in old-fashioned gardens in America.

Returning to the city, we passed two beautiful Shinto temples, and near them was a monument so old that no one in the party could read its inscriptions. Meanwhile the skylarks sang in the open, and Japanese crows, most sarcastic of birds, jeered at us from the trees.

Next day Mitsukuri hired a fishing boat in which we tried our luck with the rest of the fleet in Tokyo Bay. We caught very little, however, though we did as well as the others. On an island in the harbor stands an ancient fort as fantastically shaped as a modern dreadnought. "With that," said our host, "old Japan tried to shut out Western civilization." But civilization ignored the fortress as negligible, entering the country not by force of arms but by trade and education — each in itself a form of brotherhood.

The ancient fort a negligible barrier

At Mitsukuri's request I spoke without interpreter to the advanced students of the Imperial University, on Agassiz as a teacher. My audience gave appar-

ently the closest attention, though I felt increasingly sure that not one out of twenty understood, which was in fact the case. All of them had a good reading knowledge of English, but as a spoken language it was quite unfamiliar.

Kikuchi and Mitsukuri

A formal luncheon was afterward given me in the beautiful garden of the Imperial University by Dr. (Baron) Dairoku Kikuchi, its distinguished president, a fine historical scholar and graduate of Cambridge, whose honored career later included the headship of Public Instruction for Japan, the presidency of the newly established Imperial University of Kyoto, and finally Privy Councilorship to the Mikados, Mutsuhito and Yoshihito, up to about 1915, when his death took place. Kikuchi and Mitsukuri were own brothers, the difference in surname said to be due to the former's early adoption by another family. Kikuchi spoke English perfectly and with eloquence. At the luncheon I met nearly all the members of the University faculty, but Lafcadio Hearn, whom I especially regretted to miss, was not present.

Dinner at the Maple Club

Still another function was the dinner given in my honor at the *Koyokan* (Maple Club) by Shiro Fujita, Mitsukuri's associate on the Fur Seal Commission. This was an especially enjoyable affair in elaborate Japanese style, the menu being interspersed with various songs and interpretive "dances." Among the guests were Alfred E. Buck, United States Minister to Japan, President Kikuchi, and my friends of the University College of Science.

In a lucid interval between functions, Snyder and I made a short raid into the old province of Hitachi to the northeast of Musashi, in which lies Tokyo.

These interesting ancient strongholds of provincial princes or *daimyos* are still dear to the hearts of the people, though no longer officially recognized as political units.[1]

Odd protective tariffs

During feudal days it was customary for princes to build walls of earth across the lanes leading into another province, in order to keep people and products at home. Referring to this practice, Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain[2] translates a dainty Japanese poem which relates to a Hitachi-Iwaki barrier:

> Methought this barrier, with its gusty breezes, was but a mere name, but, lo, the wild cherry blossoms flutter down to block the path.

Ito and Yamagata

On the Fourth of July we attended a luncheon given by Mr. Buck at the American Embassy. Prince Yamagata, at that time prime minister, was among the numerous guests, as well as Prince Ito, his predecessor. With the straightforward sagacity of Ito, unquestionably the ablest statesman of contemporary Japan, I was much impressed.

Baseball in Japan

In the afternoon I went to a baseball match between a Japanese nine and one made up of Americans resident in Yokohama; the home team won, not by hitting but by very clever base running. The sport, then already popular, soon became the national game, the students of the two local universities, Keio and Waseda, being special rivals. After a while contests between them had to be forbidden, as popular feeling ran so high that riots were sometimes imminent. For each institution seems to have a

[1] See Chapter xxvii, page 65.

[2] Of the Imperial University of Tokyo, author of the excellent "Murray's Handbook for Japan."

noisy following, Keio in the southern, and Waseda in the western part of the city. Teams from each have toured the United States, and American college nines have played return matches in Tokyo. Our athletes as a whole show greater strength and skill, the Japanese more speed and agility on their feet.

3

Next day we began serious work at Enoshima ("island of pictures"), a bold, rocky, heavily wooded promontory connected with the shore by a long sand spit submerged at spring tides. The usual entrance is through a V-shaped gorge up the steep sides of which the little town struggles symmetrically. A pretty inn received us in friendliest fashion, and with much low bowing, of course. The very lively little maid, whom we called O-Cho-San (Miss Butterfly), at once dubbed me "Daibutsu" ("Great Buddha") from my supposed resemblance to the huge and sublimely placid statue which ennobles the neighboring park at Kamakura on the mainland. "If I climbed on your back I should be like a chickadee on the back of an oak," she said. *Picture Island*

Enoshima's prime specialty is a lantern made of the dried, inflated skin of a big puffer fish,[1] through which a candle gleams with pleasing effect. Much in evidence also are pictures and figures of Benten, goddess of beauty, especially devoted to the island, as are those of Ebisu,[2] the fisher-god whose name was borne

[1] *Spheroides rubripes.*

[2] Pronounced "*Aybees*," the short *u* as nearly silent as you can make it, like the French final *e* as in *Louvre*. A uniform orthography for Japanese words, adopted also for the languages of Oceanica, was devised by Professor Chamber-

by our little inn. As we took Ebisu for patron saint, I shall here tell something about him.

Ebisu, the fisher god

His name (spelled with a bow and arrow in Chinese ideograph) is said to indicate an outlander, a barbarian perhaps, certainly an unsophisticate knowing only outdoor things. In any event he was banished by his father, the demigod Oanamuchi, to a lone, mist-covered island — Oshima, no doubt — to die of starvation. But instead he went a-fishing up and down the sandy shore, and his mother whispered through the soft warm wind of the Kuro Shio:[1] "Catch fish, my son; by fishing shalt thou be made a man." The sea was rife, the catch boundless, and fishermen then hailed Ebisu as their luck god. But soon he hungered for rice, which even demigods crave with raw fish. So, bearing a big red *tai*[2] or snapper under his arm, he wandered far afield till he found Daikoku,

lain. In this system most vowels are sounded as in Italian. *O* however, as in French, may be long or short but is usually long, as in *Yokohama*. *O* long, largely used as a prefix or honorific, means great; short *o* means small. Thus *oshima* with short *o* is a small island; *otaki*, with long *o*, a great waterfall, *otaki*, with *o* short a small one.

Short *i* and short *u* are inserted for the purpose of keeping two consonants apart, or to prevent a word from ending in a consonant — *n* being the only one which may terminate a word. These short letters are practically silent like the first and the third *e* in the French *bouleversement*. *Ai*, the only diphthong, is sounded like the English *i* in pine. In *ei*, the vowels are always sounded separately. Final *e* is never silent, having the value of *ay* in bay. *J* is *zh*, or the French *j* in *bijou*.

G, always hard, has rather the force of *ng* when followed by a vowel. Thus *Nagasaki* is pronounced Na-ngasaki. This confusing arrangement, adopted throughout the Pacific, was presumably intended to distinguish the Japanese sound from the more guttural terminal *ng* so common in China.

No is the sign of the genitive, and follows the noun to which it refers; *e*, picture, *shima*, island, hence *Enoshima*. Words are compounded much as in the Greek except that the first letter of the second word may be changed for euphony; thus, *kawa*, river, *ogawa*, great river; *yu*, hot water, *taki*, falls, *yudaki*, falls of hot water. Syllabic accent or stress is practically wanting as in French.

[1] "Black Current," the Gulf Stream of Japan.

[2] *Pagrosomus major*, the "national fish" of Japan.

STREET IN ENOSHIMA

the smiling, short-legged, placid god of trade, sitting high, as usual, on two bags of rice. Striking at once a mutually satisfactory bargain, the two became inseparable friends, twin gods of luck forever after. *Daikoku, another luck god*

All native hotels in Japan lack privacy and quiet, matters about which the inhabitants seem not to care. Indeed, any one may enter any room at any time, for any purpose, or for none at all. Food, so far as I am concerned, is scanty and not filling, though a word from Abe always brought us eggs, chicken, or fried fish — once in a great while beefsteak or milk. Meals are served to order on the floor, each course in lacquered dishes placed on a charming little stand, with always a large, box-like, covered bowl of boiled rice to which one helps himself without stint. Besides this, dinner usually consists of a vegetable soup, fish raw or boiled, hot or cold, and various kinds of pickled roots, especially lotus or lily. A delicate brew of light green tea may be had at all hours. Bread and butter, fortunately rare, were thoroughly bad, the former sour, the latter rancid. But everything is scrupulously clean — excluding all shoes from matting-covered floors helps, of course, to keep it so — and spontaneous friendliness makes the foreigner feel measurably at home in spite of the alien tongue and the absence of beds, chairs, tables, knives and forks. *Friendliness*

The ever ready bath, shared by all the guests, consists of a large tub of exceedingly hot water; usually also, a boy comes in to give each man a welcome rub-down, though in the more old-fashioned houses that service is modestly performed by women. One then puts on a *yukata* (bath robe) which he wears till bed-

time — even on the street if so minded, at least in hot Kyushyu.

At night On a pile of padded quilts (*futon*) one may rest well, but must rise too early, as rooms are thrown wide open betimes, the custom of the country being to begin sliding back partitions as soon as it gets light. Yet the native pays no attention and sleeps as long as he pleases, the men using a bag of sawdust for pillow, the women a narrow block of wood which does not muss their meticulously dressed hair. A characteristic night sound is the soft "tap, tap" of tiny pipes on little tobacco stands, for the waking guest commonly smokes a thimbleful of tobacco, and then strikes his minute bowl softly to remove the ashes. Morning toilettes are soon completed, everybody having taken a hot bath the previous evening, so that after a handful of cold water and a few moments spent in adjusting his kimono, a Japanese gentleman is ready for the day.

The tea house The hotel has no barroom; it is just what it announces itself, a place to eat and sleep, the tea house being the resort for pleasure. Intoxicated men we very rarely noticed, though one day we did meet on the road a "happy drunk," yelling and shouting hoarsely. The few orientals of this type that came our way belonged to the wealthier merchant class for which tea houses exist. According to Abe, these last are essentially immoral institutions, a sort of half-decent Japanese equivalent of our American dive. A little more of Western influence will bring them into the same class.

On Enoshima's "farther shore" we came upon the finest tide pools I had ever seen, and made a rich

catch of slippery blennies. Near by we found a singular wave-worn cavern, the widened end of a long fault which cuts across the entire island and is similarly gouged out on the north opening. Within, its sides are lined with a long series of stone images or *jizos*, besides a coiled snake, an elephant, and various other real or symbolic figures.

O-Cho-San's leave-taking

When we left the picture island, O-Cho-San followed us across the bridge, calling out *sayonara* (goodby) to all her associates, as though taking to the road with the Daibutsu combination. Neither pretty nor refined but full of good nature, she was one of the most joyous little creatures we met in Japan.

Numazu

Following by rail the curved shores of Sagami Bay, the car windows affording exquisite views of Fuji-yama, we next reached the high peninsula of Izu bounding the bay on the south, and continued up the ravine of a boisterous stream through hills covered with pine and bamboo, the latter looking like gigantic feathery ferns. Then crossing the mountain pass at picturesque Gotemba, we stopped for the night at Numazu, "swamp town," the entrance to a smiling plain, the richest district of all Japan. In Numazu an incongruous Methodist chapel, barn-like and painted dull red, contrasted strangely with the dainty Japanese homes. It seemed to me that while giving these people lessons in religion, we might learn from them something of beauty and fitness.

The joy of the house at our inn, the Sugimoto, was a little three-year-old who bowed to the ground with absurdly solemn face according to the best etiquette. All took a hand in spoiling him, I with the rest, for Japanese children are a constant delight except when stunted by poverty and disease.

Fujiyama revealed

Just beyond Numazu we had our finest view of Fuji, which had thrown off its cloud-cloaks and stood revealed in dazzling beauty, a stately cone and very high when thus viewed from sea-level. But native artists always exaggerate its steepness, a natural thing to do as I myself found when I tried to sketch it.

At Nagoya we caught a glimpse of the famous many-flounced castle, then passed on through a level country wondrously pretty with green rice fields, bamboo-fringed hills, and villages smothered in foliage, till we came to Lake Biwa, the largest expanse of water in Japan. From there the road winds northward up and across the hills, then down to

Tsuruga

Tsuruga on the tideless Japan Sea. That night we lodged at the Kumagai, kept by peasant folk, bashful, awkward, and well-meaning as all the country people seemed to be. But the burly landlord scolded his help in a loud voice assumed to impress the guests. Early next morning he led us to market, paying for and carrying our purchases, evidently proud of his unusual responsibility. Crude though he was, we found him very intelligent, a fine, virile, out-of-doors man. That he wore only an open shirt and a towel did not disconcert us, as one soon learns to overlook unconventionality! Later in the day, however, we moved closer to the water, finding Daikoku Inn at the port better suited to our purposes. This is a charming little hotel; in the office sang a dainty blue white-bellied and fork-tailed swallow which had built its nest on a shelf out of reach by little boys. The eldest son of the household, an officer in the garrison near by, invited us to tea with four of his courteous brother lieutenants. One of these claimed to speak

German but failed ingloriously, even if good-naturedly, when put to the test.

Collecting was good at Tsuruga, but a big snake Snyder found in a thicket being a protégé of Ebisu, its capture would bring bad luck, the fishermen said! And yet because the season had been very dry the people were whacking the heads of the mud gods of Omi, who had neglected the rice fields. Fortunately for the reputation of those poor deities, it rained hard the morning we left. *Godship no sinecure!*

From Tsuruga we hastened to southern Japan, crossing a narrow strait of the Inland Sea to the port of Moji on the great island of Kyushyu. Leaving Moji, the railway passes through a pretty hill country with many plantations of lacquer trees — *Rhus vernicifera* — a sort of sumac with spreading, umbrella top. In the highlands lies the dainty, Swiss-like village of Arita, where they make the fine Imari porcelain. Farther on we came to the placid, fjord-like bay of Omura; then, having crossed another ridge, dropped into the city of Nagasaki.

There the honorable governor of the province, one Mitsukuri, a shrewd and agreeable gentleman, received us most hospitably and introduced me to the director of fisheries, Kobaraki, who took much interest in our work and who in turn presented to us Yahiro, a dealer in monkeys. Being then sorely tempted, I bought two of those fascinating animals, arranging to have both sent in due time to my return steamer at Yokohama. *In Nagasaki*

We now discovered what seemed at first an alarming setback, but which really turned out to our advantage. In Tokyo we had bought ten barrels of

alcohol to be delivered to us at Nagasaki. But the Boxer uprising having broken out in China, and the Japanese government needing all available transports for troops, it seized the vessel and put off our alcohol at Moji. This deprived us of the usual preservative, leaving no resource except to try formaldehyde, a substance not before used on any large scale for such a purpose. But we found it very satisfactory for quick work, as great numbers of fishes could be washed, pricked to admit the fluid, wrapped, and stowed away within a few hours without the tedious process of successive baths in alcohol. It is, however, inadvisable to leave specimens more than a few weeks in formalin, as they grow spongy and the bones are partly dissolved; nevertheless, for field work it proved a real boon, and after our return to Tokyo the Japanese government, at the instance of Professor Mitsukuri, paid us in full for the alcohol dumped on the Moji wharf.

Formalin replaces alcohol

In Nagasaki it poured and poured, day after day. But the rainy season being due to end on July 15, we confidently drove that day to Mogi, a fishing village on the sandy shore of the Bay of Obama, east of Nagasaki peninsula, over a road which ran through exquisite scenery resembling a bit of northern Italy. Mogi swarmed with kindly, primitive folk, very scanty of apparel as befits the hot climate, and delightfully unconscious of the fact; old women naked to the waist showed a fine dignity and returned our "*Ohayo*"[1] with grace and good nature.

Mogi

In Mogi we were joined by James H. Means, the Stanford engineer, just back from Mongolia, whence he had escaped from the Boxers on the last train to

[1] "Good morning."

leave that region. He had some uncomplimentary things to say of Urga, the capital, but later wrote that he had since been on the Gold Coast of Africa, and wished to take back all he had ever said in criticism of Mongolia, as well as of Arkansas, where he had once served as assistant geologist under Branner.

Means accompanied me on a short but interesting trip to Obama and Unzen, the latter a mountain resort famous for its hot sulphur springs. During our passage across the bay we encountered very rough surf caused by a gale blowing straight in from the sea. The steamer having swashed through and come to rest behind the Obama breakwater, we were taken off in a *sampan* or rowboat, a poor seasick Japanese lady still clinging to my knees as to a last hope. At the dock waited O-Mime-San, the locally famous hostess of Ikakku-ro or Unicorn Inn, who asked if I were not Dr. Jordan and greeted me like an old friend. Later I learned that some one at Mogi informed her each day by telegraph of her prospective guests.

O-Mime-San

This young woman spoke English well and with a sympathetic tone, thus making each feel himself the object of her special consideration. She had risen in her profession by devoted attention to the demands of English folk, some of which were very strange, to say the least. One lady whom we saw depart for a few days at Unzen had two pack ponies loaded with trunks and blankets, several umbrellas, and a big, uncompromising bathtub, she herself riding high above a pile of luggage in a chair.

English eccentricities

Leaving Obama, I rode a wild stallion which Mime said I must pardon for his antics, he being country-bred! Our path, forced to the wall by ancient,

A superb trip

crowding cemeteries which hold the right of way, started straight up a rock staircase two or three hundred feet high. But having surmounted the hill (which yields superb views of Obama Bay and its bounding mountains) it widened into a sort of turnpike, expensively built though washed out in numerous places by lawless streams not held in check. Farther on it passed into the clouds, invisible precipices dropping off on either side. Along the way we heard a charming song-sparrow, and higher up a wren with an elaborate melody — first, the simple "*teacher-teacher*" common to many little birds, then a variety of charming notes. Crickets were frequent, and cicadas of several species, insistent and persistent. One I made out to be the noted bridlebit insect, from its loud and curious jingle. Grape and greenbrier vines grew in the flowery bush and the blue "butterfly flower" — *Commelyna* — in the ditches, along with the familiar heal-all or *Brunella*.

Unzen

At Unzen the boiling springs and sulphur fumaroles spread over about a mile. But the two most striking phenomena, the geyser of "Loud Wailing" which throws a jet ten feet high, and the excessively hot spring called "Second Class Hell," are of trifling note compared with the Yellowstone displays.

4

Returning to our hotel at Nagasaki, we found there many American ladies, most of them handsome and attractive, the wives and daughters of naval officers from the Philippines, then engaged in hunting Boxers in China. As has been observed, young lieutenants and Anglican rectors often have the pick of

"KOJIGOKU" AT UNZEN

the girls! All were naturally lonely and worried, with nothing to do but *wait* in the heat for news from Peking.

The lady repents

Refugees from China, also, soon began to crowd the hotels. Entering our own one day, I observed an American woman of muscular build and determined expression telling the clerk what she thought of him and his inability to answer her questions. When I ventured to interrupt by giving the desired information, she turned on me fiercely and said: "Young man, when I want to hear anything from *you*, I'll let you know." The next moment she suddenly dropped to the floor all the packages with which her arms were full, and exclaimed: "Why, Dr. Jordan, I'm so delighted to see you! I'm Mrs. ———. You will remember my son at Stanford."

I did remember the youth very well, for on his way from New York to enter the University, he had wired me to meet him at the Palo Alto station at a certain hour. Having incautiously shown the telegram to a colleague, I was afterward amused to hear that though I myself failed, the newcomer was welcomed by a hundred or more uproarious students who gave him so enthusiastic a greeting that, for a moment at least, he felt quite at home!

Too cordially welcomed!

The story of events at Peking during the Boxer uprising, as it came to me through refugees, is faithfully related in "Indiscreet Letters from Peking" by an Englishman (Lennox Simpson) who writes under the pen name of Putnam Weale. Of the many suggestive things in the book, one paragraph stands out especially in my memory. Referring to a statement attributed to Lord Kitchener, the author says:

Putnam Weale

Great soldiers have often told their men, after great battles have been fought and great wars won, that they had "tasted the salt of life." The salt of life! It can be nothing but the salt of death which has lain for a brief instant on the tongue of every soldier; a revolting salt which the soldier refuses to swallow and only is compelled to with strange cries and demon-like mutterings. Sometimes, poor mortal, all his struggles and his oaths are in vain. The dread salt is forced down his throat and he dies. . . . Or he may not entirely succumb, but carry traces to the grave. It is a very subtle poison, which may lie hidden in the blood for many months and many years. I believe it is a terrible thing.

The salt of death

A series of atrocities, then apparently unprecedented, followed the arrival of the German military contingent in China under the command of Count Waldersee, after all need for severity had passed. Conditions precedent to the despatch of the expedition were described as follows by Henry N. Brailsford:[1]

No veneration for the inner ruling caste which has made the wars of Europe could survive a study of the memoirs which deal with the life of Bismarck, and his successor, Prince Hohenlohe. The Hohenlohe Memoirs, given to the world in 1906, expurgated though they were, remind the reader of the books in which our Puritan ancestors used to revel under such titles as "Satan's Invisible World Revealed." The book is simply a dissection of the personal ambitions and intrigues of the courtiers, generals, and ministers who surrounded the German Emperor during the years when Germany exercised a species of supremacy on the Continent. One may take as typical of the mind of these persons an entry by Prince Hohenlohe regarding the policy of Germany toward France in 1889. There was at this time some serious question of provoking war with France, and the main reason for hurrying it forward was apparently the eagerness of the German generalissimo, Count Waldersee, a most influential person at court, to reap the glory which is to be had only by leading armies in the field. There was unluckily no obvious pretext for war, but on the other hand Count Waldersee, who

Berlin intrigue

[1] "The War of Steel and Gold."

was growing old, was obsessed by the painful reflection that if the inevitable war were postponed much longer he would be compelled, a superannuated veteran, to witness the triumphs of a younger rival. In the end it was found impossible to provide Count Waldersee with a European war, but to the astonishment of mankind the Kaiser did, before he reached the age limit, arrange a punitive expedition to China for his benefit. If he reaped no glory by it, the Chinese will not soon forget his prowess against noncombatants and movable property.

On the eve of their departure from Germany the Kaiser made the troops a famous address:

The Kaiser's Huns

When you meet the foe you will defeat him. No quarter will be given; no prisoners will be taken. Let all who fall into your hands be at your mercy. Just as the Huns a thousand years ago, under the leadership of Etzel (Attila),[1] gained a reputation in virtue of which they still live in historical tradition, so may the name of Germany become known in such a manner that no Chinese will ever again dare to look askance at a German.

Prussian atrocities

Here appeared the first application of the epithet "Hun" to the German soldiery, and for its apt use the Kaiser himself must be held responsible. The army thus sent forth struck terror to the hearts of a defenseless people, especially the womenfolk, hundreds of whom sought refuge in the buildings of the foreign embassies, while many others drowned themselves in wells to escape an abominable fate. A trustworthy American living in Tientsin at the time related to me the following story:

A certain Colonel May (presumably English) got together a group of several hundred Chinese and took them about the country to pacify the people by explaining to them the purposes of the Allies. Hearing of this moving body, the Germans set out in pursuit; May thereupon ordered his men to stack their arms and prepare a luncheon for the advancing troops. That

[1] This reference to the great Hun leader is perhaps unjust, for Attila — in his day — seems to have been something of a man.

meal having been duly eaten, the "Huns" were commanded to shoot down their hosts, in order (as one officer is reported to have said) to give the men "a taste of blood." Later these heroes received medals from their government "for gallantry in action"!

Stealing an observatory

A peculiarly inexcusable, though perhaps Napoleonic, piece of vandalism was the theft by Waldersee of the astronomical instruments from the Imperial Palace at Peking. These dated far back into history and were of enormous and irreplaceable value. Taken to Potsdam and set up in the park as trophies they there remain — to be returned, however, in accordance with the Treaty of Versailles. But the expedition secured, in addition to "glory" and loot, money enough to cover several times its own cost. For the German government forced on China the payment of an indemnity amounting to about thirty million dollars a year for forty years. With the outbreak of the Great War, however, the flow of tribute from China to Berlin naturally ceased.

Various outrages

The Waldersee expedition, moreover, did not confine itself to murder and pillage of an organized sort; both officers and men committed outrages of many and various kinds in a private way. During the German occupation of the foreign concession at Tientsin, many unpleasant incidents occurred. As a long line of Chinese were engaged in carrying coal for a German ship, one of the men, being lame and slow, caused a break in the line, for which grave misdemeanor he was promptly shot by an officer standing by, that the procession might move evenly. After such occurrences, native labor naturally became refractory and quite reluctant to serve the Germans.

The buildings of the University of Tientsin, an American foundation, were used as barracks. An Englishwoman whose house was temporarily occupied by German officers afterward found molasses poured between the dresses she had carefully packed away in a chest. One night Herbert Hoover missed his milk cow; accompanied then by three or four American and English friends and a Chinese servant leading the lowing calf, he went along the street, feeling sure that the disconsolate mother would respond to the call of her offspring. This in fact she did, loudly and unmistakably. But the German officers quartered on the premises at first stoutly denied harboring any cow at all. Forced at last to admit the truth, they said that cow and calf should no longer be separated and *kept them both!* It has been frequently noticed that the phrase *noblesse oblige* has no synonym in the Junker tongue.

The Hoover cow

While in Europe in 1910, I learned that after the return of Waldersee, one Herr Kühnert of Halle ventured to assert that the contingent had been guilty of atrocities in China. Brought before the court for trial, his defense was that he had said that "the allied armies, of which our soldiers were a part," committed certain atrocities. According to my last information Kühnert had been three weeks in jail, but the decision of the higher court never reached me.[1]

Venturing to discuss the above matters with Dr. Otto Seeck of the University of Münster, a distinguished professor of History,[2] I elicited only a brief

[1] This incident impressed me at the time as throwing a strong sidelight on Prussian methods. Seven years later, the administration of the "Defense of the Realm Act" (familiarly known in England as "Dora") and our own "Espionage Act" showed plainly that in time of stress other nations do not scruple to override civil liberty. See Chapter LIV, page 750.

[2] See Chapter XXXVII, page 324.

Misplaced confidence

comment: "No doubt our officers in China knew what they were about."

In Nagasaki I met Homer Lea, a former student, then on the way to Tokyo to see Mr. Buck, and hoping through him to induce the powers of Europe to intervene in behalf of the lawful Emperor of China as against the Empress Dowager. Lea had finished the sophomore year at Stanford. Though a hunchback dwarf, he was a youth of extraordinary parts — ready memory, very vivid imagination, imperturbable coolness, and an obsession for militarism and war. To his associates in college he was known as a "cub" reporter, a remarkable poker player in a small way, and an inveterate student of Napoleon's campaigns and of the military philosophy of England and Germany. For diversion he used to wander about the hills overlooking Santa Clara Valley, working out methods of attack and defense. In 1899, after a dangerous illness, he was warned that he had only three months more to live. He determined therefore to make the most of that time along Napoleonic lines. Seeking out the leader of the Chinese in San Francisco, Dr. Ng Poon Chew — a most effective orator even in English — Homer put himself and his talents at the disposal of the revolutionary group, stating that he was a relative of General Robert E. Lee of Civil War fame. Chew and his friends then agreed to send him to China as a military expert. But in characteristic fashion he informed the public of these plans through the pages of the San Francisco *Call*, and was promptly refused access to China by customs officials.

Romantic militarism

At the British port of Hongkong he met Sun Yat

Sen, the brilliant dreamer, who conceived a great liking for him. Passing on to Macao, the Portuguese concession, he found himself out of money, and appealed successfully to the Chinese in San Francisco for transportation home. Once arrived in California, however, he paid no further attention to them. But about this time he appointed himself "Lieutenant General of the Chinese Army, in command of the Second Division"; this consisted of such Chinese boys as he could induce to drill with broomsticks on vacant lots about Los Angeles. His own uniform of dark blue, with epaulets and brass buttons, he devised himself, and added thereto a number of conventional decorations.

A self-made general

"General Homer Lea" then published his much-quoted volume, "The Valor of Ignorance," a plea for a great American army to meet the coming onset of Japan, combined with an elaborate exposition of the philosophy of militarism. In this he cleverly imitated the writings of actual authorities, and his statistics furnished material for the yellow journals in their clamor for war on the Pacific. Later he put out a lurid novel of Chinese life entitled "The Vermilion Pencil," the villains of the story being missionaries, especially those of the Catholic Church. Another work, "The Fate of the Anglo-Saxon," proclaimed that the only hope of escape from the hordes of Asia lay in thorough military discipline and preparation.

"The Valor of Ignorance"

Upon one of my visits to Los Angeles some years later, I was (as usual) given a dinner by the Stanford Club of that city, containing about a hundred members. Lea sent his regrets, but invited us all to dine with him at the Hotel Angelus the following evening.

The young people paid little attention to the note, for the "General" was never taken seriously by his former associates. Two of them,[1] nevertheless, offered to go with me if I cared to accept the invitation — which I did. During the meal Lea told us wonderful stories of his adventures in China as commander of "sixty thousand men."

If he found any general false to him — "off with his head!" But he "made the mistake of his life" when he left China for Tokyo in a vain effort to induce the Powers to take up the young Emperor's cause, for during his absence the tricky "Old Buddha," Yehonala, invited his officers to a conference under a flag of truce, and then seized and beheaded them all! He therefore found it quite impossible to reorganize another army, and so returned to the United States. As to "The Vermilion Pencil," he prophesied that its approaching publication would produce a violent reaction and put an end to missionary work in China.

The "Old Buddha's" trick

With the outbreak of the Revolution in 1911 Lea proceeded at once to Shanghai with Sun Yat Sen, who became temporary President of the Chinese Republic. He was, however, taken ill there and died in 1912 at the age of thirty-seven, after a stormy career of his own creation. One could hardly help a kindly feeling for the ambitious little romancer trying to make the most of his short life, limited physique, and boundless imagination.

5

Leaving Nagasaki with rich booty, we went north to Kawatana on the glassy Bay of Omura. Here the

Kawatana

[1] Dr. Paul A. Adams and Henry Z. Osborne, Jr.

best of our catch came not from the sea, but from scraping the ditches in the rice fields. The inn, though friendly, was primitive, and as often happens in the humbler houses, night seemed to be divided into watches. For the first hour mice scampered over the floor; then, all becoming quiet, a starved cat got on the roof and wailed dejectedly for an hour or two. Japanese cats, I may say, play in the hardest kind of luck, having neither milk nor meat, only scraps, mostly fishbones, which no one else will eat. Dogs suffer the same sorrows; most of them are cross and miserable. At Tsuruga I saw one being fed on sweet pickles supplemented by only a tiny scrap of fish, and he looked up sadly as he pushed the pickles aside as much as to say: "I'd like to, but I can't."

Watches of the night

By the time the cat was quiet, up rose a bantam rooster, a tiny red fellow about as big as a robin, who crowed lustily. The hen made her nest on a shelf in the hotel office, and the cock occasionally flew up to sit beside her — very friendly and nice of him if he had not got up so early. As to the cat again, we noticed with pain that cat bridges extend from one roof to another; but were consoled by the reflection that they are used *going* as well as coming.

From Kawatana we proceeded inland to Kurume, a quiet, old-fashioned city on the banks of the Chikugo, a big river, and for our purposes the best stream in Japan, since from it we obtained collections of unusual scientific interest. Near Kurume are the mineral springs of Funayado on a high bluff above a rushing river. The carbonated water is of excellent quality, the inn attractive, and well-to-do folk from the countryside gather there to drink, bathe, fish, and loiter.

Kurume and Funayado

Beautiful Miyajima

Back once more to the Inland Sea, we crossed the narrow straits of Shimonoseki, then proceeded eastward to the rocky "temple island," "Miyajima" the beautiful,[1] the delight of cultured Japan. Miyajima town struggles up a steeply symmetrical hill crowned with green pines, and fringed with bamboos rising from matted ferns, the whole flanked below by a white beach and a deep-green sea. The spacious temple, built on pillars along the shore, seems at high water to float on the surface. In front stands the famous *torii* beloved of artists, its foundations also covered save at dead low tide. For trifling sums we bought wonderful colored pictures of the place, delightful in their untruthfulness, an attempt — rather characteristically Japanese — to convert a beautiful scene into a theatrical impossibility.

Hiroshima

At Hiroshima, near by on the mainland, the fish market detained us for some time, the *kuruma* man carrying the purse and loyally looking out for our interests after the fashion of his kind. The boys of his class we could always trust, and of all Japanese laborers I liked these swift racers best. But it is risky to give more than one word at a time to a Japanese servant who knows only a bit of English, for he takes that and lets everything else go. Thus if you say, "It is hot weather tonight," the chances are that he will bring you a pitcher of hot water. And on the other hand it behooves travelers to give some tolerant attention to unfamiliar lingual deviations. For Japanese boys are often wrongly accused of falsehood because they say "iss" (yes)[2] on many occasions when

[1] The most admired of the famous "scenic trio" of Japan, each unique in its way. The others are Matsushima in the north and Ama-no-Hashidate on the western sea.

[2] In Japanese, *Sayo*, "yes," or "quite right."

no is the truth. Especially will they thus reply to certain negative forms. "You haven't fed the cat, have you?" "Yes." That means, "Yes, you are right; I have not."

Leaving Hiroshima, we stopped for a few hours at the ancient and singularly picturesque fishing town of Onomichi, remarkable for its abundance of the small and curious fishes known as seahorses. For all such things I paid a good price, a fact which produced considerable excitement. The story then went round that Ebisu himself had come and was buying seahorses and gobies for more than real fishes were worth! And here our wise and considerate helper showed a trait I thought characteristically Japanese. With the fishes we had gathered large numbers of the interesting yellowish-white seaworm — *Sipunculus*. These Abe threw away — really because they squirmed, ostensibly because (he said) we could get all we wanted of them in Tokyo, though we never saw the species afterward.

Ebisu returns

At Kobe, the large seaport of Osaka, we found little of scientific interest. But we were there joined by James F. Abbott, a Stanford graduate of '99, then teacher of English in a college at Otsu on Lake Biwa. Abbott remained with us for a couple of weeks and was of great service, for besides being an accomplished zoölogist, he had already learned to speak and even read Japanese. Later he became professor of English in the Imperial Naval College of Etajima; and afterward (following his return to America) professor of Zoölogy in Washington University, St. Louis, there succeeding Arthur W. Greeley, his gifted college mate and brother in Delta Upsilon, after the latter's sudden, untimely death. Recently Abbott's knowl-

Abbott

edge of Japan has led him to accept a position as expert in commercial relations between that country and ours.

Kobe speaks English

Kobe, proud of its foreign connections, affected a knowledge of English. On the street I noticed the following signs:

WE ARE THE LAUNDRY OPPOSITE

DYED FOR MOURNING IN ONE CLEAR DAY

BEEF'S WHOLESALE DEALER

MACHINERY AND MATERIAL FOR PHOTOGRAPHY

Osaka

The city of Osaka, the great national center of manufacture, did not go out of its way in the matter of English. At that time, at least, it showed no visible signs of any sort of foreign influence. In the ample markets we found much of interest, but neither fishes, castle, factories, nor canals need now detain us. So, leaving the huge town to swelter in the sun, I shall take my readers southward along the shores of a very blue bay alive with little sails, next up a sharp promontory of hornblende and asbestos schists — coming at last to Wakayama, a large, clean, sleepy city on a broad plain surrounded on three sides by high mountains, and opening out southwestward toward the sea. In the midst, on a bold spur of upturned hornblende, stands Wakayama's intricate castle, the most perfect of its type extant, half hidden in trees and surrounded by a moat filled with lotus and frogs.

Wakayama

Jogging over the road by jinrikisha to our next station, Wakanoura, "inlet of romantic song," we

overhauled the patient fishmongers trotting along with catch too small or too soft to be worth sending to Osaka. Among them were several good things, and we pushed forward with a confidence amply rewarded. The village itself snuggles at the foot of a pine-clad promontory fronting a little island with seven long-armed pines symmetrically arranged in typical Japanese fashion, for in that country nature conspires with art. A great double row of straggling pines over which "cranes fly crying" borders the long beach:

Waka-no-ura ni
Shio michi kureba,
Kara wo nami
Ashibe wo sashite
Tazu naki wataru.

On the little bay of Waka
When the tide flows in,
Dry land being none,
Toward the place of the reeds
The cranes fly crying.

Behind are sharp cliffs — isolated spurs of hornblende — of which one, Kimiidera, is very sacred, and bears a famous temple with a superb view. To the west the steep and high hills end in an abrupt cape breaking off into black rock islets. The little bay is very blue and clear. Tempered by the Kuro Shio, the life-giving current from the Philippines, it abounds with warm-water life — swarming crab, squid, octopus, shrimp, jellyfish, and all manner of other spoils of the sea. In the course of three days there we got two hundred species, a dozen or so of them new. Nowhere outside the coral reefs of the tropics had I yet found a richer field.

The Bay of Waka

The advent of the fish-god, moreover, occasioned even greater excitement than at Onomichi. The whole community was wrought up. Children and women searched the fish boxes and rubbish heaps if haply they might find something salable. Never less than thirty children followed me about constantly, till I felt like Kipling's Kangaroo chased by the Dingo in his search for popularity. One bright, naked little lad worked all the rock crevices with hook and line, using a towel for net, and brought us a host of remarkable things of value, thus earning two *yen* a day. Some offered insects, especially the musical cicadas the Japanese cherish in cages.

As a community, the people impressed one as capable and intelligent but extremely primitive. The village giant, a six-foot blacksmith weighing some 190 pounds, followed me around mournfully. The biggest man ever seen at Wakanoura up to that time, his supremacy had now departed. He said nothing, but felt once or twice of my arms to see if I were really as big as I looked!

A disconsolate giant

A little girl about ten years old, totally different from the rest of the family, whiter than the others and with a distinct suggestion of French blood, interested me greatly. There was doubtless a story behind it all. She lived in a mere hut. The fisherman father wore only a loin cloth; mother and grandmother had the blackened teeth of the humble peasant and went about their affairs clad in only a coarse skirt. An older sister was as guileless as a half-grown heifer and as careless of appearances. Yet this child had all the grace of manner of a high-born lady and a sense of personal pride wholly foreign to her family and

A little lady

associates. Her little white jacket and decent skirt she wore as though they were fine garments, yet at the same time did her work with no sign of aloofness. A shy little thing, she ran away when I looked at her, seeming in every respect strangely out of place among the children of the beach, though she too was semi-aquatic, and swam like a duck.

Boys swarmed there, many of them paddling about in wooden tubs just big enough to squat in, with bamboo sticks for oars. Thus humbly equipped, they would fish happily for hours, even in deep water. Nevertheless, these joyous children suffered from certain serious handicaps — mouth breathing, mainly caused by adenoids, and sore eyes, two maladies common among the poor, especially in the southern districts of Japan. The first naturally results from lack of proper heat during the damp and chilly winter, to be further aggravated by the prevalent cigarette habit. But both difficulties are associated with the custom by which young children are carried around with drooping heads on the backs of their older sisters, often facing the sun and always exposed to dust and infection. Eczema of the scalp, also painfully common among the smaller youngsters, is thought to be made worse by shaving their heads. This custom, already passing away in 1900, was a semi-religious rite, it being superstitiously thought essential to success in life. One Buddhist demigod, when properly propitiated, was supposed to keep children from crying during the process.

Physical handicaps

Abe, much distressed at the sight of so many sore eyes in villages without a physician, inquired of me in some detail as to the remedial uses of borax and zinc oxide; and, having the ear of the press in Tokyo,

he decided to start a reform for the benefit of country children.

Our deferential young friend

Many well-to-do people spend the summer at Wakanoura. One boy from the Kyoto High School went about with a volume entitled "Decision' of Charac'ter," as he accented it, a long-winded moral treatise used as a textbook in English. Some passages, dull enough at the best, he did not understand, and appealed to me for explanation. He was really very bright but exasperatingly deferential. Following me around to pick up crumbs of wisdom and to try out his English, he asked many questions — one Japanese way of showing polite interest. But the accent of his native teacher was so different from ours that he understood but little of what we said.

Leaving Wakanoura with feelings of warm affection and real regret, we hastened northward by way of lovely Kyoto, where we spent an all-too-brief day as ordinary tourists. But eleven years afterward I returned with Mrs. Jordan to that superb ancient capital for a somewhat longer stay, and I therefore pass it by without further notice for the time being.[1]

Garden of rest

At Hikone (on Lake Biwa) we spent a couple of days, gathering a rich harvest of little minnows. There we found shelter in the Raku-raku-tei, "mansion of rest," later Raku-raku-en, "garden of rest," the most charming hostelry of our experience. That fine old palace-villa formerly belonged to the princes of Ii, the last one of whom played a prominent part as defender of the Shogunate during the struggle subsequent to Perry's arrival in Japan. This famous nobleman, "a man of rare sagacity and favorable to foreign intercourse," was murdered in 1860 by

[1] See Chapter XXXIX, page 384.

order of the Prince of Mito, who desired to supplant his Ii kinsmen. Adjoining the exquisite villa garden is another, somewhat finer in certain respects and containing in miniature "the eight beauties of Omi." Above, on the steep, wooded hill dominating the wonderful double garden, stands a chaste, three-storied, white-walled donjon, the remains of the noted feudal castle of the Ii family. From it one gets a superb view of the whole province of Omi, the great lake, and the forested mountains around about.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

I

Otaki replaces Abe

At Tokyo our loyal Abe left us, glad to have seen so much of his native land in our company and to have gathered material for an essay on "Japan as Seen through Foreign Eyes." Otaki, equally energetic, more demonstrative, and less given to philosophy, now succeeded to all duties and privileges. The northern tour (on which we set forth without delay) proved quite as rich in scientific results as that through the south, and even more interesting because the fish-fauna of the north had never been studied before. Moreover, we now found the country people in general more spirited and sympathetic, and, on the whole, better educated than their southern fellows. Physically, they have longer faces and average rather larger and stronger, the round head characteristic of Kyushyu, still more of the Ryukyu Islands farther south, being rarely observed by us northward from Tokyo.

After a long day's ride we reached Sendai, the largest town in northern Japan. But while yet some forty miles away, caught without coats or collars because of the heat, and wearing a general air of doubtful respectability, we were met by a delegation of leading citizens. At the head appeared Dr. David B. Schneder, the wise and devoted president of North Japan College and for thirteen years a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church in Sendai. At the station, thirty more men awaited us. On being introduced by Schneder, each proffered his card, then

Dr. Schneder

held out a hand in uncertain fashion as though practicing a new and strange rite, allowing us to shake it as we chose. But I had carelessly come without cards, for hitherto we had found people incurious and so had had little need to exchange these mementos. The double ceremony over, the stack I held amounted to about seventy, and the mayor, Satomi-San, kindly ordered a supply with my name in both English and Japanese.

We were now conducted to Schneder's hospitable home and there made welcome for the length of our stay. At six the next morning we reached the fish market, where a group of prominent people awaited us with bated breath, as Mr. Satomi had given orders that nothing should be sold to any one before my arrival. It was, indeed, a surprisingly solemn occasion, the *élite* of the city having assembled there to do honor to us as scientists. Satomi, a plump, fair-skinned man with jet-black, clustering beard, wore the conventional dark frock coat, the tall chief of police appeared in white gloves, and the city council and teachers were also in frock coats. The main catch that day was *shibi* or tuna, the red flesh of which is eaten raw or boiled and soaked in *soi*, a salty brown sauce made from the soya bean; but I found a few new or rare species. My inspection over, a member of the council, Mr. Yoshioka, bought all I had laid aside and presented them to Stanford University.

Unaccustomed ceremony

At North Japan College I gave an address interpreted by Otaki. The mayor then made a gracious speech — translated by Nakamura, a future student of Stanford, into excellent English — expressing his own pleasure and Sendai's gratitude for my visit, my talk, and my friendship, and asking leave to pre-

A study of the "hidden hills"

sent a "memorial." This was a *kakemono* painted by Toya, Sendai's most famous artist, who died in 1850. A delicate moonlight study of a rabbit lurking among autumnal flowers in the *sendai* (that is, "hidden hills" or "high places of secrecy") and said to be a characteristic specimen of Toya's work, it illustrates the first canon of Japanese landscape art by embodying "earth, sky, and a living creature." When I in turn expressed appreciation in my prettiest fashion, tea and raisins were served, after which they asked me to tell them about Stanford University.

During our stay, Count Datë, representative of an old and famous family, showed me a box of fish paintings made a hundred years before for his noble house. These were excellently done, the species being readily recognizable. Among others was the remarkable *Ranzania makua*, a very strange fish — already described by Jenkins from Honolulu — in which the tail seems to be directly fastened to the large head without intervening body.[1] It was labeled (in Japanese, of course) "off the sea of Akabane, Mikawa, by Sokichi Minake." There is no other record of *makua* from Japan, and only five specimens — all from Hawaii — have ever been noted elsewhere. In view of our great interest, the *daimyo* afterward sent Snyder a careful copy of that particular painting.

A strange fish

From Sendai we made a very interesting side trip to Matsushima, "pine islands," according to popular estimation second only to Miyajima in charm. For the broad and shallow bay is studded with a multitude of small, rocky islands said to number 808, each

[1] *Ranzania truncata*, also rare, is found in the Atlantic. The genus is allied to the common Head-fish, *Mola mola*.

one bearing a few long-armed pine trees, often fantastically shaped, the whole combining to form a scene of truly unusual beauty.

Not far from the town is a somewhat noted quarry of hard fossil wood — carbonized to a rich black — from which they make handsome, heavy, highly polished trays etched with charming views of the "pine islands." On the thickly wooded promontory to the north, monkeys still lived, I was told, coming down at low tide to gather edible seaweed — *Porphyra* — for their winter store. *Thrifty monkeys*

In Matsushima Bay, remote as it is from the Kuro Shio, we began to get distinctive northern forms, several of them new and of special interest. As already stated, the fishes of the cold waters of Japan had received no attention from ichthyologists, only a few scattering notices, mostly derived from Perry's expedition, having been published. In the south, on the contrary, the larger fishes, especially those used for food, had long been fairly well-known to science. For in the '40's, when the Dutch were the only Westerners privileged to enter Japan, Dr. Karl Th. von Siebold of Leiden sent over a capable naturalist named Bürger, who gathered much material at Nagasaki and elsewhere in Kyushyu. Upon this collection was based a finely illustrated volume of the "Fauna Japonica" by Coenrad J. Temminck and Herrmann Schlegel. Later, in the '70's and '80's, two successive foreign professors of Zoölogy in the Imperial University of Tokyo, Franz Hilgendorf of Berlin and Ludwig Döderlein of Vienna, published careful studies of the species found in the Tokyo markets, the most important being the joint work of Steindachner and Döderlein. But the vast array *"Fauna Japonica"*

of sculpins, blennies, and rockfish of the north remained largely unknown until our visit.

Count Uesugi

At Sendai we were asked to take with us the young Count Uesugi (a student of Spooner, Otaki, and Kokubo), a very intelligent, fragile, undersized youth of about eighteen, with long face, grave demeanor, and quiet dignity. Though a descendant — the last — of a famous Japanese warrior of the house of Yonezawa, Uesugi was emphatically a man of peace — unfortunately marked, however, for early death.

Before leaving "the hidden hills" we received by the hands of two special envoys a pleasant invitation from the mayor of Morioka, capital of Rikuchu, to visit their city on our way north. Then finding that we planned to stop over at Ichinoseki, one of the men went on ahead and reserved rooms for us there at Ishihashi ("Stone Bridge") Inn. Arriving, we found that excellent hotel decorated with Japanese flags and otherwise quite prepared for the American scientists. Hardly had we established ourselves, however, when a vigorous earthquake began to thump and sway the house with some degree of violence, and for more than a minute; but as neither Otaki nor the maid stirred or remarked on it, we too appeared not to notice! Afterward, upon my inquiring about general earthquake etiquette, Otaki said the shock was a rather severe one, so that we should have been perfectly justified in running downstairs into the street. Later we heard that the disturbance, radiating from the volcano Azumayama, was very violent in the mountains, a number of woodsmen having been killed.

The earthquake at Ichinoseki

Ichinoseki, poverty-stricken and sleepy, lies never-

theless in a rich valley; Uesugi explained that the city, rich and powerful in feudal days, had fallen in modern times from its former high estate. Going out to fish, we found that the clear, shallow, stony Iwai River held very little life, and most of our local collection came from small boys angling with hook and line at a little waterfall under the bridge. But our nets were carried for us by a dignified, close-shaven gentleman resembling a young parson, who, being reduced in circumstances and thus compelled to dispense with trousers, had to put up with odd jobs on the street.

From Ichinoseki the railway follows up the rich green valley of the Kitakami, the fine old ceremonial road, Tokaido, crossing it at intervals. For hundreds of miles this royal highway, bordered on each side by cryptomerias and tall, straggling pines — each an artist's study — is one of the most charming features of the land. What tales it could tell, both bloody and heroic! Charming also are the Shinto temples and their sacred groves protected by *torii*. *The Tokaido*

In Morioka again everybody came out to welcome us, a leading missionary (the Rev. Rothesay Miller), the mayor (Kiyooka), and the head teacher (Onodera) being well to the front. The handsome town, crossed by two very rapid rivers, is backed by lofty mountains and surrounded by extensive apple orchards and fertile fields. Mr. and Mrs. Miller entertained us hospitably in the comfortable parsonage. And here, as elsewhere in Japan, I found that the modern missionary had the well-deserved respect of his neighbors. *Morioka*

At the high school I discoursed by request on higher education, my facile friend Nakamura fur-

nishing the intelligible accompaniment. One serious, preoccupied young fellow, the naturalist Irako, director of the museum, seemed especially interested, and I wondered if perchance my argument, cooled by interpretation, held some direct appeal for him.

Morioka red iron

In the municipal museum we saw a fine display of the industries of Morioka, the local specialty being "red iron" — that is, iron with purposely rusted surface. We found also a small but noteworthy collection of fishes obtained by Irako in remote parts of Rikuchu from both river and sea; this he divided, giving me three or four species new to science, one of which I afterward named for him. He then showed us a number of accurate sketches and paintings made under his direction by Motokiku, a country boy living out in the foothills.

Waste of talent

Motokiku showed decided ability, though he had received no special training and possessed no means of securing any. Thus does the Japanese caste system waste native talent. At that time — and even now, so far as I know — to become an artist in Japan one had either to be the son of an artist or be adopted as a pupil, for humble genius has practically no chance. So far as my observation went, each does what he has been brought up to do, and little else. Lines in general are drawn very sharply. Only a porter can carry a trunk; only a fisherman is allowed to draw a net, no matter how small the net or how simple the process. As a rule, therefore, individuals show little ingenuity when faced by new tasks. A boy whose business it is to tie packages will do it very deftly, others most clumsily.

Another Japanese limitation is the general unwill-

ingness or even inability to form personal judgments. Decisions in important matters are almost always group operations, and even in high places few seem capable of standing alone. All obey orders readily. In the smaller communities an accepted leader, the *go-no* (head farmer), possesses undefined local power, society not having as yet fully emancipated itself from the feudal clan system. This last Abe compared to caste rule among monkeys. It is noticed, he said, that when a male has once whipped his fellow, he remains master for life; no matter how old or weak he may become, the other dares not touch him. So with both *daimyo* and *go-no* in relation to their rivals. Among humans, however, the situation is still further falsified by tradition, which recognizes temporary superiority as a basis of permanent inheritance.

Japanese psychology

The grip of caste among the lower classes is well shown in the rice fields in August, when perhaps a million people are at work in the mud. Of these, three fourths (men and women alike) wear the same ancient garb — broad straw hat tied down bonnet fashion, blue shirt, and light blue trousers looking as though their wearer had been melted into them, for it was quite impossible to see how he got them on or off when wet, as they always were — while on the back a broad, turtle-like shield of woven straw makes known the status of the individual. Men that draw fishing seines use broad hats and mat-like aprons; certain venders of farm products affect garments made almost entirely of straw, so that they look like little wandering haystacks. Such variety lends great picturesqueness to a crowd of Japanese peasants, but binding uniformity within the group must be

The grip of caste

galling to those who long for some degree of self-extrication.

Gracious hospitality

From the museum we went to a large tea house, where the leading citizens of Morioka were again gathered to meet us. Tea and sweetmeats having been served, the mayor, a bright, active, American-sort of man, made a speech of welcome thanking me for my visit to his humble town, and presenting in the name of the municipality one of Morioka's finest iron kettles, also a *kakemono* by the noted Kawabata, called *Gyokusho* or "Jewel-writer" for his delicate touch. The picture represents a turtle, the symbol of long life, under the full moon.

2

Mutsu and the Kitakami

The road northward from Morioka to Aomori on the Straits of Tsugaru winds up through the pretty mountain scenery of Mutsu province, with very noble views from the passes down into the deep, wooded valley of the tortuous Kitakami. Near the summit we saw clearings, "deadenings," and other evidences of frontier life, until, striking another foaming river, we were let down quickly to a rice plain backed by grassy moors and big, shallow lakes. Then, with the coming of darkness, we dimly beheld conical islands rising from out a bay, and — finally — Aomori itself, where I was again hospitably received at a mission, this time a Protestant Episcopal one under the direction of Miss Bertha Babcock.

Shortly after dawn, fishmarket time, the outside door being still locked, I climbed out of my bedroom window to the admiration of curious neighbors, a Japanese mother and half a dozen partly shaven tots

and totlings who sat on the floor thus early at meat, or rather at raw fish, rice, and pickles. On the street I hailed a *kuruma*, but found the market quite empty. It transpired that the fishermen were all very busy appeasing the spirits of their ancestors, supposed to be abroad in the air for the whole of a sacred week during which no good Buddhist dared kill any backboned thing for fear some reincarnated forebear might be thus caught and discommoded. The ceremonial rites came at last to an end with a long procession escorting vagrant souls back to the graveyard. This duty happily accomplished, the men were at our service. But the great salmon catch [1] being over, we had to content ourselves with dried and salted specimens of the three native species,[2] all inferior to the noble salmon of our Pacific Coast. At the museum, however, the naturalist, Sotaro Saito, divided his rich ichthyological spoils with cheerful willingness, thus furnishing me with specimens of much value.

Vagrant souls

Aomori's manufactured specialty is *tsugaru-nuri*, a handsome, variegated green, black, and red lacquer, also called *baka-nuri*, "fool lacquer," because it takes so much pains to prepare it. But the town looks

"Fool lacquer"

[1] Aomori is the center of the Japanese salmon trade.

[2] The *shakë* or *sakë*, identical with the calico salmon of the eastern Pacific — *Oncorhynchus keta* — the *masu* or Japanese Silver Salmon — *Oncorhynchus masou* — and the *yesosake* or black salmon — *Oncorhynchus yessoensis*. The *shakë*, the largest and most important commercially, is of inferior quality as food. The *masu* is widely distributed, its young — *yamamë* — being found in all northern streams, and having the habit of a trout, although adults of all three species die after spawning. Everywhere about Aomori and northward abound the *iwana* — *Salvelinus pluvius* — a near relative of the Dolly Varden as also of our Eastern Brook Trout. Around Aomori is also found the rare and peculiar trout known as *ito* — *Hucho perryi* — a long, slim, pike-like fish with black spots, its only relative being the singular *Huchen* — *Hucho hucho* — of the Danube. No black-spotted true trout of the genus *Salmo* occurs in Japan, but a large species — *Salmo mykiss* — lives in Kamchatka.

Aomori City

rude and poor as compared with those of the south, an appearance mainly produced by the thick walls of the low houses which line the broad streets. One pretty feature is the planting of amaryllis along the ridgepoles; but winter photographs show snow up to the eaves, though the summer vegetation round about is luxuriant and the air is often filled with the delicious odor of some mountain thyme or mint. During our stay I attended a very interesting "teachers' institute" conducted on the American plan, its director being a graduate of Michigan University.

Having done all we could at Aomori, we now left the main island for a time, crossing to Hakodate on Hokkaido or Yezo (sixty miles directly north) where we met a very different land fauna. For the Straits of Tsugaru form what is known to zoölogists as "Blackiston's Line," because Captain T. W. Blackiston first noted the fact that the characteristic birds, mammals, and reptiles of Nippon do not cross it; that is, no pheasants, monkeys, snakes, or any of the various typical warm-weather animals are found in Hokkaido. Southern fishes also mostly disappear, but that change is gradual and due solely to the lowered temperature of the water.

"Blackiston's Line"

Hakodate

Hakodate, built on a flat isthmus behind its stately, fortified, rocky promontory, is very attractive as seen from an approaching boat. Beyond it to the west stretches a great, circular sweep of bay, the green shore-line overtopped by the Arctic-looking peak of Karasu. The city itself seems crude and new, with broad, straight streets, thick, heavy houses to keep out the winter cold, and roofs covered with shingles instead of the pleasing blue-gray tiles so characteristic of the south. Numerous fur stores

display beautifully tanned skins, and the vigorous, good-natured people are of a distinctly frontier type. Of foreign settlement there was little trace, although the sign on one of the most conspicuous (and least attractive) of the inns read:

YOKOHAMA HOUSE
BY HANNABREWER

But fish were there in amazing abundance; also they bore, in the mass, a striking resemblance to those of Alaska, for while most of the species are different the same general types prevail.

A big rock-pool catch

Not content, however, with the spoils of the market, I went over to the rocks off Hakodate Head, where I set a drove of little, naked boys to hunting with dip nets and basket scoops for whatever could there be brought up. I thus secured, at trifling cost, species after species — among them a full half-bushel of small blennies, so that my collection of rock-pool fish from Hakodate was the largest ever made anywhere up to that time.

Mororan

Our next stand was Mororan, a frontier city fifty miles still farther to the north. Its landlocked, almost circular harbor opening into Volcano Bay is as smooth as glass, and filled with the clearest, greenest, oiliest of water, through which the unsilted lava floor is seen to be covered with swaying sea wrack. It is, in fact, an ancient crater surrounded by low hills, very green, very wet, and heavily wooded with beech and chestnut. The town rambles disjointedly along the rock hook which bounds the harbor, not venturing far from water, perhaps for fear of losing itself in the damp woods and dense underbrush of the background.

No tide pools were visible, the rocky headlands breaking off vertically; moreover, so heavy a downpour soon set in that each street became a river, and Mororan had every aspect of complete failure as a collecting station. Snyder therefore proceeded northwestward to Otaru on the Japan Sea, stopping at Sapporo to visit the naturalist, S. Nozawa, at the new government industrial college there, in which Otaki afterward became professor of Fisheries. For myself the only thing apparently worth while was to visit the little Ainu village of Edomo, four miles away. But it was too damp to walk and the only available horses were wild, unbroken brutes. A boat was then suggested if I didn't mind getting wet. Meanwhile, an Ainu woman with bushy, curly hair and tattooed mustache trotted gayly into town, her tight blue trousers covered with mud — altogether an amazing freak that made me wish to see more where that one came from. So, buying an oiled-paper blanket and borrowing coat and umbrella, I hired a little sailboat with two fishermen and started out.

An afternoon off

Edomo squats on an adobe hillside sloping down to a gravelly beach. Most of its forty dwellings were overgrown by climbing scarlet beans, while all about grew potatoes and maize, rank and tall. [In the north, by the way, they eat "green corn," but never grind the grain into meal, for the usual Japanese stove is a mere box or pan burning only a few twigs at a time, and thus no food which takes long to cook can be utilized.] The few primitive wooden houses belonged to Japanese fishermen. The huts of the Ainus are made of rye-straw, walls and roof alike, and consist each of one large room in the center of

Edomo

AINU VILLAGE NEAR SAPPORO

AINUS AT SAPPORO

which a struggling fire burns constantly as in an American Indian wigwam, the smoke escaping through a hole in the roof.[1] Along the wall on every side hang household effects, gala robes of red or blue calico with a large, white, angular design, knives, guns, and smoked fish, while about the fire dry shrinking sea-cucumbers, sea-urchins, salmon, herring, and dogfish.

The chief and his family

The largest cabin belonged to the chief of the village, a big man with gray patriarchal beard — a veritable King Lear so far as beard and bearing go. At superficial glance, he seemed a replica of Joaquin Miller, a sweet liquid voice characteristic of his tribe emphasizing the resemblance. Then one saw that his complexion was dark, his arms and legs were almost as hairy as a bear's, he had fawn-like, hazel eyes and a short, weak nose below a high forehead. His robust, stolid, silent, and muscular daughter, a rosy, dull-eyed girl of eighteen, he ordered about energetically. In silence on the floor by the fire sat a youth of about twenty-two, with the characteristic bushy black hair but smooth-shaven face — apparently not having reached his majority. To be recognized as a man, I was told, an Ainu lad must first kill his bear, and the Hokkaido bear is very large and powerful, being cousin to our Grizzly.

Official welcome

As we entered, the chief bowed to the floor in great deference, after which I sat down by the fire with the family. He now began a long and eloquent speech; of this I understood not a word, but interpreted it as in a vein of tribal humility, with grateful recognition of the honor of my visit, followed by much philoso-

[1] According to students of architecture these one-roomed structures seem to have been the prototype of the modern Japanese house, divided not by permanent partitions but at will by sliding screens.

phizing on things in general. For twenty minutes we listened to the steady stream, until, during a moment's pause for breath, a cat crossed the floor and joined us at the fire. Whereupon I remarked "*neko*," the Japanese word for cat, a simple move which tended to check the swelling current of oratory. I next pointed to his daughter, saying "*musume*," maiden. This brought him down from the clouds, and he turned to common things, trying to discuss the weather with my boatmen, who, like myself, knew not a word of Ainu.

My deficiencies revealed

In the other huts I entered to pay my respects, the men were also at home; these, though younger than the chief, with long, black, curly hair and patriarchal beards, had the same weak nose and brown, appealing eyes. But not another soul said a word in my presence, and the children would neither play with me nor respond in any way to my advances.

Ainu women

Most of the women were busy picking over sea-urchins, the eggs of which they save as food. The married ones all show the outline of a black mustache tattooed on the upper lip, a custom the Japanese have tried to discourage. But despite that disfiguring mark, some of the younger wives were handsome in a sad, sallow way, and the girls seemed healthy and vigorous. The Japanese order them all about mercilessly, however, and it is evident that they regard their rulers as superior beings, in spite of their own greater size and physical strength as well as more imposing appearance.

The Ainu race

According to ethnological theory, the Ainus are a branch of the Aryan race, belonging to the group vaguely known as Turanian and remotely allied to the tribes of the Caucasus; indeed, they may perhaps

not have diverged far from the primitive, patriarchal type of the modern Caucasian. In earlier days they occupied not only Hokkaido but most of the main island and Kyushyu as well, from which regions they were driven out and back by the invading hosts of the Yamato tribe of the west. From those long-headed, relatively white people are descended the present aristocratic strains of Japan, and there is some evidence derived from ancient paintings and statuettes that they too were Aryans allied to the Greeks, though since mixed with Chinese and Malay elements, and farther north, with Manchus.[1]

Yamato invaders

But the prehistoric Ainus evidently made a vigorous defense against the invaders, for the word *he* — "outpost" — appears in the names of various northern towns, marking each Yamato advance. Thus *Ichinohë* is "first stand" or outpost; *Sannohë*, "third stand"; *Shichinohë*, "seventh stand"; *Hachinohë*, "eighth stand"; all being towns in the province of Mutsu, of which Aomori is chief city. So it seems to me (who have made some study of such matters) that continued conflict must have destroyed the independent and aggressive elements among the Ainus, leaving only the inert and submissive to father succeeding generations. In any case, the 20,000 or more that now remain, gentle, idle, and given to drink, comprise a failing race unable to hold its own against Japanese competition.

Ainu resistance

In Japan I was asked whether I thought it best to have them cared for by the state, ultimately to disappear of sheer inanition, or to allow them to shift

[1] According to Dr. Hara the testimony as to Aryan relationship is not conclusive. "That the Japanese race is far from homogeneous is absolutely certain, but whence the Yamatos came and when they reached the islands no one knows."

A difficult problem

for themselves and thus die of drink and general misery — not an easy question to answer. Having tried both methods — public support and persistent neglect — on our own aborigines through "a century of dishonor," we Americans can hardly say which of the two is the more disastrous!

3

Edomo was my "farthest north," and I turned back to Mororan with the feeling that "summer is over and the wild goose flies south." Meanwhile Otaki, never idle, had found a boy with a rude dredge which could be used to scrape the bottom; as a forlorn hope we went out with him. The result was most surprising. The sea-wrack was crowded with life, and we soon got a bucketful of little blennies, four of them new to science.

Crowded sea-wrack

The next day, in Hakodate, I met the only incivility I ever encountered in Japan. Presuming on the unfailing good nature of the market people (as I had often done before), I took up an empty tray from a pile near by, to carry some specimens to the stall where I had left those previously selected. But before I had gone far a young fellow came along, savagely yanked the tray out of my hands while I tried to explain, and threw the fishes into the air in furious rage. This outburst plainly shocked the other folk, who deferentially picked up everything, without a word, and put them on a fresh tray.

From Hakodate we once more crossed the picturesque Straits of Tsugaru, stopping at Aomori only long enough to visit — under Miss Babcock's guidance — the home of a deceased *daimyo*, some of

whose treasures were being sold. There I secured three ancient mirrors of polished steel, highly valued before the ingenious West sent glass and quicksilver to Japan.

Farther on we tarried for a day at the little city of Hachinohë and at Samë, its port, a pretty watering place near the northeast corner of Nippon. Here we found much of scientific interest, but were soon on the back track toward Morioka and Sendai. From time to time along the road I saw evidence of the spread of fruit culture, hitherto neglected in Japan. Cherries, plums, peaches, and quinces had of course long been cultivated for beauty, and by artificial selection developed into numerous varieties bearing exquisite flowers though little or no fruit, and not much of food value.

A new industry

But we now noticed many excellent orchards of apples and pears — especially about Morioka — and the familiar Red Astrachan was already ripe. In the new Agricultural College at Sapporo, various kinds of northern fruits, largely American, were being tested as to their fitness for Japanese conditions. In the Kyoto region similar efforts had developed large and finely flavored peaches and plums, the best of both having blood-red flesh. Widespread throughout the country was also an excellent native grape, slip-skinned like the American species, and resembling the Catawba in flavor. In the south, however, the chief fruit was the deliciously acid loquat, locally known as *biwa*, and a bitterish shaddock allied to our misnamed "grapefruit." I was, however, strongly impressed with the amount of waste land in northern Japan — that is, districts not suited to rice, practically the only crop generally cultivated. Agriculture

Luscious fruits

Agriculture practically limited to rice

there means one thing only — uplands being terraced for rice, lowlands flooded for rice, rivers blocked to give standing water for rice, and all waste products and night soils used as manure for rice. Here and there cattle are raised in a small way, occasionally horses, and one sees many gardens in which beans, potatoes, sweet potatoes, maize, taro, lily, eggplant, and onions are grown, besides ponds for the cultivation of the wholesome lotus root; yet these are all side issues, not staples. By tradition, also, the hilly lands of Mutsu and Rikuchu are allowed to grow up to picturesque thickets of brush and coarse grasses; given over to sheep they might be made profitable, though their wild beauty would then vanish. In cattle they could not be made to pay, because Asia as yet offers scant markets for butter, cheese, or beef.

Local flora

From the train I noted the bluebells, tiger lilies, and white lilies of the woods, and sometimes on the housetops the day lily of the river bottoms — *Hemerocallis* — blooming with *Amaryllis* along a ridgepole above the thatch of straw. The forests were largely of chestnut. In the thickets grew many willows, as well as wild grapes, a red-flowered *Spiræa*, *Lythrum*, *Lysimachia*, and a *Viburnum* with showy false flowers like our own witch-hobble. Bittersweet vines — *Celastrum* — dangled their scarlet berries over the trees, and the fine-leaved maple, beloved by the Japanese, was already beginning to flame.

"Manners makyth man"

Picking up a provincial magazine supposed to be in English, I found a discussion as to whether a "zentureman" is known by dress and expenditures, or by morals and manners, the conclusion reached being identical with that of Winchester College a thousand years ago — "Manners makyth man." The same

magazine solicited articles in English, the editor correcting all errors, in brackets. Some of these contributions were very funny, especially a criticism of one Sanda of Kobe who "apes foreign dress and manners," and who found somewhere "an Omon" of like disposition who knew enough English to say "I think so," after which they were married in foreign dress and style, — conduct regarded by the author as highly absurd.

Yet it is plain that however eager Japanese students may be to acquire pure English, the people at large are building up a dialect of their own which mainly dispenses with the definite article and the plural form. This new speech, moreover, recognizes no distinction between *r* and *l* — the latter being wanting in Japanese — and the system of accent is peculiarly its own. Nevertheless, in the matter of simplification the result is not comparable to the "pidgin English" of China or the "Chinook jargon" of our own Northwest.

Japanese humor

The Japanese sense of humor is very strong, no type or class (the Mikado excepted) being exempt from ridicule. According to Uesugi, the foibles of the country aristocracy often supply material for sarcasm, and in this connection he related two stories current about Sendai. It seems that the flounder or sand dab — *karei* — colored dark brown on the right side, white on the left, is ordinarily served white side up. By tradition in one noble house, however, the custom was reversed, the dark side being always exposed. A certain *daimyo* having been invited to dine with "the Blacks," afterward waxed eloquent at home about the flounder with which he had been regaled — so much better than those he was accus-

tomed to. Thenceforth, he ordered, only black ones should appear on his own table.

This same man had a spendthrift nephew who tried to borrow money of him. But the young fellow smoked a gold pipe, a thing the *daimyo* said he could not himself afford, and he would lend no more money to such a wastrel. "But a gold pipe lasts for years," pleaded the young swell. "What, you don't smoke the same one twice, do you?" asked the horrified uncle. For while his own pipes were brass, and relatively cheap, he took a fresh one for each round.

Poor economy

Approaching Sendai on our return, I received a telegram from the mayor asking me to spend the evening with him and the council in a discussion as to "how to make Sendai a better city." We thus sat together on a large open veranda, comfortably cool in spite of the hot evening, but attacked by scores of the big, aggressive mosquito of the north. This carries no malaria, but is unfortunately a nuisance the people can hardly hope to abate in that land of heavy summer rains and ubiquitous standing pools.

The sage of Sendai

Hayakawa, the town sage, acted as spokesman. In suggestive and dignified remarks, he compared Japan to a boy brought up in the backwoods but now come to his majority and realizing how much was to be learned before he could take his proper place in society. America seemed like an older brother, already experienced and willing to help. The Japanese in California, he said, must have been unworthy, otherwise there would not be a great outcry against them. He therefore hoped that only men of character would go to America in the future, not those who discredit their race; he evidently saw no reason why

clean, orderly, home-loving laborers should not be welcome anywhere.

Hayakawa's almost romantic attitude toward our country then expressed the general feeling of the people at large. For this there were several patent reasons. It was the United States which in 1854 opened Japan to a knowledge of the West, and thus hastened the downfall of the outworn feudal system and the dual rule of shogun and mikado. Americans established the Japanese school system and helped found the great Imperial University at Tokyo. Shortly before my visit, also, our government had brought about the abandonment of foreign jurisdiction in the treaty ports. To Japan, America was still her best friend among the nations, her guide and leader in new and strange paths.

Our helping hand

Furthermore, the lesson of the Shimonoseki incident of 1863 was universally recognized by the Japanese. Every schoolboy knew the story. A number of foreign trading ships — Dutch, French, and American — passing through the Inland Sea to China, having been fired on in turn in the narrows, some seventeen of them afterward reappeared led by a British man-of-war, which then bombarded the fort and town of Shimonoseki in reprisal. Three million dollars of indemnity were also demanded and divided among the four Powers. But later investigation having shown that our vessel had not been harmed and that the blame was not all on one side,[1]

The Shimonoseki affair

[1] In this case the Japanese government first disclaimed responsibility for the attack, asserting that the fault lay entirely with the Prince of Choshu, the province in which Shimonoseki is situated. To that plea the Powers naturally turned a deaf ear. They knew no Prince of Choshu and would deal with Japan only, holding the central government responsible for all acts of its vassals. To break up the authority of refractory *daimyos* centralization was later adopted in Japan, provincial autonomy being abrogated and the country divided into

the United States returned its share to Japan. Such a chivalrous action, never before known in international experience, at once placed the United States in a class apart. And that happy precedent was subsequently followed by us in connection with the egregious indemnity exacted by the allies after the Boxer uprising, when our portion was devoted to the education of Chinese youth in American universities.

Grant at Nikko

The modest behavior of General Grant on his visit to Japan also impressed the people strongly. At Nikko he was invited to use the sacred red bridge—*akahashi* — spanning the river Daiya and leading to the Mikado's palace. But as only members of the imperial family were ever before allowed to cross it, Grant declined with thanks, saying that he was just a common man and wanted no special privilege.

Responding to Hayakawa, I said some pleasant things about the country as a whole and of Sendai itself, the best-kept city of its size in Japan. I then made a number of small suggestions, but laid considerable stress on the cigarette evil among the boys. This criticism evidently had its effect on my hearers, for, as I was told, the council afterward passed an ordinance limiting the sale of cigarettes to minors, and a "Jordan Club" was formed in the interest of clean living.

During the evening a sturdy lad named Gensukë Abe, the son of a poor woman of the *samurai* class, widowed by the Chinese War, came in from the

smaller judicial districts or *ken*. Exactly the same policy, for a similar reason — the development of nationalistic patriotism as against local feuds — was imposed on France after the Revolution; in both cases the final result has been unfortunate, concentrating politics at the capital, and strengthening military and financial control at the expense of civil liberty.

country bringing me a basket of apples. This created a generally favorable impression, and after some discussion the gentlemen present decided to send the boy to America to be educated, for which purpose they themselves started a subscription. In due time, therefore, he accompanied me to San Francisco, where he entered a high school, becoming ultimately a merchant in Monterey. *Sendai generosity*

4

In the course of the night following our conference Sendai was deluged by a tremendous rainfall, fairly a cloudburst, which raised the river to an unprecedented height, so that the swollen waters carried away all the bridges over its fifty-foot gorge. Leaving next morning, we were accordingly compelled to make a long détour to catch the train from the south which, unable to proceed farther, turned back toward Tokyo. It then took us till eight o'clock in the evening to reach Nikko, our destination.

The rain still fell in sheets, and the two-mile ride to the Hotel Arai up and down hill by the side of a turbulent torrent and through a dark avenue of cryptomeria trees was weird in the extreme, because one caught only casual glimpses of things, while the roar of the invisible river sounded always in the ear. To add to the confusion, my two *kuruma* men engaged in a noisy dispute and the leader poured out savage utterances which I took to be "cussing on the up grades," until by and by the pusher insisted on changing places, after which we whirled along swiftly. *"Cussing on the up grades"*

The next morning was intensely clear, and for the first time in our experience the central range of Japan stood revealed free from mist. The prospect seemed

Off for the heights

too alluring to admit of delay. Accompanied by a wide-faced, muscular, amiable youth with an expansive smile which spread all over his face like sunrise on a lake, we now started for the heights, I on a stout, good-natured pony whose only vice was a constitutional reluctance to be mounted, at least by me! My idea was to pursue the brawling Daiya River to its lair. We therefore followed close along the north bank all the way, at first over a broad road, then by wooded trails far into the mountains.

From the end of the highway (where our path diverged) ran a narrow track of iron rails, up which we saw lumbering bullocks of infinite slowness haul cargoes of coal for the great copper mines and smelters of Ashio over the pass to the southward. We next came to a tumbling tributary with its hidden Urami Fall, beyond which one has a view of the broad side of the great peak of Nantai-san, a very sacred mountain which no woman is allowed to climb, so careful are we men of the fine points of religion! Nantai-san is an arched backbone of red lava, its evenly sloping sides densely carpeted with firs, the dark green of which is broken and enlivened by a few colorful slides bare of all vegetation.

Sacred Nantai-san

Higher up we crossed two or three streams splashing down from the sacred mount, then climbed by many steep zigzags through noble forests affording fine views of the gorge we were leaving far below. Most interesting woods these were — tall cryptomerias, majestic beeches with every grace of bole and "instep," oaks, birches, arbor-vitæ, and larch, with alders, elders, dogwood, and other small trees of the north, besides azaleas big and little, then unfortunately out of bloom, witch-hazel, witch-hobble,

The author as botanist

prickly ash, and a thorny aralia like our "Hercules Club." Abundant club-mosses trailed up the sides of the trees, not creeping along the ground as in our forests. Black raspberries were plentiful, but my pony objected to berry picking and made it a long task to mount; as Rafinesque once observed, "horses do not suit botanists." I noticed a goldenrod with two long ray flowers only, and two species of touch-me-not, the one yellow, the other light purple. There was also a quaint little crown-imperial with creamy petals tiger-spotted like an orchid.

Kegon-no-taki and Lake Chuzenji

From the top of the ridge the Daiya plunges 290 feet down the narrow and vertical Kegon Fall, the most admired of Japanese cascades, though perhaps too symmetrical for the occidental taste. Its black lava cliffs are beautifully overhung with vegetation, and close behind it lies the placid Lake Chuzenji surrounded by steep forest-clad mountains, delightful from every point of view. Originally Chuzenji held no fish, the Kegon shutting them off effectually, but several kinds of trout and landlocked salmon have been introduced there in recent times. At the little Komeya Inn they served an excellent tiffin of beef-steak and onions, with curry and rice. The bill of fare, however, read as follows:

Bif Tek an Oneona
Kuri an hiz

Out of Chuzenji the trail for some distance threads the handsome forest which skirts the lake. But at the mouth of the inlet of Jigoku (Hell) River, entering at a right angle, we turned northward along the banks of the stream which foams down from the noted Ryuzu or Dragon Head Fall, a promiscuous cascade of white lace interspersed with green pools.

Lacy Ryuzu

A flowery plain

Farther up we emerged on the "moor of the red sedges" [1] — locally known as "battle meadow," though no battle was ever fought there — a breezy, open, flower-strewn plain walled in by green mountains of the same type as Nantai-san, which, being nearest and highest, overtops the rest. Azaleas, lilies, and iris were all out of bloom, but a purple and yellow columbine, loosestrife, grass of Parnassus, and wild sweet pea abounded. The many ferns were even more like ours, especially the maidenhair: at the "Komeya" they thought it a great joke when I called this *musumenokë*, "hair of a girl."

By the head of the moor amid the tall red grasses, the river drops suddenly from a higher level in the pretty Yu-no-taki, Hot Falls, 200 feet high, slipping with hardly a break down a lava incline. Above, our path wound through a flowery, briery thicket to the dainty lake of Yumoto, Hot Water Ground, a small replica of Chuzenji, just as blue and walled in by the same sort of wooded heights. Indeed, at first there seems no room for lake, so closely do the mountains hug the little valley. One of these, the volcano Shirane-san, still erupts at intervals, not having yet reached its majority. The slopes of its broken crater are bare and red, and its uncooled lavas apparently furnish heat for the many hot sulphur springs at the head of the lake. To Yumoto village, composed of primitive hotels and bathhouses, unconventional country folk resort during "the season."

Yumoto and its surroundings

Next day we turned back to Nikko with its marvelous temples devoted to the deified spirits of the two great Tokugawa shoguns, Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu

[1] Really red rice grass, not a sedge.

to whose silent sepulchers these triumphantly gorgeous shrines form the approach. Set on a steep hillside against a somber forest of huge Cryptomeria trees, very straight and tall like our coast redwoods, they are overpowering in their riot of color and design. Truly, as the old Japanese proverb puts it:

> Until you have seen Nikko
> Never say magnificent![1]

Riotous ornament

Throughout these edifices wood is practically converted into ornament — line, structure, and mass seeming to serve merely as accessories to an amazing pictorial exuberance of red, gold, and black lacquers. Architecturally, therefore, the Nikko temples are said to fall short of consummate achievement. But of this I myself am not a judge. Nor shall I try to give the reader any further impression of this unparalleled memorial to passing glory.

Social strategy

According to Otaki the real purpose underlying the grandeur of Nikko was "to keep the people both busy and poor." Can it be that imperishable monuments in some other lands had similar reason for being? Self-interest at least played some part even in cathedral building, and Ulrich von Hutten asserted that from those structures "the stones wandered by night to the palaces of the Medici."

5

On our final lap toward Tokyo, we stopped by special invitation to meet the teachers of Utsunomiya. Arriving there at noon, we were escorted by a group of city fathers to the official hall, where we found

[1] *Nikko wo minai uchi wa*
Kekko to iu na.

Addressing the teachers of Utsunomiya

the governor and all the educational corps awaiting us. After the customary round of tea, I spoke on the need of higher education, my talk being duly interpreted by Toyama, a graduate of Syracuse University, a ready speaker who apparently made a favorable impression. But the good manners of the people rendered them reverently impassive. As usual, few women were present and those that came sat apart, though paying strict attention. Among the audience I noticed the same types we see in America; many of the men had the earnest, beseeching expression which would proclaim them school teachers even on the Sahara Desert!

At Tokyo I left Snyder to watch the markets, and started myself for Misaki, seat of the Seaside Station of the Imperial University. The railroad ends at Yokosuka, home of the famous English pilot, Will Adams, who found his way into this mysterious country at the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Yokosuka

Yokosuka lies on a blue bay with pretty little beaches separated by cliffs of sharply stratified rock broken by numerous small faults, pocket examples of earthquake rifts. Here I made a bargain with three men to take me and my luggage to Misaki, ten miles away, for the modest sum of four *yen*. Meanwhile, I sought out the Mitomi Hotel, boasting a "foreign room" where at a long table one may regale himself on the sour, half-baked bread and rancid butter which, with beer, are thought to be the delight of the foreigner. But refusing these alien luxuries, I called for something substantial. The stolid maid failed to understand, however, until I assisted her by adding suitable terminations to my English nouns, upon which *bifiteki* and *fraidifishi* were soon forthcoming.

But my preference for *mizu* (water) over beer seemed to be wholly outside her experience, and I could not induce her to bring it except in a washbasin. Afterward, to the gracious mistress of the house, who was eager to talk, one word — *America-jin* — explained all my eccentricities. *My strange preference*

Leaving Yokosuka in due time, we bowled swiftly along an excellent road toward Misaki. As we passed through a village by the sea and entered a little wood the trees seemed alive with birds calling to each other, quail-fashion, something that sounded like "*o-peep, o-peep.*" Not being able to catch a glimpse of them, I asked my men what they were. They didn't seem to understand but finally answered *kurihama*, literally "chestnut shore," a name apparently not very applicable. But as the accretions of centuries have given most short Japanese words a dozen meanings, *hama* to my mind could well be a little bird. A few days later I heard the same noisy calls from again invisible *kurihama* and asked about them. Mitsukuri was much puzzled; there was no such bird, he said, and he himself heard no bird at all. Finally I learned that my songsters were cicadas of a familiar local species. *Kurihama*, it transpired, is the name of the village where I first heard them. It was, moreover, the scene of Perry's meeting with the representative of the Shogunate, the turning point in the modern history of Japan, and a monument commemorating the event was to be dedicated there in 1901, fifty years later. To this I was glad to contribute. *Kurihama "birds"* *Perry at Kurihama*

Another Japanese cicada seemed equally numerous and insistent, though no one would take it for a bird. Starting in loudly with "*bees, bees, bees, bees,*"

it soon grows discouraged and drops down to a long-drawn-out "*beeeeeeeeeees.*" It thus seemed to begin by claiming beehood, but faced by an incredulous world to grow less insistent and finally to abandon the effort. The Japanese, however, hear it as "*mi, mi, mi, mimimi.*"

Not a bee

For some distance our way led through fishing villages which straggled along the shore, then up the backbone of Misaki peninsula, from which we caught beautiful glimpses of deep arms of the sea to the south, and of Fuji on the north. On down grades the pusher exhorted the leader to caution by a remarkable ejaculation on which he rang many changes: "*io, io, ori,* ORI, O!" At Koajiro, nestling on a narrow, green, fjord-like bay, the road was lined with people in holiday attire, and I wondered how the Marine Laboratory could attract such a varied crowd of visitors. We therefore pushed on half skeptically, but at last, by a deep fjord apparently enclosed like a pond in the woods, saw two white buildings and knew that our destination lay before us.

Holiday throngs

Mitsukuri was there at work with several others, including Bashford Dean of Columbia University, engaged on problems in shark morphology. Dr. and Mrs. Dean at once welcomed me to their comfortable cottage, where my belongings were speedily installed. But when I paid the *kuruma* men, they still stayed about, addressing me politely though with evident earnestness, so that I asked one of the professors what it all meant. He replied that they were congratulating me on the fine day, the pleasant trip, and so on. The talk continued, however, until he finally said they wanted another *yen*. "The roads had been slippery, he was 'badly loaded' — that is,

A little colloquy

heavy — and although an extra man had been provided, it was still a hard pull." The demand seeming entirely reasonable, I promptly met it.

Typical traits

That incident illustrated two typically Japanese traits. In the first place, the professor hoped to get the men away and save embarrassment; he thus equivocated at the outset, and would very likely have paid the extra *yen* himself. Secondly, by tradition, equity takes precedence over contract; it was fair that I should pay more, hence quite proper to ask for it notwithstanding our agreement.

Certain historic differences

This latter point of view, characteristic of old Japan, explains why the system of deferred payments or credit (on which world commerce is built) took no root there, although in China it constitutes the very foundation of business. And certain discrepancies in Japanese commercial affairs arise out of the clash between two radically different methods. Another element to be considered is a purely social one. Under the feudal system, traders found their place near the bottom of the series, only a little above the despised *eta* or outcast; a *samurai*, the soul of personal honor, never descended to barter or trade. It took years, therefore, for any merchant to gain respect, even self-respect. To remedy these conditions and to bring his nation into line, the far-seeing Baron (now Viscount) Shibusawa some years ago established, with others, the University of Commerce of Tokyo, the scholarly Baron Kanda being its leading teacher.

But I am here reminded of an experience not without pertinence in this connection. Needing an additional stock of formaldehyde for our work about Osaka, I went over to an English pharmacy in the neighboring city of Kobe. There, however, the

dealer wanted to ask me four *yen* — two dollars — a pound, stating that he paid three *yen* himself, though the usual price of the article in America was only forty cents a pound. I then returned to Osaka, and entering a native pharmacy, without saying a word I picked out the necessary amount and laid down a considerable sum of money before the proprietor. Charging me at the rate of a *yen* a pound, he returned the proper change. And from one end of Japan to the other I did not meet a single case of overcharge or extortion, nor for that matter, outside the narrow beaten path, did I find a servant who asked or expected a tip.

Native honesty

The level shelf on which the Station stands having been the site of the ancient castle of the *daimyo* of Arai, its three-hundred-year-old basement, cut horizontally into the cliff, serves as laboratory cellar. In his fastness, according to tradition, the old prince was once hopelessly besieged. Despairing at last, he mounted the hill, cut off his head, and by supreme effort threw it as far as possible, even unto Odawara twenty miles away on the other side of Sagami Bay! The holiday throng had come to attend a celebration in honor of their stalwart old hero. This consisted of religious services on the beach, accompanied by a series of wrestling matches, the specialty of rustic Japan.

Breaking the record!

Next morning I rose very early, the monotonous "*yo-shi, yo-shi*" [1] of the fishermen pulling at the nets having called me to be up and doing. Out on the rocks, at low tide, various little gobies and blennies waited to be caught, but instead I was rowed to

[1] Short for "*yoroshii, yoroshii,*" "all right, all right."

where the boys from Professor Matsubara's Fisheries Institute, near by, were hauling a large seine.

Kuma Aoki

Meanwhile Mitsukuri had deputed his special man, Kumakichi Aoki, noted among naturalists, to work everywhere in my interest. "Kuma" was a fine-looking fellow of thirty-five, prosperous and very intelligent, a master fisherman who knew the scientific names of most species, though having little to do with books. With him on the job I returned to the laboratory for the day, while boatloads of fish were brought in at intervals for me to pick over. In the clear, green coves, rock-walled and weed-carpeted, lived many things of interest, about twenty-five new species in all. And from Misaki I recorded 220 different kinds during my two days' stay, more than the same length of time has yielded anywhere else in Japan, even at Wakanoura.

We start for Okinose

The second day dawned clear and bright. Enoshima stood out sharp against glassy Sagami, while beyond rose peerless Fujiyama. It was now decided that Mitsukuri and I should go out deep-sea fishing, with *daibunawa* lines a thousand feet long, at Okinose, midway between Misaki and the tall, smoking volcano island of Oshima,[1] visible from the ocean quite as far as Fuji. We set out accordingly, but though the surface was oily, the swells grew higher and higher, and I soon asked to be landed on Joga Island, leaving Kuma and his men to work the lines outside.

Beautiful pools on Joga

Jogashima is fringed by a broad, bare shelf gouged into tide pools teeming with life — corals, sea-anemones, corallines, red and green algæ, and swarms of

[1] On European maps "Vries Island," a name given long ago by Dutch traders. But no Japanese knows "Vries Island" any more than "Susquehanna Bay" and "Mississippi Bay" in the Gulf of Tokyo, named by Perry for his ships.

little fishes. Among them we found the young of several tropical forms swept up from farther south by the Kuro Shio. One basin, 30 by 20, and 10 feet deep, was the most beautiful aquarium I ever saw, and only the rising tide drove us back to Misaki.

"Old Ladies' Homes"

To Joga during feudal times old women were banished when no longer socially useful; a mountain station near Karuizawa, I may add, was once set apart for the same pious purpose!

During the afternoon I visited the fishermen's wharf, finding there a varied assortment which included many tunnies — among them "leaping tunas" and yellow-fin albacore very like those of Santa Catalina Island. Most notable of the large forms were two new species of spearfish, one of which I later found to be rather common about Catalina, where anglers call it the "marlinspike fish." [1] Both forms were over twenty feet long, and as I set about to measure them accurately the men looked very doubtful, fearing some untoward result from my incomprehensible incantations.

The incomparable fisherman

Kuma now brought in the biggest hook-and-line catch in the whole history of science, including numerous kinds hitherto known only from deep-sea dredging in the same waters by the British research steamer, *Challenger*. One new thing was a diminutive, jet-black shark — a foot long — with luminous patches on the side; this I called *Etmopterus lucifer*. (The following year Peter Schmidt, a Russian naturalist who was visiting Misaki, made a drawing of a live specimen by the light the fish itself gave out in the dark.) Big crimson and purple rock cod crowded the wharf. As I went at these eagerly, Kuma ex-

[1] Named by me *Tetrapturus mitsukurii*.

plained that they were only duplicates, a great series having been already put in formalin for me. Nevertheless, I insisted that nothing new should be thrown away, and into formalin all must go!

Our trip now drew rapidly to a close. In Tokyo I spent one day with Ishikawa in the Imperial Museum at Ueno Park, where I found still more new species. I also spoke to the city teachers on "What Japan May Learn from the Educational Experience of America." Among other things I asserted that Japan had yet to recognize the value of individual initiative and personal adequacy in education; that justice is more important than courtesy; that the cure for delinquency is found not in rules but in strengthening the moral backbone of the pupil; that women must be trained if homes are to be centers of culture and purity; and that the final end of education is not learning or official position, but service to humanity. I also emphasized the value of physical training, it being a tradition in intellectual Japan to regard the body as of little worth compared with the mind or soul.

Service the final end of training

Otaki translated my talk with a good deal of spirit and emphasis. But his remark afterward, "I put in some licks of my own, too," left me a little uncertain as to what I had really said to my audience! In token of their appreciation, however, they later presented me with a beautiful *jubako* (lunch box) of gold-spotted or "pearskin" lacquer, once the property of a rich merchant and dating from 1688, — its age and history duly certified by the head of the Tokyo School of Fine Arts. For ornamentation it bears the seven flowers of autumn — chrysanthemum, bluebell, lupine, nightshade, goldenrod, rice grass, and bush clover.

An exquisite gift

My only other formal address on Education was given at the dedication of the Women's College just founded under the presidency of Dr. Jinzo Narusë. On this occasion I dealt particularly with society's need of educated women.

Some Japanese wives

The chief remaining episode was a dinner given by Snyder and me at the Imperial Hotel to the Japanese graduates of Stanford and their wives. Gentle Mrs. Otaki was the first to arrive. Next came demure and girlish Mrs. Abe, saying nothing but occasionally letting her eyes snap so that one felt sure she would talk after she got home. Mrs. Kokubo, tall and severely plain with hair combed tightly back, was every inch a school teacher, yet no less punctilious than the others when the time came to enter the dining room. All, indeed, stood long on the order of their going, and we almost reached an *impasse* when no one seemed willing to take precedence. In the end I settled the matter by offering my arm to Madame Kambë, the very pretty wife of Junzaburo Takagi, who had taken her name on marriage. She spoke French well, and had been carefully trained in foreign music, which she both sang and played; of these accomplishments she spoke with modest enthusiasm, saying that her voice was "*assez faible.*"

Punctilio resolved

All the women were carefully dressed in gray silk, with ornate *obi* or girdle, the most expensive item in the native costume, though Madame Kambe's kimono was hand-painted. At Abe's insistence they were seated together on the same side of the table, where they listened in respectful silence to their husbands' after-dinner speeches. In conclusion we organized the Stanford Advisory Council of Japan (an outgrowth of the earlier tentative association) with

Otaki as president, Abe and Spooner as secretaries, and Mitsukuri and Schneder as honorary advisers.

Leaving Yokohama the following day on the *Nippon Maru*, we were accompanied by three youths bound for Stanford — Abe of Sendai, Eitaro Iijima of Niigata, and Masashi Yoshimi of Yamaguchi. At Honolulu this group was augmented by Yakanosuke Fukukita, a favorite pupil of Miss Fujii, a well-known Japanese teacher there.

Iijima

Iijima, a student in Economics at the Imperial University, had called one evening with a notebook full of choice English and German quotations, occasionally fragmentary, as in the following:

"The way to dusty Death." — Shakespeare.

The book also contained an outline of the conversation he planned to have with me; unfortunately, however, when the time came he forgot all his fine phrases. Eleven years later I found him a customs official in Korea, where he afterward became a mine manager.

Yoshimi

Yoshimi, a country scnool teacher, had sent me his *Curriculum Vitæ*, expressing a deep desire to go to Stanford in spite of serious lack of money. A quick-witted and willing fellow knowing some English, he cooked his way through, but did not long survive graduation.

Fukukita

Fukukita developed into an accomplished English student, assistant to Dr. Fluegel on the Chaucer Dictionary. In 1911 we found him interpreter for the American Embassy at Tokyo; he is at present serving as secretary to a great business corporation.

On the boat I discovered my two monkeys, faithfully sent up from Nagasaki according to the arrange-

ment of many weeks before. Tied to the railing of the ship, they were a source of endless interest to the passengers, the children especially. One day, however, the male broke loose. Refusing to be caught, he climbed to the top of the smokestack and clung there like grim death till morning, when, hungry and subdued, he came back to his tether.

Goodby to Japan

At noon the great white ship moved majestically out through the smooth waters. The air being clear, I traced as they filed past Yokosuka, Uraga, Kurihama, then the long promontory of Misaki with her outlying lighthouse on Jogashima slowly dropping below the horizon. Fuji was more than half hidden by clouds; its profile, barely suggested, faded slowly into mist. On the other side the fishing towns and green hills of Boshu grew dim with the rest, and finally, smoking Oshima — far out — receded into happy memory.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

I

But the joy of my successful summer in Japan was soon turned to deepest mourning. At Honolulu I received a letter from Mrs. Jordan saying that Barbara was ill with scarlet fever — very disquieting news as I remembered the treacherous nature of that malady, so often followed by insidious sequels. Arrived at Angel Island quarantine station, I found myself treated with unusual consideration by the officials, who furnished a special launch to take me to San Francisco. I was now joined by a friendly physician from our neighborhood, who, when we reached the city, informed me that Barbara was dead!

This was the most crushing blow that ever befell my wife or me; the brightest light had gone out of our lives. As I write today after twenty years, the wound seems as deep as yesterday. Barbara was our joy and hope, for she united all that was finest in her mother and the best in me, without any of the dross. She had Jessie's dark eyes, fine features, and warm coloring, her quick apprehension, critical mind, and delight in all lovely things. From me she inherited in full measure the power of immediate and accurate grasp of details in Natural History, and although no special effort was made to teach her, she knew all the land birds of California, and had in one way or another gathered a choice collection of skins. At the same time, recognizing my pleasure in her bent for nature study, it pleased her to feel that in other ways also we were very close. "I understand all of

A child of great promise

Father's jokes," she sometimes asserted with gentle pride and satisfaction.

Yet though keenly enjoying my freaks of fancy so long as they "kept their place," she had an unusually mature grasp of reality as distinguished from imagination or sentiment. Walking once with her in the garden, I repeated Riley's poem, "The Gobelins will get you if you don't watch out." "But there isn't any such thing as a goblin, there never was and never is going to be such a thing," said she. "Maybe," I remarked, reminiscent of Bishop Berkeley's idealism, "there isn't any such a thing as anything." "Oh, yes, there is," she answered, "there is such a thing as anything," and, looking around for an unquestioned reality, added triumphantly, "There is such a thing as a *squash*."

To be the parents of a child so "nobly planned" gave us a higher estimate of ourselves — I think deservedly so. One consolation, moreover, was ours; she had never known evil, sorrow, or pain save in her last illness, which she bore with the joyous patience inherent in her nature.

Afterward, my wife and I presented to the University "the Barbara Jordan Library," for which we provided special shelves in one of the rooms of what is now Jordan Hall. In the center on the cabinet containing her birds is a beautiful bronze plate designed by Professor Bolton Coit Brown, and bearing this inscription:

TO THE STUDY OF
ORNITHOLOGY THIS
ROOM IS DEDICATED
IN TENDER MEMORY OF
BARBARA JORDAN
WHO KNEW AND LOVED
THE BIRDS

BARBARA JORDAN, 1900

At her birth in November, 1891, the Class of '95 presented her with a handsome silver mug and spoon, suitably engraved. These are among Mrs. Jordan's treasured possessions. Another "Pioneer" tribute was

BARBARA'S LULLABY [1]

Lullaby,
The night is nigh,
Low and slow the herons fly;
Sleep and rest,
In the west
All the sunset fires die.

Down canyons steep
The white fogs creep
And blanket all the redwoods deep;
Through the grass
Wind-songs pass
While the night-capped poppies sleep.

Hush thee, dear!
The dark is near,
All the oak trees disappear;
Dim bats fly, —
Lullaby,
The red lights blossom, — the night is here.

2

Stanford's second "Stone Age"

In 1901 we entered upon the second "Stone Age" of Stanford University. The spacious and noble Outer Quadrangle with its great Memorial Arch, the Chemical Laboratory which stands apart next the Museum, as well as the splendid Memorial Church

[1] From "The Four-Leaved Clover," by Charles Kellogg Field; afterward set to music by the violinist, Antonio de Grassi, husband of Winifred June Morgan, a Stanford student of the late '90's.

were at once begun, and in due time completed. Within the next few years, also, two more isolated structures, an imposing Library and a great Gymnasium for men, rose on the eastern side of the main approach, facing, respectively, the Chemistry Building and the Museum. Meanwhile to the latter great additions had been made by Mrs. Stanford.

Millions to play with

Practically all this later construction, it should be repeated, was paid for out of the three millions reserved by the surviving founder "to play with." Feeling that her life might be cut short at any moment, she was feverishly eager to complete, while she could, as much as possible of the original architectural scheme. To prepare for the long future was her immediate duty, she said, even though the academic side should temporarily suffer; a board of trustees might easily be dilatory in the matter of buildings. All of which was no doubt sound reasoning from that point of view. Yet in her natural desire to compass a great deal while strength and "pin money" remained, the brave woman allowed here and there a considerable and disastrous divergence from the monumental structural character of the Inner Quadrangle. In particular she left out — for economy's sake — the steel framework which is the essential in "Class A" buildings. That she did not have to see the ruin subsequently wrought by the earthquake of 1906 was a matter of thanksgiving to all her friends.

Investigation of Hawaiian fisheries

In the summer of this year I was asked to take charge of an extensive investigation of the fish and fisheries of the Hawaiian Islands. In this duty I was assisted by Evermann, John N. Cobb, Edmund L.

Goldsborough, Michitaro Sindo, and (later) Jenkins — besides two artists, Captain Charles Bradley Hudson and Albertus H. Baldwin. Evermann and I studied especially the natural history of the fishes; Cobb, then statistician of the United States Fish Commission, looked after economic interests; Hudson and Baldwin painted as many as possible of the different species.[1] With me went my son Knight, then thirteen years old, while another lad, John T. Nichols, since ichthyologist of the American Museum of Natural History, joined us as volunteer assistant.

Hudson's fine work

Hudson's fish paintings in oil are the finest yet made by any one.[2] His custom was to draw first an outline sketch of a dead specimen, then paint from a living example in our aquarium at Waikiki, the eastern beach of the city front. The obvious drawback to this system was that it could be applied only to relatively common forms, those we were certain soon to capture and keep alive. Of several of the most interesting, only one or two specimens have ever been taken, and for these we had to be content with Baldwin's more conventional method, good of its kind, but necessarily in a different class.

The beginning of a romance

On the boat going over we found two fine young women, recent graduates of Stanford, who had accepted positions as teachers in the Kamehameha School at Honolulu. One of them, Maryline Barnard, I had originally met in 1880.[3] The other, Grace Barnhisel, afterward married Captain Hudson.

Of the attractive city of Honolulu, with its impos-

[1] Reduced to postcard form, these pictures have ever since found great favor with tourists.

[2] This artist's natural history efforts have been by no means confined to fishes. Several of the finest panoramic scenes in the San Francisco Academy of Sciences are by him. See Vol. I, Chapter x, page 238.

[3] See Vol. I, Chapter ix, page 210.

ing outpost, "Diamond Head," its frontal beach of stately coco palms, its magnificent *Bougainvillea* vines, scarlet-flowered *Poinciana* trees, and hospitable people, I need offer no detailed account. From Hawaiian officials, especially Walter F. Frear, Chief Justice, M. M. Scott, Superintendent of Schools, and Sanford B. Dole, ex-President of the Republic, we received every courtesy. And Louis Berndt, the capable director of the fish market, put himself at our service.

Many courtesies

Honolulu's museum and aquarium

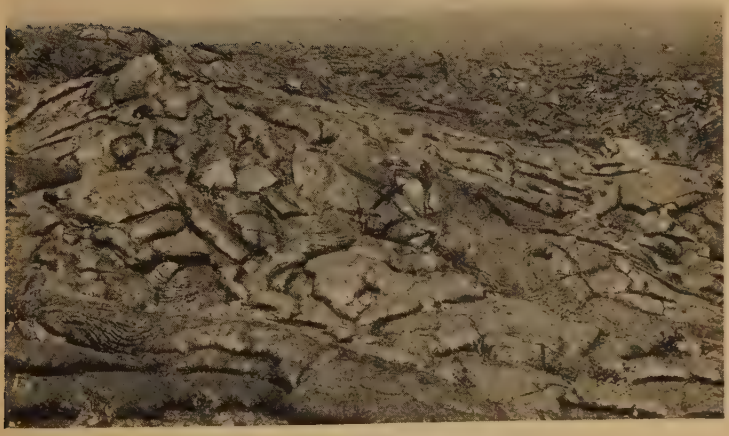
The very beautiful and well-equipped Bernice Pauahi Bishop Museum, representing the natural history and products of Oceanica, was founded by Mr. Charles R. Bishop and named in honor of his deceased wife. It was then under the direction of William T. Brigham, a Harvard man, extremely competent even if occasionally a bit critical toward people less capable than he. More recently an admirable aquarium has been established at Waikiki under the direction of Frederick A. Potter. In the large, finely lighted glass cases the amazing decoration of coral-reef fishes is displayed to great advantage.

Of our many exploring trips the most interesting was that to Kilauea. Landing on the southwest or Kona coast of the great island of Hawaii, we first visited Kealakekua — the tiny bay where Captain Cook lost his life — after which, farther on, we hired a Japanese teamster to drive us across by coffee plantations, over old lava flows, and finally through fern and *ohia* [1] forests to the great crater. This gigantic

[1] *Ohia* (*Metrosideros*), a tree of the Myrtle family, makes the bulk of the forests. Its incongruous rosettes of vivid crimson bloom, looking as though pinned on, contrast with the dark gray-green foliage. Beside it grows the pale green *Koa*, an acacia the very valuable timber of which is used in building the native canoes as well as for cabinet work.

KILAUEA IN ERUPTION

Photograph by Carl S. Carlsmith



COLD LAVA FLOW, KILAUEA

basin, more than two miles across, with vertical walls[1] two to nine hundred feet high and floor covered with huge waves of hardened lava, has been much in public notice of late years. It is usually to a large extent dead and cold, but near one side there remained a deep vent two or three rods across which at the time of our visit was filled only with hot smoke given off by underlying superheated rock. At intervals, however, the crater overflows, forming a pond of from fifteen to twenty acres of fiery boiling lava.[2]

A huge lake of hardened lava

Kilauea has no cone of its own, but lies on the south flank of the mighty snow-capped volcano of Mauna Loa (13,675 feet in height) which at intervals sends down from its summit fiery rivers of lava. In 1920 one of these streams entered the sea on the west side, forming as it cooled a bridge over itself and creating a tremendous commotion. An interesting series of deep-water fishes killed by the heat was then obtained by Thomas Reinhardt, a native boatman, and sent to me by Carl S. Carlsmith, a loyal Stanford graduate established in Hilo as attorney. Most of the species were new to science.

Mauna Loa

Mauna Kea, the sister volcano to Mauna Loa, a few miles to the north and a shade higher (13,825 feet), is wholly extinct.

Mauna Kea

From Kilauea we went on to Hilo through one of the most delightful forests I have ever seen, it being chiefly composed of great fern trees with long, feathery fronds as delicate as a wood fern of the north in spite of their enormous size. Of these tree

[1] Under the cliffs of Kilauea, away from the crater, the Tropic Bird *Phæthon*, white with a long, pointed tail adorned by two red feathers, nests in abundance and undisturbed.

[2] When next I saw Kilauea (1921) the last great eruption had subsided, though half a dozen spouting, flaming lava pools were visible in the deep central pit known as Halemaumau.

Giant ferns

ferns there are three species, the commonest, *Cybotium*, having a shorter trunk and longer fronds than the umbrella-like one of Australia. With it in abundance occurs the large staghorn fern, *Platycerium*, a sort of huge brake. Its wiry, much-branched fronds which fork in zigzags, mixed with other brush on which it leans, form impenetrable thickets.

The picturesque harbor of Hilo proved admirably adapted for our work, and there Knight discovered a new species of goby which we afterward named *Gnatholepis knighti*. As helper we employed a native[1] capable of the extraordinary feat of dragging a fierce coiled moray or giant eel from the crevice of a rock and bringing it safely in. While at Hilo we were often entertained and materially assisted by Carlsmith and his equally devoted Stanford wife.

Henshaw and the birds

In Honolulu we met the veteran naturalist, Henry W. Henshaw, whose fish collections from the High Sierra I had studied twenty-two years before. Henshaw was deeply interested in the local bird-fauna, the chief group of songbirds illustrating in the most perfect fashion the phenomenon of geminate species.[2] Of the single family of *Drepanidæ*, an offshoot from the honey creepers — *Cœrebidæ* — of tropical America, there are some forty kinds, all with the same general shape, structure, and goat-like odor but differing in color, and amazingly in form of bill. Black, yellow, and scarlet are the prevailing hues, while the beaks range from the heavy jaw of a parrot or grosbeak, suited for cracking nuts, to a long, slender,

[1] John Herring.

[2] See Vol. I, Chapter XIV, page 329.

decurved one as delicate as that of a humming bird. There are also half-beaks with only the upper mandible lengthened — as well as various intermediate forms, each adapted to the peculiar feeding habits of the individual. Each island, moreover, has its own particular species of every type; and a single plain, short-billed, olive-yellow bird found in Kauai, the oldest island, is seemingly the parent stock of the whole assemblage, having been itself derived in turn from some form blown across from the Panama region.

Perforce a settler

To the bird lover it is a matter of great regret that several brilliantly colored scarlet or yellow species have been nearly or quite exterminated through the use of their feathers in the making of costly robes and other decorations by the natives. For the magnificent royal cloak preserved in the Bishop Museum thousands of the little creatures must have been sacrificed.

Bewildering subspecies

The land snails of the islands constitute also a remarkable array. Those of Oahu have been studied by the Rev. John T. Gulick, a very able naturalist, according to whom they have split up into about 175 species represented by 700 to 800 varieties, each wooded tract supporting its own forms. He further notices that a genus is often represented in several valleys by successively allied species in accordance with Jordan's Law.[1] In every case, adjacent valleys furnish the most nearly allied forms, and a full set of the varieties of each species presents a perfect gradation between extremes of type.

To recognize isolation as a practically essential condition in the separation of species is not neces-

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XIV, page 329.

Biological friction

sarily to eliminate or belittle any other factor. Isolation is a condition, not a force; of itself it can do nothing. It may be defined as biological friction, the effect of impediments to free movement of individuals. Species change or diverge with space and with time: with space, because geographical extension, including consequent barriers to interbreeding, divides the stock and surrounds migrants with new conditions; with time, because the progress of centuries brings change in all environment. The beginning of each new species rests on the variability of individuals.

Hawaiian fishes

In 1899 Jenkins spent a successful summer on the Islands, making the most important collection obtained there up to that time — that is, 238 species, 78 of which were entirely new. The largest previous collection, 117 species, was made in 1897 by Dr. Hugo H. Schauinsland of Vienna, and described there in 1900 by Steindachner. But of these, only six were new to science. With our extensive facilities we brought in all of Jenkins' species as well as most of those recorded by earlier writers. In our final report (published in 1905) we listed 447 species of shore fishes, 64 of them new, in addition to the 210 deep-sea forms, all new, taken by Gilbert and his associates on the *Albatross* in 1902. Of the 447, 232 have been found nowhere else, although represented in Samoa, Tahiti, and other places by geminate forms or ancestral types from which the far-flung Hawaiian species are descended. But 142 of them occur also in Samoa or Tahiti, 53 in southern Japan, 34 in the offshore waters of Mexico; a few among them, allies of the tuna and mackerel for the most part, are of course

"cosmopolitan," ranging widely through the open sea.

Tropical but distinct

The shore fish-fauna of Hawaii is frankly and entirely tropical — all the kinds belonging to families and genera characteristic of the equatorial Pacific; but the different species are usually distinct from those of Samoa and Tahiti. This fact is doubtless due to the relative isolation of Hawaii as compared with Polynesia, which is linked with the East Indies by an almost continuous chain of islands and atolls.

Influence of ocean currents

Yet the effects of geographical isolation are insistently emphasized and increased by the antagonistic course of marine currents in that region. These do not much influence free swimmers like the tunnies and mackerels, but they no doubt serve to transport young individuals of more "sedentary" sorts from one area to another. Certainly the young of shore fishes are often carried out to deep water, so that every island becomes to a certain extent the center of a "sphere of influence" so far as its own species are concerned. And fry are often borne northward by the Gulf Stream as far as Rhode Island. In the same way, young of tropical forms reach Japan through the Kuro Shio. Other ocean currents must exercise a similar influence.

The great equatorial stream

One of these great streams, starting near the Philippines, passes eastward between Melanesia and Micronesia, thence along the shores of Fiji, Tonga, Samoa, and Tahiti; next, proceeding by way of the Marquesas, it turns to the northeastward, touching the Revillagigedos [1] and other offshore Mexican islands, and leaving there a few Polynesian species, after

[1] Not to be confounded with Revillagigedo Island in Alaska. The principal members of the Mexican group are Clarion and Socorro.

which it flows westward via Hawaii toward the shores of Japan. Obviously it must tend to give the South Sea Islands their almost identical fauna; but since it is apparently emptied of those species before reaching Hawaii, through the long geologic history of that group as a district apart there has developed a fauna practically distinct, although likewise made up entirely of tropical elements.

Further explorations

In connection with faunal investigations of Hawaii, the *Albatross*, Captain Chauncey Thomas, was in 1902 placed under my general direction for the purpose of exploring the deeper waters which lie between those islands and Laysan. Professors Gilbert, Snyder, and Walter K. Fisher of Stanford, and Nutting from the University of Iowa, constituted the scientific staff.

The results of this campaign were very extensive, including 210 new species of deep-sea fishes, afterward described by Gilbert. On the trip also Nutting secured specimens and photographs used in preparing the remarkable exhibit of Laysan Island with its monstrous colony of big seabirds, at the University of Iowa.

3

A critical transition

While engaged in our studies, we witnessed the transition from antiquated customs to an American form of government — a difficult situation, for despite the native Hawaiian majority in the territorial legislature, their representatives were quite untrained. Part of the time they got their own way, but on other occasions they were wholly controlled by the small white minority. As time went on, however, all came

to realize a large community of interest, and government began to proceed fairly smoothly under democratic forms.

The local aristocracy

In 1901 the immediate problem was to adjust a thoroughly aristocratic system to the demands of democracy. Land and property were largely held by Caucasians, a group numbering (1900) about 20,000 in all.[1] The Americans, partly of missionary origin, partly traders, constituted an inevitable aristocracy comparable to the nobility of Europe or the Spanish *científicos* of Mexico. The Hawaiians, one fifth of mixed blood, totaled 37,669. In a way these also were aristocrats, some few being rich by inheritance, the rest for the most part supremely and childishly indifferent to work or business. As a race, they are fond of pleasure and of giving pleasure, with both of which thrift and continuous work interfere. They are thus generous, lavish, and impecunious. Indeed, a native who hoards his money is regarded by his fellows as "no better than a *haole* (foreigner)!"

Other racial groups

In 1900 the islands contained also about 8000 Azorean Portuguese, 25,767 Chinese, and 61,111 Japanese, nearly all brought in as serfs for the sugar plantations. Afterward, the Japanese population was greatly increased through the persistent efforts of planters and steamship companies. At the time of annexation, however, it already constituted nearly half the total of 154,001, a proportion which still obtains, for emigration to California and the influx of additional whites have just about balanced the increase from high birthrate and further immigration from Japan — the latter checked in 1907 by the "Gentlemen's Agreement."

[1] Of these, 4068 were born in the United States, and 12,061 in Hawaii.

An obvious situation

Of the original Asiatic population a few had by sheer energy previously extricated themselves from serfdom. All were set free by annexation, a movement initiated by Lorrin A. Thurston and his associates, a small group of energetic Americans. In any discussion of "the Japanese in California," these facts should not be ignored — as they frequently are — for in taking over Hawaii the United States had no illusions as to its inhabitants.

It is, of course, Hawaii's misfortune that in setting out as a self-governing commonwealth she turned in her need for labor to the lowliest and weakest. Furthermore, if the rich lands constituting the sugar plantations could have been divided into small holdings or homesteads for individual farmers, the outcome socially would have been very different.

Democracy grafted on racial oligarchy

As matters are, we have grafted democracy on the tough old tree of racial oligarchy. But the problem will adjust itself in time, partly through the Anglo-Saxon instinct for fair play, partly because conciliation pays better than antagonism in any and every country.[1]

Being once asked during my stay how Hawaii was to retain its privilege of exporting sugar, duty free, to the United States if it became a mere "possession," I jestingly replied that by making itself a county of California it could ensure absolute freedom of export. Next day the legislature passed a vehement resolution asserting that Hawaii would never be "a county

[1]Since 1900 mutual interests and far-seeing good will have simplified Hawaii's social, racial, and political problems, and harmonious coöperation is at present (1920) a most remarkable social feature of the islands. An effort has been made in places to develop small farms through homesteading, but this system can hardly become general as the sugar industry requires large capital, costly irrigation plants, and laborers able and willing to work in the heat. It is better fitted to pineapple culture, now become a strong rival to sugar.

of California"! Yet the best reason for its incorporation in the Union lay in its economic position, for it was and always will be an industrial and social annex to California. Its noble scenery and delightful winter climate, also, make it a welcome pleasure ground for a great appreciative nation.

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

I

To the South Seas

In the summer of 1902, again in the interest of the United States Fish Commission, I made a trip to Sa'moa, accompanied by Mrs. Jordan and Knight, as well as by Professors Kellogg and Allardice, who joined us at Honolulu, and Michitaro Sindo, a Japanese student who served as general assistant.

Four thousand miles from the Golden Gate the little archipelago of Samoa lies in the heart of the "South Seas," a stretch of warm ocean dotted with the asteroids of our earthly Cosmos, tiny verdant worlds — thousands of them between Java and the Marquesas — filled with joyous people as innocent of curiosity as to what happens in London or New York as the folks of Vesta and Ceres are careless of the politics of their planetary neighbors, Mars and Jupiter.

Verdant isles

The narrow home may be an atoll, a ring of broken corals fringed with tall coco [1] palms which skirt a serene blue lagoon; or it may be a tangible island, the sharp verdure-clothed crest of an uplifted volcano, its wide-leaved evergreens mingled with royal palms and tree ferns, the whole inextricably tied together with a meshwork of climbing vines. Lava, however, constitutes the solid framework of all the islands; two hundred inches of rain a year and an ardent tropic sun urge their wonderful "bush" and guarding palms; the coral polyp builds up the white shore-lines

[1] This word should be written *coco*. "Cocoa" is an ignorant corruption due to confusion of the nut with cacao or cocoa, the shrub which produces chocolate.

and the cruel reefs; copra (dried meat of the coconut) creates their economic value.

A veritable fairyland

Down through the dense greenery leap clear, dancing streams with deep pools where lurks the agile *sesele* or mountain bass, while under the white waterfalls laughing girls disport themselves. Along the shores sway bending palms; from every vantage point one sees blue water meet blue sky, and ever to the ear comes the low growl of surges along the barrier reef.[1] And all about (at least in olden days) swarms a joyous people with shining skins of yellow-bronze — straight and strong as Greeks; simple as children also, happy, affectionate, irresponsible, and human.

There are four principal islands in the Samoan (or Navigator) group. Savaii, the largest and geologically the youngest, forty-five by thirty miles, lies to the west, its primitive, creative volcano not yet cold. Next comes Upolu, forty by fifteen, richest in coco trees and arable land, with Apia, the largest town in all Samoa, nestling at the foot of Vaea mountain sacred to lovers of "R.L.S." Apia's broad U-shaped harbor, peaceful enough except in the season of hurricanes, is half choked with its great reef through which the waters of the river Vaisigano cut their way in a deep, tortuous, jagged gorge, only wide enough to admit ships in single file.[2]

Apia on Upolu

Pago Pago on Tutuila

Tutuila, fifty miles east of Upolu and twenty miles long by five wide, encloses the finest harbor in all the South Seas — that of Pago Pago,[3] a huge,

[1] A barrier reef is one not connected with the shore, from which it is separated by a channel or lagoon. Fringing reefs extend from the beach outward. In Samoa all reefs seen by me belong to the first class.

[2] Fresh water kills the coral animals wherever it touches them, thus forming a sharp break in the reef.

[3] Pronounced "Pango Pango." See note, Chapter XXVI, page 18.

A marvelous harbor

extinct volcanic crater some three miles across, from which the island was once ejected in the form of lava. Into this enormous bowl the sea enters through only a half-mile breach, while elsewhere the enclosing walls rise almost vertically from 1000 to 2500 feet. Within, a reef lines the whole area, yet leaves enough middle space, not "for all the navies of the world" but for all the ships ever likely to touch there.

Conventional politics

The Samoan islands were long under the joint protectorate of Great Britain, Germany, and the United States — an arrangement accompanied by no end of petty wrangling, "a new conspiracy every day," as Stevenson put it.[1] But in 1891 Great Britain withdrew entirely, exchanging her claims for certain advantages elsewhere, and the group was divided, Upolu and Savaii being assigned to Germany, and Tutuila with outlying Manua — sixty miles away, ten miles across, and nearly circular — to the United States. This settlement was more acceptable to Tutuila than to Upolu. Concerning it, Sir Thomas Elliott, one of the British Commission of Adjustment, said to me (in substance) upon his return from Samoa:

> We have not settled this affair as Stevenson would have liked. But I don't see why Englishmen living in out-of-the-way places should meddle with international affairs.

I should here add that relations between our country and its new charges were afterward temporarily strained, for reasons to be presently discussed, and in 1899, also, a distressing episode in which we were involved took place at Apia. At that time the natives of Upolu were again engaged in "doing politics" in their usual noisy but good-natured fashion

[1] For his excellent account of this situation, see "A Footnote to History."

AMONG THE TREE FERNS

when on their own initiative (both captains having lost their heads) a British and an American gunboat lying in the harbor bombarded the town. This attack was ostensibly for "the protection of their nationals," although no one had even thought of needing it. And W. J. Moors, the sole American property-holder on the beach, to whom I shall soon again refer, told me that he supposed the vessels were only firing salutes until shells began to fall about his hotel.

A surprised "national"

Marines being soon afterward landed from the two ships, they started inland with a machine gun, firing freely at Samoans and fighting, as the report put it, "shoulder to shoulder with a savage foe." Their principal weapon then becoming disabled, some of the contingent were killed by the natives in reprisal. As a matter of fact, "a savage foe" would have annihilated them, for Mata'afa, the wise and pious chief, had them at his mercy, both sides of the trail through the bush being lined with hidden men.[1]

The affair was duly brought up for arbitration at the instance of the German government, whose territory had been invaded, with the King of Sweden as chosen adjudicator. According to his verdict, the United States and Great Britain were "responsible for the loss occasioned by their military action." The arbitrator further asserted as a principle that "a nation has no right to land troops in order to preserve the property or the lives of her nationals." The countries at fault then paid the damages assessed (the United States, however, refusing to recognize the principle on which the decision rested), and the

Adjustment by arbitration

[1] This statement was made to me by one of the natives there present who took me over the ground.

whole matter was concluded with the least possible publicity.

After a pleasant little visit at Honolulu, including a drive up to the incomparable Pali, the *Sonoma* carried us all southward to Pago. There we spent a few hours at the hospitable home of the commandant, Captain (since Rear Admiral) Uriel Sebree, and his charming wife. During the day we drew a long seine in the harbor behind the barrier, bringing in a multitude of free-swimming fishes, at the same time observing with much interest the natives, both men and women, who came out by the dozens to help; for after a little they began to pelt each other on the bare shoulders with stinging jellyfishes (which also crowded the net), so that our efforts ended in a scene quite indescribable but amusing and good-natured to the limit.

Our merry assistants

Planning to return in about a month, we set out that evening for Upolu in the *Kauau*, thirty-five tons, the worst craft of its kind I ever saw. To add to our general discomfort we soon entered a rough sea, and as the vessel had no regular deck, only a rim around the hold, to this we had to cling throughout the trip. All night long, moreover, a bodiless and disconsolate phonograph crooned in the depths of the boat, its favorite airs being "Nearer My God to Thee," "Lead, Kindly Light," and "You'll Never Be an Angel, Daddy," a progressive series painful in its implications.

Weird warning

But this experience finally came to an end, and at solemn break of dawn we found ourselves off the barrier of Apia harbor. The sight was charming — the green bay, the gray reefs, the scattering white

houses along the beach, glossy Vaea in the background — doubly pleasing also, after our weird night. Yet there before our eyes lay the rusting hulk of the German warship *Adler*, grim reminder of that terrible "night of the ships" of March 16, 1889,[1] when a hurricane struck Apia and tore its confused international politics into "ropy spindrift." For it will be remembered that Germany's huge iron watchdog was not sunk like the *Eber*, *Vandalia*, and *Trenton*, nor yet rolled over on the beach like the *Olga* and *Nipsic*, but was lifted by a gigantic comber high above the reef, then dropped down into it with a tremendous crash.

The "Adler's" fate

Upolu is made up of a long, volcanic ridge once poured out from its overtopping "crater lake" — Lanutó — and bearing on its sides a curious, exuberant medley of trees mostly strange to us. Some have brilliant red flowers, and one — called by Stevenson the "slab tree" — looks like a beech, but throws out the whole length of its trunk a number of stiff buttresses.

The "Bush"

Landing, we took rooms at the "Hotel Tivoli" owned by Moors, the American capitalist and friend of Stevenson, who afterward published an interesting volume entitled "With Stevenson in Samoa." A native of Vermont, Moors went as a venturesome youth to California to seek his fortune; later he

Stevenson's pal

[1] In connection with the international squabble so dramatically interrupted by this awful storm, I may recall Stevenson's prophetic words: "Thus in what seemed the very article of war, and within the duration of a single day, the sword-arm of each of the two angry powers was broken, their formidable ships reduced to junk, their disciplined hundreds to a horde of castaways. . . . Both paused aghast. . . . The so-called hurricane of March 16 made a marking epoch in world-history, and at once it brought about the Congress and Treaty of Berlin; indirectly it founded the modern navy. Coming years and future historians will declare the influence of that."

Moors' romantic career

for a time assisted King Kalakaua of Hawaii in the business of "black-birding" [1] — that is, securing laborers from the Gilbert Islands and New Hebrides for sugar plantations. Locating finally in Apia, he married a true gentlewoman of the land — educated in New Zealand, I believe — and became the leading citizen of the community. All of his several children, so far as I know, have gone to school in California, the girls being graduates of Mills College.

On the flat roof of the "Tivoli" Stevenson and Moors used to lie of hot nights whilst the latter related his South Sea experiences, which Stevenson treasured up for coming stories of wreckers and ebb tides. But as a financier, Moors found his friend not a shining success; "he was essentially a literary man, you know." It appeared that before deciding to settle at Apia, Stevenson had arranged to have Moors buy for him an uninhabited but attractive island to the north of Samoa. The transaction was made at a cost of about $25,000 (as I remember), but, the island being never occupied or paid for, it was left on Moors' hands, and is perhaps still for sale.

Vailima

Vailima — "five waters" — Stevenson's old home, we visited twice. A house of many windows and screened porches, a sort of modified out-of-doors, it stands high on a broad shelf of Vaea, in most picturesque surroundings. On the estate are five springs which together make the clear Vailima brook, the home of a dainty little black and golden goby with cherry-red fins, which we named *Vailima stevensoni*.

To reach Vailima, one travels by "The Road of

[1] This word came to have a sinister meaning as equivalent to slave-catching, but I am assured on credible American authority that the operations sanctioned by Kalakaua were above reproach.

Loving Heart" (translated also as "The Road of Loving Kindness") built by the natives out of affection for "Tusitala," whose joyous humor and constant good will made him a very great favorite in Samoa. On the tablet set up by the builders, the German officials had posted notices of various things rigidly forbidden — *strengstens verboten* — in true Prussian fashion. All these we tore down, exposing the original touching inscription which officialism had no right to cover, even though some of the prohibitions were for the general good. Thus it was made illegal to allow a lantana bush to go to seed, certainly a wise precaution. For while that plant, a South American member of the verbena family, is safely cultivated as an ornamental shrub in California, where it has never been known to spread from a garden, in Hawaii it has run mad, covering the fields and often rendering cultivation impossible. More recently, however, a little fly from South America, a natural enemy of the lantana, has been introduced into the islands. Feeding on the flowers, it prevents them from seeding, so that with time the plant can be eradicated.

Prussian officialism

The first time we went to the villa, Mrs. Jordan walked on a little ahead of the rest of the party, and sat down to wait on a bench under a small tree. In the leaves she heard a rustling and, looking up, saw a really demonish creature descending toward her. This was a foot or more in length, fur-covered, with a long, doggish nose, and broad skin-wings like those of the (hitherto) fabulous griffin. Finally it came to rest, and hanging by one hind claw, gazed at her curiously. It was, in fact, a flying fox — *Pteropus* — one of the huge bats of the tropics, which look very

"Miss Jessie" meets the griffin

fearsome but are only mild vegetarians, feeding mainly on bananas.

Tusitala's tomb

Once we climbed the steep, hot slope of Vaea to the tomb of "R.L.S.," an elevated oblong of cemented lava such as is locally used for native chiefs. On the one side are graven in bronze a Scotch thistle and a scarlet hibiscus, the "national flower" of Stevenson's adopted land, framing two inscriptions in Samoan — "The Tomb of Tusitala," and Ruth's exquisite response to Naomi:

> Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried.

Upon the other panel, the noble "Requiem":

> Under the wide and starry sky
> Dig my grave and let me lie:
> Glad did I live, and gladly die,
> And I lay me down with a will.
>
> This be the verse ye grave for me:
> "Here he lies, where he longed to be;
> Home is the sailor, home from the sea,
> And the hunter home from the hill."

The trail to Lanuto

Our longest excursion took us to Lanuto on the crest of Upolu, over the long trail winding upward through the bush. On the way we passed a little roadside grave with a solitary and dejected-looking Zinnia, pathetic mark of some one's grief. Higher up we came across an abandoned plantation, perhaps of coffee. There, as everywhere, clearing had been followed by a dense growth of papaya — *Carica papaya* — an interesting, broad-leaved tree with a large, excellently flavored, melon-like fruit, the pulp of which has the properties of gastric fluids, so that

LAKE LANUTO

it is a most wholesome article of diet. Horses are inordinately fond of the milky-juiced leaves, and your pony teases for a moment's browsing whenever he sees a papaya low enough for him to nibble.

A mountain fernery

Lanuto, deep with rain water, is carpeted by minute green plants. All about it grow ferns, royal palms, and various other trees, their outstretched limbs rich with clustering orchids that look like birds' nests. The ferns are of many species, some forming small trees, some winding like vines around taller shrubs, some, less ambitious, springing from the ground in clustering fronds in the usual familiar fashion—but high or low, large or small, leathery or feathery, always beautiful. As Thoreau says: "Nature made ferns for pure leaves to show what she could do in that line." Lustrous green doves flutter through the bush; high and white against the blue sails the stately tropic bird with pennon-like tail, while far, far below, and on both sides, one sees the white surf breaking.

Roadsides in Samoa (as elsewhere along the Equator all the way to Hongkong) are lined with a low, creeping, sensitive brier or *Mimosa* which folds its much divided leaves when touched, and shrinks away, hiding the green. It bears pretty pink flowers, and in spite of a prickly stem is a most useful forage plant, as it is, after all, a sort of clover.

I attend a luau

Hogs brought from America have run wild in the thickets, becoming the principal item of game to be hunted. I was one day invited to a community barbecue or *luau* held in the bush. The long roll of matting spread on the ground, had it been a table, would have groaned under the load of roast pig, baked parrot fish, bananas, breadfruit, and papaya. Such gatherings give an excellent exhibit of un-

checked joyousness and native courtesy, but the skill displayed in carving the *pièce de résistance* suggests, not too pleasantly, the pictures of "long pig" feasts once drawn by missionaries. The Samoans, however, indignantly disclaim any taint of cannibal ancestry.

Our call on Mata'afa

Mata'afa, a man of fine presence and noble character, held "court" in Apia in a "palace" of one large hall with floor of coral sand, walls of coral rock, and a thatching of palm leaves for roof. During our ceremonial visit, the chief squatted at one end of a long strip of matting which covered the middle of the room, the most honored guest at his right, "his talking-man," then a half-caste, Edwin Gurr, on his left. At the opposite end sat the village *taupou*, the handsomest native maiden, a scarlet hibiscus over her ear.

The taupou's duty

Her duty it was to prepare the ceremonial *kava*,[1] a beverage made from the large, turnip-like root of the *kava* plant — *Piper methystica* — a member of the pepper family. This contains a peculiar aromatic juice said to be a harmful irritant which causes in the whole digestive tract from the mouth on a tingling numbness like that of a foot "asleep."

While Samoans do not take to alcoholic drinks, they are extremely fond of their *kava*, and *kava* drinking is the main feature of ceremonial functions. In

Kava making

elder days the *taupou* chewed the root with her white teeth, dropping the residue into water which, when poured off clear, retains the essential principle. But unromantic missionaries objected to that picturesque method, substituting a nutmeg grater instead!

The beverage ready, a cupful is first taken to the

[1] Originally *'ava* in Samoan, a language which has no *k*, a slight guttural hitch or click indicated by ' taking its place.

talking-man, who presents it to the king, saying how great he is, how far his reputation extends, how it strikes terror to his enemies, how the people love him and hope he may live forever, and so forth and so on. The next draught is now presented to the most distinguished visitor, whose varied merits the talking-man explains by way of commending him to royal favor. The guest then receives a *kava* name which he carries for life as a notable honor. Stevenson's, as the world knows, was *Tusitala*, "the story-teller," from *tusi*, "lengthwise," and *tala*, "talking" — that is, one who talks at length, or tells stories. My own *kava* name, so Mr. Gurr informed me, is *Talinoa i Faiva*, "one who tells fish stories"!

Kava names

At the time of our visit, Mata'afa, always the choice of the people, was recognized chief of Upolu. But many heated squabbles had preceded his official confirmation by the German government. During this period a legal verdict adverse to Mata'afa was rendered by Mr. Hetherington-Carruthers, an educated English barrister long resident — from choice, not necessity — on the hill near Vailima. Upon learning of the decision, his native neighbors said: "If this is Law, we will get rid of it." They then sacked Carruthers' library and scattered loose leaves torn from the law books all along the road down to the beach.

Love refuses to fulfill the Law

The coco plantations on Upolu were largely owned by Germans resident in Sydney, the properties being worked by a few hundred negroids from the Solomon Islands, little black imps caught by strategy and held frankly as slaves. Samoans, I may explain, do not take kindly to steady labor. For this there are per-

Lack of incentives for thrift

haps three reasons — their innate love of freedom, the ease with which food can be obtained, and the communistic habit by which individual earnings are at once swallowed up, any indication of getting ahead being a signal for the arrival of family relations. Such visitations occurred whenever I paid off Vaiula, one of our fishermen, and once he had to borrow a shilling of me to go to the village circus, where his own boy was the chief acrobat of the evening. Taua, another of our helpers, coming from a distant island and so being (for the time, at least) relieved of those inflictions, was notably thrifty.

"Mizhonery"

Samoans as a whole have long been adherents of one or another form of the Christian religion, the majority being followers of the Congregationalist London Missionary Society which many years ago began to convert the people to "*mizhonery*." Since that time, in their simple and practical language everything connected with religion takes on the name of *mizhonery*. The church of coral blocks thatched with coco leaves and with floor of coral sand — overlarge through competitive zeal — is *mizhonery*. *Mizhonery* also is the sermon, as are the shirt waists and white duck suits worn on Sunday, and the ringing Moody and Sankey hymns turned into their own language. These last are a source of great delight. Thus many a Sunday afternoon is spent in singing *mizhonery*, and during the evening from the boats, and sometimes throughout Monday, the joyous *ia-uwa-ia-uwa* calls to one to "hold the fort, for I am coming."

Not all the people, however, are truly *mizhonery*, for the Catholics are well represented in the island, Mata'afa having been himself of that faith; the Mor-

WRECK OF THE "ADLER" AND SISTER SHIPS. "ADLER" TO THE RIGHT

mons, also, have a considerable following. Yet we did not detect any religious intolerance, rivalry within the same *mizhonery* being more in evidence. Moors nevertheless told me of a tragic feud between two churches on neighboring islands in Micronesia. This having developed into actual war, one group invaded the other's territory and put most of their opponents to death. An aged man, however, found refuge by the sea under an overhanging rock, where he kept on a shelf a pathetic memorial, a big conch shell to represent the chieftain, a fine sea snail for the queen, smaller ones for family and friends.

A tragic feud

The Samoan language, like all others of the South Seas, is soft and flowing, made up largely of vowels, with only consonants enough to tie the former together; *f*, *g* (ng), *l*, *m*, *n*, *p*, *s*, *t*, and *v*, therefore, make up the list for Samoa. Furthermore, among the various dialects of Oceanica there is a definite shifting of consonants like the *Lautverschiebung* or "sound shoving-on" of Professor Grimm. Thus no one tongue contains both *l* and *r*. The Maoris of New Zealand and the Raratonga folk use *r*, just as do the Japanese. Hawaiians and Samoans, like the Chinese, have *l* only. The Marquesans lack both *h* and *r*. The Samoan *f* is replaced by *h* in Hawaii, and by *w* or *h* in other islands, but is wanting altogether in Raratonga. The Samoan *s* is everywhere else replaced by *h;* thus Savaii and Hawaii are really the same word. *T*, which occurs generally, becomes *k* in Hawaii, while the *k* of other islands is silent or elided and replaced by ' in both Hawaii and Samoa. *V* becomes *w* in Hawaii and New Zealand, the word for "water" being *vai* in Samoan and *wai* in the other two. The Samoan *g* (ng) is *m* in Hawaii, in the

"Lautverschiebung" in the South Seas

Marquesas *n.* And a great similarity of words throughout the whole region plainly shows that the various dialects must all go back to a single root; thus *aloha*, the Hawaiian goodby, has its counterpart in *talofa*, the Samoan greeting. In all these tongues, moreover, words are frequently doubled for emphasis or, more often, in order to convert an adjective into a noun; thus *ele*, rusty, *ele-ele*, a rusty-red fish; *sama*, yellow, *sama-sama*, a very yellow fish.

Common origin

In Samoa, as elsewhere, alien words are from time to time taken over and domesticated.[1] Some years ago a pair of cattle were brought to Apia from New Zealand. Hearing them spoken of as "a bull and a cow," the natives first evolved the single comprehensive word, *bulimacau*, then *pulimatu*, after which (in further lingual economy) the latter form came to serve for everything related to a cow — milk, butter, horns, leather, even shoes! In the same way, *selini* (shilling) covers monetary transactions.

"Pulimatu" and "selini"

2

Our real business, of course, had to do with the fish fauna of Upolu and Tutuila. Scenery and literary excursions were merely charming breaks in many weeks of almost continuous collecting among the corals. For that part of the work which involved catching large fishes of reef channels, we had secured from Captain Sebree all the dynamite at Pago Pago. The scholarly German governor of Upolu, Dr. Albert H. Schnee, not to be outdone in courtesy, then sold

[1] An excellent example of this tendency is the French "*fivocloquer*" used by Paris when it drinks afternoon tea, conventionally taken at five o'clock. Another is the recently coined German phrase used by the beneficiaries of the Society of Friends: "*Ich werde gequäkert.*"

us at fair rates the stock at Apia, so that with this, supplemented by our chloride of lime brought from Honolulu and our well-sharpened three-tined forks, we were thoroughly equipped.

The dynamite we placed in the hands of three helpers, Taua, a serious and sagacious Raratongan, and two Samoans, the vivacious and talkative Vaiula, and Musila, a youth of excellent parts. Their skillful handling of a ticklish substance brought to light many new forms not otherwise obtainable. But one surprising incident fraught with unexpected peril may be worth recording. The huge, spear-like houndfish or "long tom" (*a'u*) of those waters, six feet in length and with sharp, alligator-like jaws, swims near the surface and leaps into the air in pursuit of its prey. Vaiula having one day thrown a stick of dynamite, it was seized in the air by an *a'u*, to the great alarm of the thrower, as no one could tell where the creature would be at the critical moment! Fortunately, however, the charge exploded under water, and Vaiula brought me the last twelve inches of a tail, all that was left in evidence.

Vaiula's alarm

The level reef of Upolu (as of all other islands of Polynesia) at low tide shows shallow pools of every size, its surface being broken and full of crevices. Everywhere swarm brittle-stars, sea-urchins, starfishes, crabs, sea worms, and mollusks; under coral blocks, and on the sandy floor in shallow water, lie hosts of sea-cucumbers — *Holothurians* — of half a dozen species, while little octopuses go swimming about, to scuttle backwards through inky clouds when disturbed. Water permitting, women and children wade and poke about over the reefs, col-

The reef at Apia

lecting sea-cucumbers, octopuses, and sea-urchins for food. The big octopus they disable by turning it inside out with a dexterous jerk.

Afele and his "Coral Queen"

Creeping through the interstices of the larger coral masses, abounded tiny green gobies, the biggest not half an inch long, and minute brick-red blennies, no bigger and just as evasive. Afele, our boy assistant, would dive for loose coral heads; then, laying them in his little boat, the *Coral Queen*, cracked them with a hammer, disclosing multitudes of tiny fishes, one of which we named *Eviota afelei*.

The morays

In the seams of the reef, also, live swarms of morays of many species, large and small, dislodged only by the poison of chloride of lime, at a breath of which they wriggle across the rocks like frightened serpents. The great moray eels — *Gymnothorax* — fiercest of all fishes, have large mouths and savage, knife-like teeth. Some of them reach a length of six feet and a diameter of six inches. If caught in a net they will often clear a boat of natives, for they come on, head upreared, and strike snake-fashion with jaws like a steel trap. Many of them are brilliantly colored, but even more striking than their shades of yellow, brown, black, or green are the fantastic designs of their ornamentation. Little morays, from six inches upward, of relatively gentle disposition, also abound in the rock clefts. The least of all these was brought in by Knight and so named for him *Anarchias knighti*.

Many reef fishes show highly marked protective coloring. Such kinds, some of which are armed with stinging spines, usually lie quiescent on the bottom, their general hue being a blotched or mottled gray. But in all the pools occur species the gorgeous colors of which seem defiant of enemies as well as of theory.

Certain damsel fishes (locally *taupou*, the literal cognate of the West Indian *demoiselle* and *doncella*) fairly flaunt every shade of blue enlivened by vivid golden or scarlet. These forms, however, are as quick as chain lightning and amazingly adroit at darting into crevices; apparently they have no need of protective coloration. Equally defiant are the many species of butterfly fishes, bright yellow, fantastically striped, streaked, or spotted with blue or black. Bizarre "rainbow" fishes adorned with every possible hue also abound; and in the deeper channels live crimson soldier fishes, parrot fishes, and surgeon fishes, reckless to absurdity in their lavish use of fancy colors and of freakish "recognition marks" as elaborate in pattern as a Navajo blanket. One of these was originally described by Lacépède as having along its side "two rows of Chinese characters" in bright emerald-green on a coral-red ground. Another, equally common, shows the same design in red on a grass-green background. As a matter of fact, no bird or flower in any land is more gayly marked than many denizens of the reef, though it is only within safe shelters that the mad riot takes place.

Coats of many colors

Fishes of the open ocean, mackerel, herring, flying fish, etc., are nearly all blue or green, with silvery sides, the blue, however, being mainly a matter of luster, not of pigment, the color changing with the light like burnished metal. To a bird watching from above such forms look blue like the sea. To an enemy from below they appear silvery like the sky. Species that live in the channels between reef and shore are dull green above like shoal water, white underneath; those that burrow on the bottom in the coral sand are mottled gray; those that creep along

Protective hues

on the "iron-bound coasts" where the sea is too deep for coral are all black to match the dark lava.

An agile blenny

Among the last is a little jet-black blenny — *Rupiscartes saliens* — which climbs on the lonely rocks above the reach of the waves with the agility of a lizard; and the mailed sides of the wrecked *Adler* just above high-water mark swarm with *Rupiscartes*, which dart into the open hold as their natural refuge.

One of the most singular species of tropical shores is the mud skippy — *Euchoristopus barbarus* — a frisky goby five or six inches long, with strong muscles at the basis of its fins, and movable pop-eyes set on short stalks to take in whatever is going on. These extremely nimble creatures stay on shore after high tide, often climbing in bushes to catch insects, sometimes crawling under stones to wait till the water returns. In a little inlet near Pago Pago we found a thicket of mangroves infested by skippies; at the least disturbance they dropped to the water or the ground, tumbling along with considerable speed. At Pago a pointer dog belonging to one of the naval officers was much excited over these animals creeping uncannily about in the branches, and all day long he would point and bark at them.

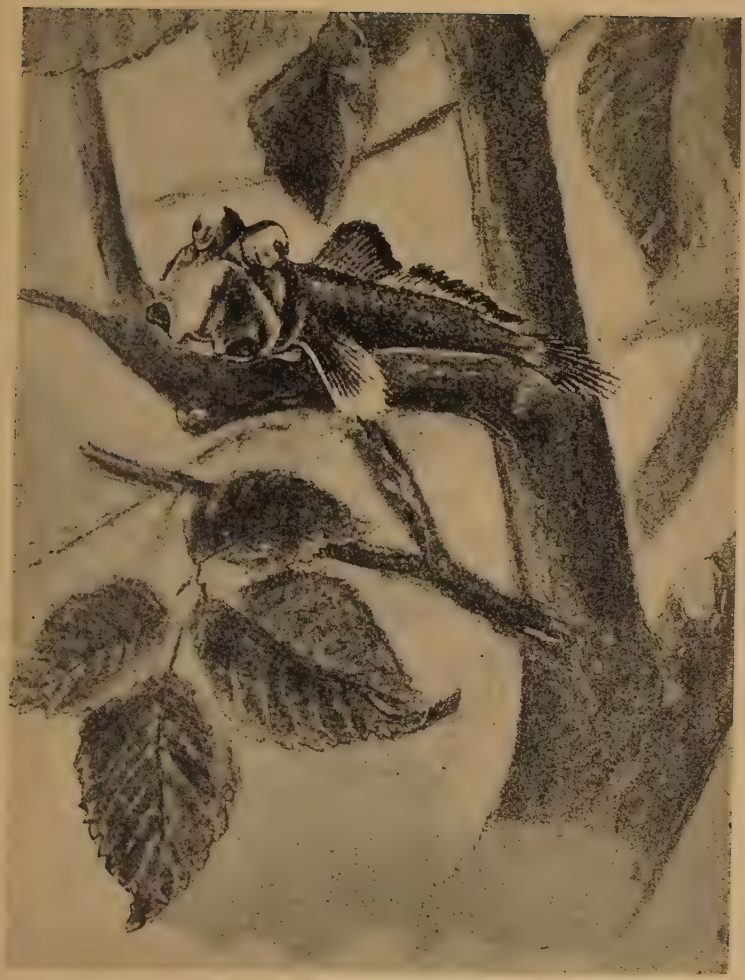
The versatile skippy

Flying fish

Flying fish of many species abound among the coral islands, and however familiar with their ways, one never ceased to wonder at their swift motion, fins held firm like an aëroplane and only the force of the strong, screw-like tail furnishing the impetus.[1]

As the interested reader will already by now have inferred, we found the Samoan fish-fauna exceedingly rich, bringing home over 600 species, about 100 of them new. In the preparation of my report (one of

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter IX, page 209.



MUD SKIPPY IN MANGROVE TREE, TUTUILA

the most important pieces of work accomplished by me) I had the assistance of Alvin Seale, an advanced student, since commissioner of fisheries for the Philippines and still later an assistant curator in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard. Our memoir included paintings of fifty of the most brilliant species by Kako Morita, a Japanese artist, a few of them colored after field sketches of my own. But as the printing of these exquisite plates involved large expense, the government committee on publication recommended that they be omitted. In this juncture I appealed to Roosevelt on the ground that if the work was worth doing and the scientific results were important, they should be published in detail. The President took my view of the case, and by his order "The Fishes of Samoa" appeared complete in 1906.

Morita's paintings

3

After a month or so of active collecting on the reefs, "on the beach at Falesá," and in the various streams which cross the coconut orchards or the dense bush, we returned to Tutuila on the gunboat *Wheeling*, then stationed at Pago Pago. For Captain Sebree, having come over to Apia on official business, took us all back as his guests, extending also to my family the hospitality of his roof and board. This we gratefully accepted for the duration of our stay, though not until he had (reluctantly) agreed to allow me to bear our proportionate share of actual table expenses. I make this explanation partly to differentiate us from an English globe-trotter who, as a self-imposed guest of the commandant, made various demands, practicable or otherwise, and took all

Back to Pago Pago

favors as a matter of course. When he left for Apia again on the preposterous *Kauau*, it gave us a certain pleasure to see him pursued by a "white squall."

A detestable disease

Shortly after our arrival, however, Mrs. Jordan and I fell ill with *dengue*. This malady, a violent malarial infection carried by mosquitoes and locally known as "influenza" or "breakbone fever," we had caught at Apia, where the disorder was already spreading. In medical works *dengue* is designated a "benign fever" because it very seldom causes death; it is, nevertheless, one of the most villainous of disorders, as it usually leaves impediments to circulation or some other permanent bad effect. With us both it ran its painful course, but the unwearying kindliness of our host and hostess we shall never forget, nor shall we ever cease to be grateful to Fai'uli, Mrs. Sebree's native maid, who gave us tender care. So much goodness merited at least a great consideration. Yet no sooner were we again up and about than we staged a small but genuine shipwreck on a reef just outside the harbor, whence we were restored to our friends with exceeding difficulty and in a much-bedraggled condition!

Nu'uli

The little village of Nu'uli creeps along the beach under its coco trees five miles southeast of Pago Pago. In front extends a long barrier reef gashed by a narrow passage through which a stream of fresh water makes its way, and behind the fringe of cocos lies a deep lagoon full of fish.[1] As an inveterate collector I was naturally anxious to get at this new lair and so perhaps add to my lengthening string of species. Captain Sebree accordingly gave the neces-

[1] Such pools the natives sometimes poison by throwing in the leaves of a certain tree, said to be the *Barringtonia speciosa*, the juice of which contains a benumbing alkaloid.

sary permission for the use of dynamite, and assigned for the expedition a large whaleboat in which we were to be towed by the steam launch of the *Wheeling* to a point just off the village.

One afternoon, therefore, when the sea looked perfectly smooth, we started out. The party consisted of Mrs. Jordan, Ensign Marble — who was going on a special errand — Sindo, W. H. Yandell — the half-caste talking-man of Pago Pago — and his little boy, Jack Sebree — the commandant's fourteen-year-old son — and myself, besides our crew of eight *fita-fitas* or native soldiers, the commandant's guard, picturesque in red turbans, red sashes, and blue *lava-lavas*. Kellogg and Allardice elected not to go; Knight also, to his subsequent great regret, as he thereby missed an adventure! Taua and Musila carried the dynamite in a skiff attached behind our boat. As we left, Sebree directed Sa'laotoga, one of the *fita-fitas*, to look out personally for Mrs. Jordan if we got into any trouble; he also warned them not to try to make the village if the surf seemed dangerously high.

The picturesque crew

No wind ruffled the sea that day, but the long swells increased in height as they neared the shore and then broke in great white lines along the edge of the coral reef. Arrived opposite Nu'uli, the launch cut us loose and steamed away into smooth water, though I urged the engineer to wait around until we landed, as I was already beginning to feel somewhat apprehensive. Taua's little boat was now detached for dynamite work on the outer edge of the reef, the *fita-fitas* turned to their oars with a will, and we headed for the combers. These were certainly alarming, yet I assumed that the men knew their way over or through them, as in Hawaii and Japan I had often

Mighty reef combers

seen boats reach shore safely under apparently similar conditions. But making for the channel, the steersman and the man in the bow differed as to the course, the one trying to escape the waves, the other to dodge the rocks. As a result we entered quarter on; a huge, bellying wall of green ten feet high rolled up behind, and, hitting us a tremendous crack, deluged the boat and immediately plunged the bow under. The shock hurled us with great violence to starboard, the boat instantly turned over lengthwise, to be literally flung on to the reef, while its former occupants were all swept under the surf.

The spill

For a moment I thought the end was come; escape seemed perfectly impossible. I had gone down feet first, striking my knee on a coral rock. But coming up quickly through the unstable waves, I felt a touch on my left arm and found my wife (who could not swim) clinging to it with one hand, firmly, to be sure, yet at the same time quite coolly, thus proving herself a true thoroughbred.

I touch bottom

It was of course out of the question to swim in either direction, the heavy breakers encountering the undertow of ebb tide. The best I could do, therefore, was to face the shore, treading water and slowly drifting backward. Meanwhile, eight too-unperturbed *fita-fitas*, almost as much at home in water as on land, were paddling around and apparently not paying much attention to anybody, since they saw that Jack, who had been thrown from the bow on to the reef, was already swimming the quiet channel to Nu'uli. But presently Sa'laotoga, noticing that Mrs. Jordan had been torn from me by a mighty wave which engulfed us both, went to her assistance. A moment afterward, Taavili Lua also came up on

Fita-fitas unperturbed

the other side, so that by resting a hand on the naked shoulder of each she was able to keep upright. The three then moved slowly toward the skiff, which Taua and Musila were bringing on as fast as possible, while I still drifted outward with the undertow.

Hauled into the skiff

Sindo, floating on the waves, was now pulled up by Musila. As the boat passed me without stopping, I threw an arm over the bow, and soon had the joy of seeing Mrs. Jordan safely lifted in. Yet we were by no means out of danger, as further overturns might be expected. Taua, however, skillfully worked his frail craft into deeper water where the waves were much less violent, and Musila was then able to drag me in also — not an easy task, for my clothes were heavy with water and the swells pounded mercilessly.

Aboard the launch

All this time the launch had been waiting as far in as it could safely come, and we finally got near enough for the engineer to catch a tow line and take us aboard, while Taua and Musila returned to see what had befallen Marble and the Yandells. All three were found clinging to the keel of the whaleboat, under which the child had at first been thrown, and whence they were rescued by a canoe from the village. The tide now having fallen, the amphibious *fita-fitas* righted the overturned boat and worked it back into the sea, where its line was then picked up by the launch. But, buffeted by the waves, it pounded against us with dangerous force; the line became tangled in our propeller and had to be hastily cut off lest the launch itself should be disabled and wrecked.

After a while, however, the engineer got all the *fita-fitas* aboard, secured the whaleboat which they had vainly tried to bail out, and thus steamed back to Pago. Toward evening, to our great relief, Jack

appeared on foot, accompanied by Pasi, the *taupou* of Nu'uli, and dressed in a native skirt or *lava-lava*. Marble, similarly attired, had proceeded on his errand; returning, he was seen by certain natives who thought him a missing deserter from the collier *Brutus*, for whose capture a reward of ten dollars had been offered, and so they brought him back to Pago under arrest!

The ensign's predicament

The next day Sa'laotoga responded (through the interpreter) to my grateful thanks with a characteristic disclaimer:

> Yes, we know how to swim and are at home in the water, but it was God who told us what to do, and who put it into our hearts to help Mrs. Jordan.

Upon our return to California my wife sent to each of her rescuers a neat watch engraved with his name. In due time she received two charming letters in Samoan, with translations into English. The one from Sa'laotoga is herewith appended:

Sa'laotoga writes

> Pago Pago, Samoa,
> Sept. 18, 1902
>
> For the Lady of Mr. Jordan:—
>
> Lady: I write this letter now with many thanks to you, on account of the present you sent for me. I have received it and I now accept it with fervor, but, nevertheless, I am exceedingly thankful, and I am greatly pleased. I have also shown my great pleasure to the Commandant. I did not expect it or anything like that. I simply desired to preserve you in the distress which overcame us when we were cast on the surface of the sea. These are the few words I have to say about that.
>
> May you two be blest with the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.
>
> I am well at this time; if you are also well, then many thanks for the kindness of God and His protection and love to us all. This is the end of my letter. I wish you would acknowledge it,

if you receive it; then I shall know that this letter has reached you.

Good-bye. May all of you who were here live. Convey my love to your son and to Jack, and to all of you. May you be blest, and may this letter reach you. This is the end of my letter. Good-bye. May you live.

I am

Sa'laotoga,
Samoan Landsman (U. S. Navy)
Tutuila, Colony of the
United States of America

In the original a part of the first paragraph reads as follows:

A few lines of Samoan

Tasmaitai e na on faia lesi tusi ma le faafetai tete atu ia te oe asa ate mea alafa na e sansia me au i lao lesei na on mana ua ou talia ma le matau faafetai ma le fiafia tele ia te oe sa on matua faalia foi lou fiafia i le olii i le alii Kavasa sili losa tale tua ma Taupou e taalua na — etc.

Following our experiences in Tutuila — and partly suggested by Stevenson's "Under the wide and starry sky," I wrote for myself a bit of verse which I afterward used in dedicating "The Call of the Twentieth Century" to Dr. Stillman:

A darkening sky and a whitening sea,
And a wind in the palm trees tall;
Soon or late comes the call for me,
Down from the mountain or up from the sea,
Then let me lie where I fall.

And a friend may write, for friends there be,
On a stone from the dark sea wall,
"Jungle and town and reef and sea,
I have loved God's earth, and God's earth loved me,
Take it for all in all!"

To the commandant as an official deeply concerned with the native welfare, my party was able

to make some return in kind. In the tropics everywhere, as already explained, certain fishes are at times poisonous, causing a disorder known in Cuba as *ciguatera* [1] and apparently due to a specific alkaloid which produces results comparable to strychnine poisoning. At Pago Pago I prepared a series of water-color sketches of all the local species known to be poisonous, and of others under suspicion. As a further aid to identification of the poisonous kinds I distributed a circular of information. This whole subject is much in need of investigation, but certain facts are well verified. In temperate regions no fishes cause *ciguatera;* in the tropics some forms are always dangerous — *Tetraodon hispidus* of Hawaii, for example, a puffer known to the people as *maki-maki*, or "death-death."

Poisonous fishes

Vicious mosquitoes

Kellogg issued a similar leaflet in regard to the peril from mosquitoes, which in those islands carry *Filaria*, a worm-shaped microbe which gets into the lymphatic system and produces the horrible hard swelling known as elephantiasis, sometimes called "piano-leg" because the lower limbs often increase to an enormous size. Besides the *Filaria*, certain tropical mosquitoes — *Culex fatigans* and probably a *Stegomyia* — are supposed to carry also the minute organism called *Plasmamœba*, which causes the *dengue*.

The third matter in which we were privileged to play a somewhat helpful rôle was of a wholly different character. As already indicated, the Tutuilans felt they had a serious grievance against our government. For, being greatly pleased by the adjustment which

[1] This malady must not be confused with ptomaine poisoning, which may follow the eating of decaying fish of any species. See note, Vol. I, page 286.

identified them with the United States, through their two chieftains, Mauga and Paa Vei, they caused to be drawn up an elaborate document formally turning over the sovereignty of their island to the new authorities. Now, according to South Seas etiquette, to receive a present without acknowledgment is a grave insult, and yet Tutuila saw the United States enter and occupy the island, building docks, storehouses, and residences, without a word of recognition. On our arrival at Pago I found the natives much wrought up over the matter, and Tuamanua, chief of the tiny outlying island, wholly ignored by his powerful protector, was frankly rebellious. At the commandant's request, therefore, I went before the little parliament and explained that the United States did not wish to override any of their rights. As they would remember, it had paid previous owners for whatever land it occupied as well as for all service required. Moreover, through the good governor, Captain Sebree, it had taken great pains to safeguard the interests of the people in their relations to traders in copra, the principal export of that region.[1] I also called attention to the fact that for their benefit the President had sent Kellogg and me to study the fisheries of the islands to find out all the kinds, and what they were good for. Indeed, I had prepared for their use a series of paintings of poisonous fishes, and Kellogg had taught them how to get rid of the mosquito and thus abate their two most dreaded scourges.

Official lack of etiquette tempered by justice and consideration

I further recalled the sad fact that not long after

[1] From Sebree I learned of one characteristic line of graft disclosed by him. Suspecting that the natives were being cheated, he weighed himself on two sets of scales belonging to a trader. The one for measuring copra registered his weight at 120 pounds; on the other, employed for commodities sold to the people, he tipped the beam at about 200!

their deed of gift was received at Washington, the President of the United States had been shot by an insane ruffian. In the confusion which followed, the document had doubtless been misplaced, and Mr. Roosevelt — always thoughtful in such matters — had probably never seen it. I would, however, tell him all about it, and he would certainly do the right thing — an assurance which left them quiet and expectant.

Roosevelt's prompt response

I at once prepared a full statement of the situation for the President, who acted promptly, as on reaching home I noticed in the press that he had sent gold watches to Mauga and Paa Vei, with a flag to the *fita-fitas*, and that Pago Pago had put in "a red-letter day of rejoicing."

A question of "self-determination"

On my next visit to Washington, Roosevelt told me that the deed of gift had been filed away under the head of "Docks," Pago Pago from the official point of view being merely the water front of a naval station; while fear of establishing a troublesome precedent had prevented any acknowledgment of the transaction. For if we were formally to accept Tutuila as a gift from the people, it might be impossible to justify our retention of the Philippines obtained through conquest and purchase from Spain, the native inhabitants having been in no wise consulted, and being, moreover, actively opposed to American control. McKinley's advisers emphasized this point, but Roosevelt, as we know, cared not a rap for precedent; he simply made it right with the islanders. And to me he said: "It always pays for a nation to be a gentleman."

On the same occasion he solved a quite different problem in equally characteristic fashion. Rival

friends of Admirals Sampson and Schley were then engaged in an unseemly wrangle as to which of the two was entitled to credit for the naval victory at Santiago de Cuba. The affair annoyed Roosevelt exceedingly. I happened to be at the White House for luncheon the day he decided to settle the matter once for all. To that end he stated officially that as neither Sampson, in general command, nor Schley, in immediate authority, was present during the fight, honor should go to the captains of the ships actually engaged, the entire responsibility having been theirs, each one directing his own part in the action. This decision, perforce accepted, gave the President much satisfaction.

Sampson-Schley controversy

Vacation over, we left for home on the steamer *Ventura*. Rounding the outermost point of Tutuila, we saw across to the west — elevated by mirage — the entire profile of Upolu thrown in sharp silhouette against the broad, red face of the setting sun. Though sixty miles away and normally out of sight, the fine outline of its peaks was vividly shown, Vaea, the westernmost, being our last vision of that land of dreams.

A last view

On the *Ventura*, just up from Auckland, was a wealthy New Zealand merchant. After listening to tourist chatter, he turned to me as a serious personage and asked: "Who is this man Stevenson I hear them talking about? Was he one of the early settlers on this island?"

4

The board of trustees of Stanford University, as originally named, contained twenty-four members

The Stanford board of trustees

representing a high order of personal ability and including leading men from California, Oregon, and Nevada. Until 1902 this body remained mainly nominal, its functions being assumed by Mr. Stanford during his lifetime, and for nine years afterward by Mrs. Stanford because of conditions already amply explained. Technical disabilities having been at last removed, the board was now (October 5) actually organized, with Mrs. Stanford as elected president. But while most of the original members had then passed away, the places of only a few had been filled. For Mr. Stanford had agreed with me that the number should be reduced from twenty-five to fifteen — thus making a more workable body — and that the term of service of new members should be limited to ten years instead of life tenure.

Actual organization

I had also made an effort to secure provision whereby a third or a half of the membership should, after some specified date, be elected by the alumni and not by the board itself. This system, originally known as "the Yale plan," afterward established at Cornell by White and later in Indiana by me, I was not able to secure for Stanford. But in the latter case a special difficulty works against a large alumni representation, as the institution has always drawn most of its students from a distance, about one third of them still residing outside the state. A calculation made in 1898, for instance, showed that on the average they then came from 1050 miles away, the center of distribution of our "population" at that time being between Salt Lake City and Green River, Wyoming. Relatively few, also, are from San Francisco, mainly because of the nearness of the University of California at Berkeley; and the great

"Yale plan" not acceptable

center of Stanford influence lies in the county of Los Angeles, 500 miles away.

The duties of the board, moreover, were quite arduous, especially in caring for the many and varied interests involved in the management of the University property; practically, therefore, most of the men had to live within easy access of San Francisco. But the number of graduates permanently established within fifty miles is small even now. All these features necessarily interpose difficulties in the matter of alumni representation. Nevertheless, six Stanford graduates have been so honored, five of them chosen by the board itself.[1]

Davis, Leib, and Hopkins

When this body began to function, there still remained, among others of the original group, Horace Davis, a graduate of Harvard (and son-in-law of Starr King) who had served for a time as president of the University of California; Judge Samuel F. Leib, a prominent attorney of San José and an intimate friend of the Stanfords; and Timothy Hopkins, son of Mr. Stanford's old associate in the building of the Central Pacific Railway. Mr. Davis was a business man of broad experience and scholarly instincts. To Judge Leib's sterling character and high executive ability the University is indebted for services of the highest order, especially in the protection of its property from the multitude of besetting dangers previously discussed by me.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins were from the first in intimate touch with the Stanfords, so that "Tim" always gave me sympathetic help and support. Early in 1892, as already stated, he furnished the

[1] Herbert Hoover, '95, Ralph Arnold, '99, Thomas T. C. Gregory, '99, Leland W. Cutler, '06, and John T. Nourse, '00. George E. Crothers, '95, the first to serve, was appointed by Mrs. Stanford.

The Hopkins Marine Station

means for our Seaside Laboratory of Natural History at Pacific Grove on Monterey Bay, now the Hopkins Marine Station, planned along the lines of Anton Dohrn's famous zoölogical station at Naples. Under its roof, in addition to the regular summer class work in Biology, a number of important researches have been carried on by members of the Stanford staff and by naturalists from other institutions. Among the latter I may mention Jacques Loeb, then of the University of California, now of the Rockefeller Institute; Bashford Dean, Thomas Hunt Morgan, A. H. Sturtevant, all three from Columbia; Edwin Grant Conklin of Princeton; C. B. Bridges, F. R. Lillie, and H. H. Newman of Chicago; William F. Allen of Oregon; Ida H. Hyde of Kansas; Franz Döflein of Freiberg; O. L. Mohr of Christiania; and Tage Skogsberg of Upsala. Many other prominent investigators have visited the station for periods of varying length, but without undertaking continuous research. Recently the station was removed from its original site to Punta Alones (midway between the towns of Monterey and Pacific Grove), where it is now housed in a commodious concrete building. At the same time Dr. Walter K. Fisher, Stanford '01, an eminent authority on starfishes and their kindred, was made resident director.

Mr. Hopkins' relation to the laboratory originally established through his generosity gave him a special interest in the Naples Station. He therefore availed himself of an early opportunity to inspect the latter. As to this he tells the following interesting story in a personal letter:

Upon arrival I found the Station, a plain two-story building, situated in a beautiful city park upon the shore of the Bay of

Naples. After viewing the interesting public aquarium on the lower floor, and being "stung" by both the electric ray and the Italian attendant, I returned to the open air and mounted a flight of stairs to visit the scientific portion of the establishment. The door was opened just far enough to frame the figure of a German with a fine head of aggressively cut hair, who met my advances with calmness. Was I one of the *Studenten?* No. A *Herr Professor?* Again I pleaded not guilty. Who was I, then, who wished to inspect and why? An inspiration finally came to the *Herr* with the pompadour — he would telephone the *Herr Director.* And when that gentleman shortly arrived I was ushered into his presence.

The doubtful assistant

I explained that I was interested in marine biology and would welcome the opportunity of visiting the famous Naples Station. Dr. Dohrn looked at my card, opened a drawer of his desk, and took from it a newspaper clipping which he handed me with the remark, "Are you the gentleman of whom this article speaks?" To my amazement it was a long account of the opening of the Hopkins Seaside Laboratory as published by one of our San Francisco newspapers.

The cordial director

I found Dr. Dohrn, who spoke English perfectly, most cordial, and an enthusiast in his chosen field of work. He had many questions to ask concerning the new Laboratory, which he wished the fullness of success. He believed that Dr. Jordan had worked in the Naples Station, and frankly expressed his respect for him personally and admiration of his achievements. In the library, a little later, he took pains to show me a shelf of books by Dr. Jordan, as evidence of their appreciation of him. This library, besides the sets of journals, was particularly strong in biological brochures by scientists all over the world, just such a collection as we should strive to gather in our own station on Monterey Bay.

The Naples laboratory is well arranged for study purposes. Private rooms are provided for special investigators, each with its small aquarium, microscopes, cases for books from the main library, storage tanks on the lower floor — and all immaculately clean.

Dr. Dohrn was interested in the material available in Monterey Bay, and especially in the large size of the sea anemones and starfish I had there observed. I avoided explaining that

my observations were made through an improvised candy-bucket with a glass bottom, which answered the purpose admirably. And I was pleased with my own reticence when Dohrn urged me to remain a few days for a collecting tour in their small steamer, fully equipped from fishing lines to deep-sea dredges, and with portable tanks to bring in the catch alive.

The founder's tact

The board once organized, Mrs. Stanford set out for a trip around the world by way of Australia and Ceylon, her primary purpose being to give the other trustees absolute freedom in taking up their great responsibilities, as she wished them to handle the accumulated funds on their own initiative without suggestion from herself.

CHAPTER THIRTY

I

In my early scientific work I was forced to buy myself whatever books I needed, as only the larger institutions can furnish materials for research. Consequently, during my early years as professor I accumulated a large library of Zoölogy, especially of fishes, comprising nearly ten thousand titles, pamphlets included, and covering almost the entire history of the science of Ichthyology. These, I decided, should be kept together and placed where they were likely to be of greatest use. In 1903, therefore, I presented the whole collection to Stanford University, where it is now listed as "The Jordan Library of Zoölogy."

My library of Zoölogy

Later, in 1914, I also gave the University all the volumes I then had gathered for the study of international conciliation, making the beginning of a library of War and Peace. In addition I continuously turned over the enormous flow of pamphlets and books which came to me, either personally or as president, for examination or other purposes.

Other donations

In accepting the formal gift of the Library of Zoölogy, Mrs. Stanford wrote as follows:

Palo Alto, June 12, 1903

Dr. David S. Jordan,
President of the
Leland Stanford Jr. University.

Kind Friend: —

Your communication of June 10th, relative to your library of Zoölogy, has just been received.

I can well understand your love for these books with which you have so long been associated, and this very fact makes me

appreciate more highly the sentiment which influenced you to present the books to me, through me to be presented to the Library of the Leland Stanford Junior University. It shall be arranged according to your wishes, and the authorities governing the Library will be instructed that this special Library is to be called the "David Starr Jordan Library, a Gift to the Leland Stanford Jr. University."

I accept the books and your testimonial of interest in me, as a token of regard and respect from one whom I have felt honored to be associated with.

Yours gratefully,
JANE L. STANFORD

Fishery survey of Alaska

In the summer of 1903 I was deputed by Commissioner Bowers to make a survey of the salmon rivers and salmon canneries in Alaska, and to gather all possible data concerning fishes in general — at the same time to prepare, in conjunction with Evermann, suitable regulations to govern Alaskan fisheries. The steamer *Albatross*, now under Captain Franklin Swift, was accordingly placed at our disposal, and early in June we started out from Seattle. Besides Evermann and the *Albatross* staff, I was assisted by Professor Harold Heath and several others, among them (all of us serving without pay) my son Harold, who had charge of the whaleboats from which shore collections were made.

The dredging apparatus provided was used in the various channels all the way from Puget Sound to Cook's Inlet, bringing thus to light a large number of new species afterward described by Evermann and Goldsborough. The direct practical result of the summer's work was a series of statutes which, with minor changes and additions, remain in force to this day, though Gilbert's recent intensive investigations (1917–1920) showed certain defects, now mostly

ZOÖLOGY BUILDING, NOW JORDAN HALL

NORTH END OF INNER QUAD

remedied by executive orders. Nevertheless, in spite of regulations, each year has seen greater encroachments on the stock, and the vast and valuable red salmon[1] industry has in several districts met with partial extinction. For the costly system of hatcheries, both public and private, counted on to keep up the supply has apparently entirely failed to do so, and there is even reason to doubt whether the natural undisturbed breeding of the fishes taken for spawn at the hatcheries would not have given a better yield of young. Fortunately, so long as a river remains open its salmon can never be wholly exterminated.

Adjustment of breeds to river

According to Gilbert's observations, each red salmon stream has its own race or breed distinguishable by the expert, and physically adapted to meet the distance it is forced to traverse. Thus the Boca de Quadra salmon, which enter their stream shortly before spawning time and with less than ten miles to go, could not possibly make the long trip to the lakes of Fraser River. And fishes bound for the headwaters of their own stream may be hopelessly worn out should they meet any unusual obstacle on the way.

Hell's Gate catastrophe

This latter fact was most disastrously illustrated by the great blockade, in 1913, of Yale Canyon in the Fraser, the obstruction being due to the collapse of the side of a railway tunnel at "Hell's Gate," so that masses of débris fell into and choked the river. Such an impediment would at any time be unfortunate, but in this particular case it had ruinous results. For 1913 was one of the regularly recurrent "big years," and "untold millions were fighting their way through the rapids to the unequaled spawning grounds."

[1] The four other species of salmon found in Alaska were then of little commercial importance, though all are now (1920) utilized by the canners. See Vol. I, Chapter IX, page 226.

I must here explain that for some reason or reasons of which we are still ignorant, the Fraser had every fourth year a run of more than three times as many salmon as on the three intervening years combined. This phenomenon was already familiar in 1880, when Gilbert and I made our first visit to that region. But now, to quote again from his recent report:

Passing of "big year"

> The catastrophe became irreparable before adequate measures of relief could be taken. The canyon was already full of struggling salmon destined for the up-river spawning grounds, trying in vain to force the blockade. Myriads of them subsequently weakened and died, still retaining their spawn, and they formed decaying masses on the bars and shores below Hell's Gate. Thus the up-river spawning grounds in 1913 for the first time in any big year were left relatively bare of fish.
>
> As a consequence the "big year" became a thing of the past and in 1917 by most strenuous exertions and an intensity of gleaning never before witnessed, a pack of (only) 560,000 cases was produced, little more than one fifth the pack of the big year of the previous cycle.

At Seattle we secured as seamen volunteers in the United States Navy a number of lumberjacks from neighboring camps. But on arriving at Alert Bay, a village noted for its extraordinary totem poles, one of the men came down with smallpox caught from his unvaccinated fellows in the woods. We were then forced to return to Port Townsend for two weeks' quarantine, a period spent in cruising about the bays and channels of Puget Sound, dragging our beam-trawls over the bottom everywhere, and thus securing rich scientific booty. Allowed finally to proceed, we started northward again, dredging at intervals along the way and making special studies of each of the many salmon streams from Boca de Quadra to

Scouring Puget Sound

Lynn Canal, Chilcat and Chilcoot rivers, thence westward to Sitka.

But I shall not tire the reader with details of cannery operation nor of the various rivers we examined. There were, however, some other matters which engaged our attention on the way.

Wrangel Island and the sleeper sharks

The north end of Wrangel Island is indented by a peculiar little flask-shaped bay flooded deep at high tide but otherwise a mass of soft white mud, for it receives the glacial detritus (very fine clay) brought down by the large and swift Stikin River. Not far away stands a cannery from which tons of salmon heads and entrails are thrown into the sea. This offal attracts large numbers of the great sleeper shark — *Somniosus microcephalus* — a twenty-foot long, sluggish, greedy fish which gorges itself to repletion and then retreats at high water to rest in the adjacent bay. Ebb tide leaves it helpless in the mud; and during the course of a summer great numbers of sleepers and other sharks are thus destroyed. In the end, of course, the flesh decays, but teeth and occasional fin spines are preserved as fossils, so that when — centuries hence — the bay fills up and dries out, it should form a very interesting ground for collectors.

Kern County sharks

In Kern County, California, a similar fine clay sediment scattered along the plains at the foot of the once glaciated Sierra carries enormous numbers of sharks' teeth, especially of an extinct mackerel-shark — *Isurus planus* — which must have been fifty feet long. With these appear occasionally the teeth of a still greater white shark — *Carcharodon branneri* — much more than a hundred feet long — a veritable "man eater," although in those days there were no men for it to eat. Multitudes of teeth of smaller

sharks and of sting rays also occur in these deposits, which, I am inclined to think, were probably laid down under conditions similar to those now observable at Wrangel.

Trout of different species abound everywhere in Alaska. The Dolly Varden — *Salvelinus malma* — and the steelhead — *Salmo gairdneri* — swarm in the sea, ascending all the rivers. At Skagway I saw a little girl take a bent pin baited with a worm, drop it into the gutter through a knot hole in the sidewalk, and thereby land two Dolly Vardens — very small ones, it is true, but evidence of their abundance. At one time Harold brought in on the whaleboat enough Dolly Vardens averaging nine pounds each to furnish a meal for the whole ship's crew. These he had got from a salmon "pound-net" on Prince of Wales Island, where they were to be thrown away as a nuisance.

Dolly Vardens by the score

On the large island of Revillagigedo,[1] the Alaska Packers' Association maintains a cannery at the village of Loring and near by a hatchery on the Naha, a fine salmon stream which flows through four beautiful lakes on its way to the sea. Above the uppermost of these, Lake Jordan,[2] about five miles long by three wide, salmon spawn by the million in the fall, and in it the young seem to spend the first of the four years of their life.

Lake Jordan

At ebb tide the Naha drops vertically twenty feet or so over a ledge of rock into the Straits. But with the rise of about thirty feet of water at the flood, the cascade is more than obliterated, and for a time a

[1] Dedicated like the group of the same name off the coast of Mexico to an early Spanish explorer.

[2] Named for me by Henry W. Fortmann, president of the Alaska Packers' Association.

NAHA RIVER, ALASKA, OUTLET OF LAKE JORDAN

rushing "overfall" swells the narrow passage. A similar condition occurs on the St. John River at St. John, New Brunswick.

On our way from cannery to cannery we were joined by Captain J. W. Callbreath, a man of character and education who had established himself on the otherwise uninhabited island of Etolin. There he staked his fortune on the theory, in part correct, that all salmon return in four years to spawn in the waters in which they hatched out. Arguing that Etolin streams had no red salmon merely because none ever spawned in them, he had yearly stocked the Jadgeska River, expecting to begin to reap a rich harvest at the end of four years. But the appointed time passed and no red salmon came — only poorer kinds which he at once destroyed. Confident, however, of the soundness of the "parent stream" theory, he now decided that his error lay in the supposed age of maturity. He therefore waited five years, six years, seven years, ten years, and so on, year by year, upheld by the pathetic obsession until his death. The fatal flaw in his scheme lay in the fact (of which he would hear nothing) that red salmon, as I have already stated, spawn only above lakes, never even entering a lakeless river.

Callbreath's experiment

2

In connection with our work, with my colleagues I crossed the mountains from Skagway at the head of Lynn Canal to the upper Yukon at Caribou Crossing,[1] the chief town of that region. The railroad (then new) from Skagway northward goes over a magnifi-

From Skagway to Caribou Crossing

[1] Here the Yukon narrows between Lakes Bennett and Tagish, and is forded at times by the caribou or Canadian reindeer.

cent mountain saddle known as the White Pass of the Yukon; along this famous trail the gold hunters of 1898 passed on their wild race to the Klondike. The inception of this hegira I had myself witnessed. In June, 1897, bound for the Seal Islands, we stopped at Juneau, the metropolis of Alaska, and on that very day the Canadian surveyor, Ogilvie, since noted in history, arrived from across the mountains bringing a marvelous story of gold discoveries on the middle Yukon in the Canadian Northwest Territory.

Discovery of gold by Skookum Jim

According to Ogilvie, Skookum ("Swift") Jim, an Indian of Caribou Crossing, accompanied by three friends — Tagish Charley, Siwash George, a "squaw man," and the latter's wife, Skookum Jim's sister — had wandered across the country looking for gold in the interest of one Anderson. Down the river below Labarge one of the men became ill, and Siwash George's squaw went to a brook to get him a basin of water. The bottom of the pan showed a streak of fine gold; subsequent dippings soon revealed more of the same. Then Skookum Jim started out at top speed, "touching only the high places," to record with Dominion officials the claims of himself and associates. "Bonanza Creek" and Klondike were soon names to conjure with, while Dawson, the center of operations, became a veritable city almost over night.

Millionaire Jim afterward built for himself a fine home at Caribou Crossing and sent to Seattle to buy a Brussels carpet for the best room. When it came, however, it was found to be too broad by a yard. But these were heroic days, so Jim remedied the defect by having the house cut apart and the room spread to fit the covering! Yet while Tagish Charley became one of the generous rich, the leader in public spirit at

Fitting house to carpet

Caribou Crossing, Siwash George deserted the woman who had made his fortune, to philander with a vampire actress.

When Ogilvie told his story in Juneau the whole town broke loose, for it lies on the very frontier of adventure. So gamblers and gold seekers, clerks and lawyers, threw up their jobs and in one way or another got to the head of navigation at Skagway, and there struck the White Pass Trail. Now followed for two or more years one of the most astounding migrations in American history.

Argonauts of the White Pass

Southward from Juneau went out the word. Cigarette youths, "dissolute, damned, and despairful," crowded the smoking rooms in Pullman cars from San Francisco and Los Angeles. Pampered St. Bernard, Great Dane, and mastiff dogs, many of them stolen, were dragged along to do the work of the half-wild Siberian "huskies." Women came too, both young and old, of many types and varied nationalities — elderly boarding-house keepers with iron hand and brazen jaw, adventuresses painted and plausible, dainty Mercedes willful and whimsical, demanding the impossible. All were loaded with clothing and provision designed for an Arctic winter; few had ever met hardship; none knew anything of "mushing" over blind trails through uncharted mountains, or the dodging of endless chains of impassable tarns.

Breaking ice and rapids

Moreover, at Lake Bennett their troubles were far from ended, for of boats and the breaking up of the ice they were also ignorant. Many who risked the frozen surface a little too late in the season lost their lives through optimistic temerity. Farther on, the perilous White Horse Rapids took large toll of those who preferred to chance it on boat or raft rather than

to make the wearing portage of several miles down to Labarge.

Soapy Smith and the avenger

For the first year of its existence the town of Skagway was a wild bedlam dominated by "Soapy Smith," confidence man, bully, and bandit, until sleek practices proved his own undoing. On May 1, 1898, Frank H. Reid, a civil engineer said to have had "the heart of a viking and the simple faith of a child," resolved to avenge his fellows. In the encounter each shot the other, after which the era of law and order set in; and a monument to Reid was erected at the beginning of the White Pass Trail.

This route, as seen by us from the train, follows along the boisterous Skagway River through fir woods past debouching glaciers, then climbs in long zigzags and windings by the side of reckless waterfalls and unbridged chasms to the open, moss-covered pass. In the gusty saddle lies the first of an uncounted series of lakes at the head of the Yukon. These are each very narrow, very deep, and sunk in a cleft with high rock walls,— so hidden and so intricate in distribution, moreover, as to make it a serious problem to get around them.

A sheltered depression on the summit should be historic, for there every band of Klondike pilgrims camped for the night. There also they cast away their luggage, traded off their horses, abandoned their dogs; trodden into the mud of this springy, heath-grown basin may be found harness, sleds, bottles, dishes, all sorts of wearing apparel, scattered bones of dogs and horses, ravens shot while on scavenger duty, newspapers, playing-cards, cigarettes — all giving mute evidence of tragic collapse. Near by is a unique hut built by some humorist out of empty beer bottles

Tragic relics

set together with mortar. From one end to the other you may trace the now abandoned trail by the soiled and dislocated heather and moss, but all the human skeletons, so far as I know, have been given a decent interment. Some unfortunates, however, were buried by avalanches on the south side near the foot of a splendid unnamed waterfall on a great nameless river.

In the White Pass lives the ptarmigan, an Arctic grouse snow-white in winter except for a couple of black feathers on the tail, but in summer plumage streaked like the heather and dry grass in which it makes its nest. Indeed, so perfect is the protection that it is next to impossible to see one sitting in the heath. Discovered, it breaks away, pretending to have a broken wing — the instinctive device by which various kinds of birds draw intruders from their nests.

Perfect protection

The lakes of the Upper Yukon are full of whitefish, "lake herring," and mackinaw trout. In the smaller tributaries, also, abounds the grayling, the "flower of fishes," as the angling prelate, Bishop Ambrose of Trèves, called it a thousand years ago. It must therefore have been a trial to the worthy man when the Church tore him from his see on the Moselle to rule the diocese of Milan![1]

The grayling, "flower of fishes"

At Caribou Crossing I first met with the Canadian Mounted Police, as fine and upstanding a body of young Scotsmen as ever came down from the Highlands at the call of Macdonald or Argyle. And Caribou was the center of operations of the devoted Bishop Bompas. When we were there he was absent, making visits of inspection over a district about as

Bishop Bompas

[1] Here the good Father, "magnanimous, plaintive, and intense," was in due time canonized, the cathedral of Santo Ambrogio being named in his honor.

large as England and for the most part devoid of roads. His good wife, however, told us of their tireless efforts in behalf of their varied charges. One winter, for instance, a serious emergency of some sort called the Bishop with a dog team to Hazelton, then terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, four hundred miles distant and across trackless mountains. To Mrs. Bompas I remarked that it would do the Anglican Communion good if its bishops could at times change places. Her husband would no doubt enjoy a season in Kent, and what a broadening of vision would come to the Archbishop of Canterbury if he could spend a few years in the Yukon diocese!

An exchange of bishops

Having returned to the *Albatross* at Skagway, I soon after departed for home, arriving in time to welcome Eric to this world on the 27th of October — the vessel meanwhile proceeding with the others to Sitka, Kodiak, and Prince William Sound, a region famous for its volcanoes, glaciers, and gigantic Alpine heights.

As my two older boys had both turned to the profession of mining, I one day remarked to the Austrian wife of a professor that I thought I should make a poet of the baby. With perfect seriousness she then inquired: "*Und hat er vielleicht Poetenblut*[1] *auf der*

Poet blood

[1] "Poet blood" will out. Eric's first attempt, written at fifteen for the *Campanile*, a high school paper, reads as follows:

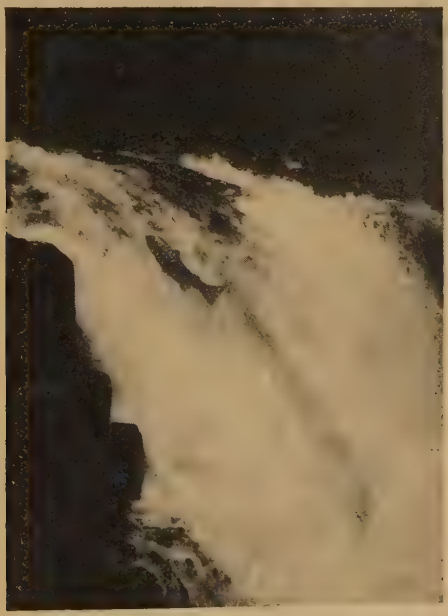
A Call from the Open Spaces

A call from the open spaces, a call from the forests dim;
A call from the rushing rapids, from the partridge on the limb;
A call from the endless marshes, and the driving flocks of ducks;
A call from the great white waters, a challenge from antlered bucks.

Sometime, somehow, it comes to us — that vague, unreasoning want —
The voice of life so long ago returns our lives to haunt:
A ghost of the time in the long ago when man hunted flesh for his life,
And fought and killed and ate and slept, and lived in the forest's strife.

WHALE ATTACKED BY KILLERS OFF SANTA CRUZ

Two killers in foreground surrounded by whale birds (sooty shearwaters —*Puffinus*), eager for blood. Photograph by W. W. Richards



SALMON LEAPING WATERFALL

Mutterseite?" (And has he perhaps poet blood on the mother's side?) This set me back a little, though hardly more so than the question of another good lady who once sweetly asked: "And do you love Nature in all her varied moods of light and shade?"

The scientific honor society of Sigma Xi, as elsewhere indicated,[1] was established in 1896. At its first national banquet, held at St. Louis in the fall of 1903, I gave the "keynote address," using as a sort of text Emerson's words, "The globe is transparent law, not a mass of facts." Law, I stated, is the observed relation of cause and effect. In the universe nothing is lawless, not even the wayward human will, though its stimuli and reactions are too delicately balanced to be measured by our instruments of precision. Each peculiarity of structure, each character or quality of individual or species, has a meaning or a cause. Every fact clamors for interpretation. By a solid mastery of "existing causes" we can restore the past and forecast the future.

The rule of law

Returning from St. Louis by the way of Kansas, I sat near a muscular, energetic, stern-faced woman who started a conversation with her seat mate, a voluble disciple of Karl Marx. The discussion inter-

Those times are gone, and now we sit — bloated with other's kill —
But the call of God's own earth comes strong, and we heed it as God's will;
We go to the open spaces, we go to the forest dim;
We go on the mighty waters, we camp on the blue lake's rim;

We lie on the endless marshes, to match with the flocking ducks;
We force through the tearing rapids, we answer the antlered bucks;
We go back to the ways of our fathers, we do as they did then —
We live the life God meant us to, we live the life of men!

May 3, 1919

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter III, page 61.

Carrie Nation in argument

ested me mainly because our neighbor was the only person I ever heard talk a Socialist agitator into silence. When she got through, the ground was figuratively littered with the remains of Marx, "bourgeoisie," "proletariat," "class consciousness," and "the mechanical interpretation of history." The victor was Carrie Nation, the noted militant apostle of temperance.

Stevenson Fellowship

In the fall of this year Howard V. Sutherland, a young Scot of San Francisco, organized "the Stevenson Fellowship" to meet regularly on November 13, the birthday of "R. L. S." The first gathering was held at the unpretending Bush Street Restaurant to which in 1880 Stevenson used to repair for his meager meals. During those months of struggle, it will be remembered, he lodged near by at No. 608, a building so loosely constructed that, as he once said, splitting kindling in his cheerless room shook the whole side of the house. There, however, he wrote his fine appreciation of Thoreau. As to the outlook at that time, he explained in a letter to a friend: "Tomorrow I may be carrying topgallant sails again, but just at present I am scraping along with a jury-mast and a kind of amateur rudder."

The meal, at our request, duplicated as far as possible in character and price those formerly ordered by Stevenson. His widow, then living in San Francisco, was the guest of honor, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez, a clever woman who had been a student of mine in Indianapolis, and good Jules Simoneau, Stevenson's faithful friend and landlord in Monterey.

More recently some appreciative lover has placed a memorial tablet on the old Simoneau house. A

devotee visiting this shrine not long ago was unsympathetically repulsed: "We know no man Stevenson. Yonson ban live here; he works in the garage." *Jonson replaces R.L.S.*

3

"Happy is the nation which has no history"; so also with universities. During 1904 we went on quietly with our work under conditions which day by day grew slowly better. The second Stone Age now approached its end, adequate space having been provided for expanding classes; libraries and collections were increasing; Mrs. Stanford, still in good health and spirits although seventy-six years of age, had achieved the crowning work of her life, the completion of the University endowment; and the future looked promising.

In these days Dr. G. Weulersse, a young professor from the University of Lille, visited Stanford on his way round the world as recipient of the Kahn traveling fellowship, which requires its holder to prepare a volume on the results of his observations by the way. Weulersse's treatise was a comparative study of university methods. Writing appreciatively of Stanford, he mentioned being impressed by two features which he regarded as characteristic: first, the children of country folk (*fils des paysans*) were admitted, and, second, the long vacation occurred in the summer so that students might have a chance to work on the land! He had apparently failed to notice that a large percentage of American college students, East as well as West, are from the farms. In this matter, therefore, Stanford by no means stands alone. *A French viewpoint*

For myself, I was as usual busy with administrative affairs, my class in Bionomics, and occasional

lectures both within and without the state, besides the completing of my reports on Hawaii and Samoa. Two topics on which I frequently spoke were "The Strength of Being Clean" and "The Call of the Twentieth Century." The former was originally given in San Francisco in 1898 before two regiments — the one from Oregon, the other from Tennessee — just starting for the Philippines. In it I stressed the importance of keeping a brain and nervous system unimpaired, meanwhile explaining that every drug or habit which forces the nerves to lie points toward weakness and impotence. Published as a booklet by the Beacon Press in Boston, this talk met with a wide sale. The Mormon Church received it with special favor, its president, Heber J. Grant, having bought on his own account several hundred copies for distribution, and many others were purchased for use in the Mutual Improvement Associations of the young men and women of the church.

"The Strength of Being Clean"

In the other discussion I spoke of the coming century as sure to be strenuous, complex, and democratic, its demand being for men who could face difficult conditions and achieve results, who could "carry the message to Garcia" without delay or dallying. The final word I made a personal appeal to young men, since reprinted scores of times. Among other uses it has been distributed to all the Boy Scouts of Australia and New Zealand, as well as to groups in Canada and the United States. It reads as follows:

A Call to Young Men

Justice to one's afterself

Your first duty in life is toward *your afterself*. So live that your afterself — the man you ought to be — may in his time be possible and actual.

Far away in the years he is waiting his turn. His body, his brain, his soul, are in your boyish hands. He cannot help himself.

What will you leave for him?

Will it be a brain unspoiled by lust or dissipation; a mind trained to think and act; a nervous system true as a dial in its response to the truth about you? Will you, Boy, let him come as a man among men in his time?

Or will you throw away his inheritance before he has had the chance to touch it? Will you turn over to him a brain distorted, a mind diseased; a will untrained to action; a spinal cord grown through and through with the devil grass we call wild oats?

Will you let him come, taking your place, gaining through your experience, happy in your friendships, hallowed through your joys, building on them his own?

Or will you fling it all away, decreeing, wanton-like, that the man you might have been shall never be?

This is your problem in life — the problem vastly more important to you than any or all others. How will you meet it, as a man or as a fool? It is your problem today and every day, and the hour of your decision is the crisis in your destiny!

Alcohol a social menace

Before the National Education Association in session at Oakland, I spoke in the Greek Theater of the University of California on "Alcohol and Society," stating reasons why the individual should keep himself sober, and why society should suppress the dramshop or saloon in the interest of its own sanitation, a view since taken by the whole nation, although then conceived to belong to a far-off Utopia. As a result of this and similar appeals for temperance, I was mentioned by a liquor journal as the "most pestilent nuisance in California," while from a leading brewer in the East I received a cordial invitation to spend a week at his home enjoying his golf links!

General social hygiene

I also took up the subject of "Social Hygiene," giving a scientific explanation of the nature and effects of vice. This led to my being chosen president

Fighting the red plague

of the American Vigilance Society, devoted to the elimination of the "Red Plague," as I termed the twin curses of venereal parasites, in an address at Santa Cruz. That appellation has now been adopted by the National Social Hygiene Association as a natural derivative from "red light district," and a convenient cognate to "white" plague (tuberculosis), "yellow" fever, and "black" (bubonic) plague.

The month of July of this year was made notable by the assemblage at St. Louis, during the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, of a Congress of Arts and Sciences attended by leading men from all over the world, upward of fifty scholars having been invited to confer together and to address the public.[1] At a banquet tendered by the Exposition Commission to its guests, I had the honor of sitting with some of the greatest chemists of our time, among them Ostwald of Leipzig, Van t'Hoff of Holland (later of Berlin), Arrhenius of Sweden (later of Leipzig), Ramsay of London, and our own Harvey Wiley. At the next table was an equal number of noted theologians who had a jolly time under the lead of the versatile Harnack. Among the zoölogists I was glad to welcome Mitsukuri as representative of Japan. Other foreign zoölogists were Yves Delage and Alfred Giard from the Sorbonne, Oscar Hertwig of Berlin, and Max Verworn of Göttingen. American workers in this field were also well represented.

Great scientists

On this occasion I made the acquaintance of James Bryce (later Viscount Bryce), over whose address on

[1] Dr. Howard J. Rogers of New York was president of the Congress; the special committee in charge consisted of Dr. Simon Newcomb of Washington, Dr. Hugo Münsterberg of Harvard, and Dr. Albion W. Small of the University of Chicago.

International Relations I was asked to preside. Afterward I met him several times in Washington and London, as well as at Stanford University, where he once addressed our students.

Tribute to Young

When Ostwald returned to America in 1913, he visited Stanford as guest of our department of Chemistry, and going about with me, asked to see the room in which Professor Young (then absent) had carried on some notable studies in chemical physics. A scientist of the first rank, Ostwald was nevertheless an idealist, almost a visionary. But though president of the German Peace Society, his idea of peace meant a world held in absolute order through the force of German authority. As a vigorous opponent of the German State Church, in 1913 he led in "*Aus der Kirche*," "Out of the Church," a movement which had a large following, especially among university students.

"Out of the Church"

The duty assigned to me personally at the first or general meeting of the Congress at St. Louis was to lay out the relations of applied science to pure science on the one hand and to human welfare on the other. All the addresses were afterward published by the commission in a series of large volumes which have received less attention than they deserve.

With Roosevelt in Texas

In the fall of 1904 I gave a number of lectures in Texas and elsewhere, and at Waco accepted a cordial invitation from Roosevelt to ride with him in his private car as far as Austin, the capital city, where I was next to speak. During the trip, while others of his party were idling or playing cards, Roosevelt was characteristically occupied with a French treatise on political history, and adopted a rather pitying air

toward the rest of us, who had not read it. Whenever the train stopped he stepped to the rear and talked a few moments to the people crowding enthusiastically to see him. Usually he referred to the contrast between this visit to Texas and his former one to secure recruits for the "Rough Riders." To us he said: "I shall not make the mistake that Dewey did, of believing that all this clamorous crowd want to vote for me as President!" In the State House at Austin he delivered the best speech I ever heard him give. His topic was "The Square Deal," in which phrase he embodied his intention to see that the railroads of the country were fairly treated. On the one hand they should not be allowed to oppress the people, nor on the other should the people be permitted to "cinch" them.

"The Square Deal"

Roosevelt was never an easy speaker, although an effective one; his sentences seemed to be hammered out by hard mental effort, and to make them strike home required considerable pounding with the fist. It also seemed to me at times, especially after he left the presidency, that he confounded vehemence with enthusiasm and used epithets as a substitute for argument.[1]

On the evening before my Austin address, the faculty of the State University had an animated discussion on the question of serving wine and beer at a dinner they were to give me in the Club House. The "wets" contended that I was a "man of the world." "What will he think of a club in which wine is not served?" The "drys" won, however, by a single vote. But two or three professors stayed away from the lecture in order to fill the rooms with

A "man of the world"?

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XIII, pages 305-312; also Vol. II, Chapter XL, page 419.

smoke so that their guest should feel more at home. Unfortunately my first request on entering was that the windows might be opened to let out the smoke!

4

Though having no first-hand knowledge of the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, concerning the Treaty of Portsmouth I afterward secured some inside information from Dr. Toshiyasu Kuma,[1] a former student, who accompanied the delegation from Japan as reporter.

Roosevelt called the peace conference at the critical moment. As to this there is good reason to believe that he acted on a confidential appeal from Japan, which country, though winning every battle, was bound to lose in the end, her resources being inadequate for prolonged contest. Even with the best of generalship and scrupulous care of her soldiery, she had almost reached the limit. She was out of supplies, out of money, and could borrow no more anywhere. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff of New York, who had negotiated most of her loans, declined to proceed farther. Her envoys knew that unless hostilities ceased General Oyama's army must actually disband within five or six weeks. At the conference, however, they were handicapped by the fact that the Japanese people did not know the truth, and looked for sweeping terms and indemnities big enough to cover all costs.

Empty victories

Uninformed populace

Russia seethed with unrest. The war had no popular support from the country at large, suffering helplessly; as for the intellectuals, they rejoiced over Russian reverses as foreshadowing the downfall of the

[1] See Chapter XXXVIII, page 352.

autocracy. Corruption and graft permeated the whole government and made defeat a moral certainty. At Portsmouth the nation was represented by the greatest of its modern statesmen, Count Sergius Witte, sent by the Tsar in the hope that inevitable failure would bring about his political downfall. For it was certain that no attainable settlement could satisfy his master or the group of conspirators that had brought on the war, while failure to secure peace would discredit him as a leader of the anti-militarists.[1]

Witte and the Tsar

A desire for peace was shared by the two delegations, although each side felt bound to secure the best possible terms in order to disarm opposition at home. At the same time it was plain that war to the bitter end meant ruin to both countries. Witte, however, was embarrassed by daily orders from Nicholas to grant no concessions, and finally received one to quit and come home. But pleading that such conduct would be discourteous to the President and the nation whose guests they were, he reached an agreement with the other side and concluded a treaty in spite of the Tsar. Meanwhile, by signing, the Japanese defied mob opinion in Tokyo, where for a time the hitherto-honored name of Roosevelt was ignorantly held in execration. Nevertheless, according to Witte, the influence of the President throughout was strongly exerted to secure the "fruits of victory" for the Japanese.

Treaty finally concluded

During this war the sympathies of America were almost entirely with Japan, because she had been grossly imposed upon, and most people supposed her to be "the under dog." As a matter of fact, her government was extremely well prepared, their

[1] According to Dr. E. T. Dillon, "The Eclipse of Russia."

arrangements in medical matters and sanitation being more complete than those ever made before by any nation. For the Japanese take Western science seriously, and among the students sent to Europe and America are many able original investigators in the field of medical sanitation.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

I

Distress intensified

Mrs. Stanford's sudden death in Honolulu on February 28, 1905, at the age of seventy-seven, came as a great shock to her co-workers and numberless friends. Our distress, moreover, was at first intensified by the false rumor that she had been poisoned. This had its origin in the fact that she herself, waking in the night in great agony, believed such to be the case, and thus misled the attending physician, apparently inexperienced in those matters. For the unquestionable cause of death, as ascertained afterward by a committee of surgeons of the Cooper Medical College in San Francisco, to whom the heart was sent for examination, was rupture of the coronary artery, which supplies the heart (itself) with blood.

Informed of the sad event, Mr. Hopkins and I left at once, accompanied by two capable and honorable detectives, the late Captain Jules J. Callundan in private service, and Harry C. Reynolds representing San Francisco. In Honolulu we immediately sought out Dr. E. C. Waterhouse, a well-informed physician, who stated that the symptoms in Mrs. Stanford's case were totally different from those of strychnine poisoning, and that some form of angina pectoris must have caused her death. He also gave it as his opinion that the coronary artery had been ruptured.

Meanwhile Callundan and Reynolds, working independently, came to the conclusion that the theory of poisoning was wholly untenable. And certain matters which had seemed to involve circumstantial

JANE LATHROP STANFORD

evidence were finally fully explained and accounted for, mainly through Callundan's efforts. But as these bore no causal relation to the calamity (hastened as a matter of fact by unwonted exposure and a too hearty luncheon on a picnic trip to the Pali), it is not necessary to discuss them further.

Marked characteristics

Mrs. Stanford was a strongly built woman of considerably more than average height and of commanding presence. She possessed great decision of character, a preëminently religious spirit, a high degree of business ability, and a straightforward, democratic manner combined with large experience in the world. Having a special fondness for religious art, she adorned the Memorial Church with mosaics and stained-glass windows portraying, for the most part, scenes from the Old Testament and from the life of Jesus.

Her salient personal trait, that of absolute loyalty to every plan of her husband, was of paramount value to us through the twelve years in which the University and its future rested absolutely in her hands.[1] Had she yielded or flinched in any one of a dozen crises or embarrassments, the endowment would have been wrecked.

Unusual devotion

One incident in the great railway strike of 1894 shows the respect and affection felt for the Stanfords by the employees of the Southern Pacific Railway. Having gone to Vina on business, Mrs. Stanford found herself stranded there most inopportunely, every train west of Chicago being held up. Feeling on both sides ran high, although no one then knew and no one even now seems to know the real grievance. But when some of the railway men heard of

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter xx, pages 495–504.

Mrs. Stanford's plight, they attached an engine to a car and brought her, as sole passenger, down to Oakland, two hundred miles away.

Newcomer's sonnet

On her seventieth birthday, August 25, 1898, Professor Alphonso G. Newcomer sent to Mrs. Stanford the following sonnet:

> To you, beneath life's reddening sunset ray,
> Seeing what visions with reverted eyes,
> Hope, joy, and anguish, boundless sacrifice,
> And faith triumphant on the Dolorous Way;
> To you, in sign of all words cannot say,
> Thankful at least to know your sorrow lies
> Safe locked now in the dead year's sanctities,
> This friendly token let us bring today.
>
> For us, still sorrow that your years creep on;
> For you but gladness. The world's claim is quite
> Fulfilled, and nobly. Happy, who can sit
> At eventide and look back to the dawn,
> Saying, not empty has the day withdrawn;
> Wait for the sunset; peace comes after it.

2

Europe again

During the summer of 1905, Mrs. Jordan and I made another visit to Europe, this time accompanied by my daughter Edith, then teacher of History in the Los Angeles Polytechnic High School. Reaching Paris, we were first joined by Vernon Kellogg, who had passed the previous year abroad on sabbatical leave, and somewhat later by Allis Miller,[1] the charming daughter of our friend, Frank Miller, Master of the Inn at Riverside. Inversely, the party broke up by degrees, Kellogg being the first to go, then Miss Allis, finally ourselves, while Edith remained to pass

[1] Now Mrs. De Witt V. Hutchings.

several months more on the Continent, especially in Italy.

Down the Moselle and across to Dauphiny

By preference, we that year began with certain localities unfamiliar to us all. These wanderings included a trip down the Moselle from Trèves and Berncastel to Coblenz, a day or two in rock-walled Luxembourg, a visit to Annecy,[1] Savoy, with its ancient edifices, its beautiful lake, and its memories of St. Bernard of Menthon, an automobile trip from Grenoble through picturesque Dauphiny past Bourg d'Oisons and La Grave to Besançon, thence over the Mont Cenis to Italy. Approaching Kochem Castle on the Moselle, we noticed in mosaic on the wall a huge figure of St. Christopher bearing the Christ Child. Somehow the great picture seemed strangely familiar, and coming nearer we were struck by the resemblance of the work to that on the façade of the Memorial Church at Stanford. It was, in fact, entirely similar

[1] Annecy is celebrated as the birthplace of St. Bernard, founder of hospices. It appears that in 950 Bernard de Menthon, the brilliant and pious son of Baron Raoul, had been pledged in marriage to the beautiful daughter, "*sponsa pulchra*," of the Lord of Miolans but much against his own will, for, "God dwells in virgin souls," said he.

Locked in his room seven yards from the ground that he might be on hand when needed, he leaped from the castle window, "his naked feet striking on a hard rock"; then running through the wild forests, he found himself at daybreak in Aosta. "*Emporté par miracle*" is the simple local explanation of his escape. But for years, it is claimed, the prints of his bare feet were plainly visible on the granite below. Eight centuries later the good Father Verre reports that only the merest traces were left: "One could not even be sure that they were made by hand or foot." Nevertheless, "Time in effacing these marks and rendering them doubtful has never effaced the tradition of the fact among the people of Annecy."

The Lord of Miolans naturally felt indignant at Bernard's desertion, and would have turned the occasion into a free fight but for the courageous intervention of the bride, who soon took the veil and after many years of virtuous living died as "*sponsa ipsius in qua sancte et religiose dies suos clausit.*" Meanwhile the recreant groom proceeded from Aosta to the "conquest of Jupiter Pen," a nest of heathen freebooters in the adjacent pass, replacing the altar of Jove by the world-famous Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

in kind, having been also executed by the firm of Salviati in Venice. Between Bourg d'Oisons and Besançon rises the exquisite, snow-crowned peak of La Meije, one of the most beautiful in all the Alps, and, beyond it, the picturesque summits of La Grande Ruine and La Grande Chartreuse, little known to devotees of Switzerland, though scarcely inferior in charm to the Oberland. From Albertville in Piedmont we came back to glorious Chamonix, one of my former haunts. As Dr. Schobinger, a Swiss friend, said: "Not all the vulgar people who come to Chamonix can ever make Chamonix vulgar."

Glorious Chamonix

We next moved on to scenes yet more familiar, at Zermatt. Thence after a few days we climbed the Gemmi, and, descending to Kandersteg and Interlaken, walked up the valley of Lauterbrunnen to the noble heights of Mürren. On "the terrace at Berne" with its inspiring view, I recalled the following lines from Matthew Arnold's poem, of which I have always been fond:

Mürren and Berne

> The clouds are on the Oberland,
> The Jungfrau snows look faint and far;
> But bright are those green fields at hand,
> And through those fields comes down the Aar,
>
> And from the blue twin-lakes it comes,
> Flows by the town, the churchyard fair;
> And 'neath the garden-walk it hums,
> The house! — and is my Marguerite there?

From picturesque Lausanne we ascended by the scorned funiculaire to the heights of Glion, celebrated by Arnold in "Obermann Once More," an indirect tribute to the distinguished philosopher, Sénancour:

Glion? — Ah, twenty years, it cuts
All meaning from a name!
White houses prank where once were huts.
Glion, but not the same!

And yet I know not! All unchanged
The turf, the pines, the sky!
The hills in their old order ranged;
The lake, with Chillon by!

In London, after Kellogg's departure, we were house guests of the Herbert Hoovers, though unfortunately during their absence. On short tours from this hospitable refuge we first motored in the car of our host to near-by places of note, next on a longer tour through Devon and Somerset. *Motoring*

As a man of Devon lineage I can well understand the saying in "Lorna Doone," "No Devon man nor Somerset either ever did more work than his Maker made him." In Kilhampton church on the edge of Cornwall, I found the effigy of one of my excessively remote kinsmen, Sir Beville Grenville, grandson of Sir Richard Grenville [1] of the *Revenge*. On the sarcophagus of Lady Grenville and Sir Beville, the latter "slain by rebels of Ross," is carved a "prize poem" by Martin Llewellyn of Oxford: *Some of the Grenvilles*

Thus slain, our valiant ancestor doth lie
Where his one bark a navy did defy
Where now encompassed round the victor stood
And bathed his pinnace in the conquering blood,
With all his purple current dyed and spent
He fell and made the waves his monument.
Where shall you next find Grenville's ashes stand?
Thy grandsyre fills the seas and thou the land!

[1] "Sir Richard Grenville was a magnificent barbarian who hunted red Indians for sport, treated Spanish prisoners as slaves, and ate wineglasses out of bravado. His splendid bravery resulted in the loss of the only war-ship taken in Elizabethan times." O. A. POLLARD

Another laudatory tablet avers that "a higher courage and a gentler disposition were never marry'd together to make a ye most cheerfull and innocent conversation."

"Collecting" cathedrals

On this and other trips my wife and I visited with great appreciation nearly all of England's august fanes, but as far more skillful pens than mine have failed to do them justice, I refrain from any attempt of my own. Nevertheless, we were open to Hoover's playful accusation that we "went about collecting cathedrals!"

While in London we spent a little time at the Inns of Court, watching the operations of British law, some features of which hardly commended themselves to me, especially as the prisoner at the bar seemed to get the worst of it. During the trial of certain British colonels charged with selling, for only what they could get, surplus hay and oats likely to be abandoned during the Boer War, our sympathy went out to those weatherbeaten old warriors held up for "wasting" government property when apparently they had no alternative.

In another case, which concerned a ship collision on the Thames, the browbeating of witness and defendants by the judge surprised me. Indeed, in British courts the presiding officer assumes partly the attitude of prosecutor, his humorous sallies being duly reported by the daily press. In England they do many things better than we, but in the conduct of the minor courts they do not always excel.

Judicial humor

During our stay, England and France "made up" after the quarrel over Fashoda, and clasped hands in eternal friendship. This reconciliation, largely the work of the French diplomatist, Delcassé, had the

LA MEIJE, DAUPHINÉ

LA GRANDE RUINE

effect of assigning to Germany the rôle of Britain's hereditary enemy, formerly held by France. Credit for the *entente cordiale* has generally been given to Edward VII, and to a lesser extent to Sir Thomas Barclay, though the more honor is certainly due to Delcassé. French soldiers now swarmed over England as guests of the British government, and a characteristic bit of humor in the Paris press proclaimed that London was so enchanted it had affixed the letters "E. C." to half the streets in "the City"!

End of a senseless feud

Holidays over, we sailed for home on a Canadian vessel plying between Liverpool and Montreal. Off the straits of Belle Isle, outside the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we were beset by a thick fog which the boat entered just at dinner time. That no chances might be taken, the engines were stopped for six hours during which we supposedly held the same approximate point. But at midnight when the fog suddenly lifted, Quirpon Light off Newfoundland appeared only a mile away, the ship having been carried by currents some thirty miles from her assumed position. Only a few moments more, perhaps, and we should have been on the rocks. Morning disclosed also a gigantic iceberg, a thousand feet or so in diameter, close on our port bow, a magnificent sight; but its presence indicated the impotence of even a great iron ship in the event of a collision.

"Danger ahead"

In the midst of the Gulf, in perfectly clear weather, we watched a total eclipse of the sun to which astronomers had long looked forward. But the scientific observers were unfortunately stationed along the coast of Labrador, where shifting fogs fatally interfered with their work.

Eclipse of the sun

That summer was a season of great forest fires in both Canada and Maine. At Quebec, deeming it unsafe to navigate the river with its dark pall of smoke, the captain tied up at the wharf for the better part of twenty-four hours. Three other liners, not so cautiously managed, ran aground at about the same time, one of them being a total loss.

3

"Guide to the Study of Fishes"

During 1905 I put forth my "Guide to the Study of Fishes," an elaborate work on the general subject of Ichthyology in two large, well-illustrated volumes and designed to contain all matters of possible general interest in regard to the anatomy, habits, and classification of fishes. Looking through the perspective of years, I think it may fairly be called a monumental piece of work. Errors, of course, crept in, but I hold with Aristotle that "it is a mark of the amateur to expect a greater degree of accuracy than the subject permits." In a review in *Nature*, the London journal of science, special praise was given to the fact that the "Guide" treats fishes as living organisms, not merely as objects in a natural history museum.

Henry Holt

This treatise was published by Henry Holt, whom I had first met in 1897 at a dinner in Baltimore when by good fortune I was seated next to him. His original and virile views on public questions at once interested me, especially his advocacy of free trade. Subsequently he published several of my books — "Fish Stories," "The Stability of Truth," and "The Fate of Iciodorum." At my suggestion, also, he issued a translation of Professor Novicow's essay on "War and Its Pretended Benefits." In 1913 "our

beloved publisher" carried out a long-cherished plan, and launched *The Unpopular Review*, later *The Unpartizan Review*, a quarterly to which I contributed three articles, all of deep interest to me and each in its degree sadly prophetic. These were "The Standing Incentives to War," written in Switzerland, "The Land of the Sleepless Watchdog," written at Beaulieu on the Riviera, and "The Passing of Don Luis," written after certain experiences at El Paso to be later discussed. Of the first of the series, the *Manchester Guardian* declared that while all titles on the cover of the "Unpop" were printed in gold, this article deserved to be in gold throughout.

Standing incentives to war

In "The Standing Incentives" I ventured to deal with factors inherent in the War System, the secret bases of which are not armies and navies but war traders, armament builders, money lenders, recipients of special privileges, the corrupt portion of the press, and all other influences impelled by choice, interest, or necessity. War traders, "scenting with delight the cadaverous odor of lucre," despatch everywhere as agents "strong, silent men" who peddle armament and urge the "scrapping" of all former purchases; "Defense not Defiance is their international code signal." They count also on the hereditary aristocracy who demand war to restore waning influence, still powerful, however, through control of money, army, and church. In the rear follows the schoolmaster, extolling the glories of war and exalting Thackeray's

> Redcoat bully in his boots
> That hides the march of man from us.

In the end "the man on the street" concludes that a

war, however painful, is necessary and will be salutary, a traditional notion hardly to be eradicated from his closed mind. Concluding, I asserted that the success of democratic institutions in America is the greatest single asset of the peace movement, for our colossal nation has developed along lines of popular government and federation.

Sleepless watchdogs

The second article had to do with international rivalries. In it I pictured the military watchdogs of each nation as baying at the moon and at each other. Unfortunately, however, my claim that the bark of all was worse than their bite, and their upkeep more costly than either, proved but half true!

Passing of Don Luis

The third essay treated of the Mexican Revolution and the fate of Don Luis Terrazas, the greatest landholder in Mexico, the downfall of the *científicos*, and the reasons why the United States should not interfere by force of arms — matters later discussed in their proper place.[1]

For Holt I edited [2] (1910) a volume entitled "Leading American Men of Science." This consists of seventeen short biographies by competent persons of men no longer living:

From Franklin to Brooks

Benjamin Thompson (Count Rumford), Alexander Wilson, John James Audubon, Benjamin Silliman, Joseph Henry, Louis Agassiz, Jeffries Wyman, Asa Gray, James Dwight Dana, Spencer Fullerton Baird, Othniel Charles Marsh, Edward Drinker Cope, Josiah Willard Gibbs, Simon Newcomb, George Brown Goode, Henry Augustus Rowland, and William Keith Brooks.[3]

[1] See Chapter LII, pages 690–703.

[2] With the able help of Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, formerly professor of Chemistry, then on the editorial staff of *The Independent*.

[3] A life of Benjamin Franklin having been printed in another volume of Holt's "Biographies of Leading Americans," he was not included in this group.

As keynote of the preface, I quoted a current statement regarding Dr. Newcomb, astronomer and economist, "who had left a record wholly blameless and wholly salutary and whose work added to the only permanent wealth of nations."

Note

Subsequent to the writing of the above I recall Mrs. Stanford's affectionate letter of 1903 to the women of the University. This being so expressive of a high phase of her character, I insert it here with slight omissions:

To the Young Women of Stanford

"I would have each one of my girls remember that she exerts an influence extending far beyond her conception, and I pray that it will be for good always; and I would have her realize she can use it for the good of her University in a constant endeavor to uphold the Stanford standard of honesty, sincerity, and truth in all things. . . . I would have her enjoy to the fullest her equal privileges here with gentle, womanly dignity, respecting herself and making all with whom she comes in contact respect her. Finally, above all else, I would have her go out into the world a noble Christian woman, who will stand for something serious in life and always be a credit to Stanford. What is more pitiful than to meet a highly educated, cultured boy or girl, man or woman, who is utterly devoid of any sense of obligation to an all-wise Heavenly Father for the many blessings bestowed upon the children of earth? . . . Therefore I beseech you one and all to so live and act your part in life that you will be known as lovers of the greatest of all teachers—our precious Saviour."

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

I

American Philosophical Society

In 1906 I had the honor of election to membership in the American Philosophical Society, and it was expected that I should make a special address on April 18 of that year, during the annual meeting in Philadelphia. I was, however, obliged to go to New York about a month before; while, therefore, I greatly regretted disappointing my friends, I felt that to remain away from the University two weeks longer to deliver an address would not be wise. Finally it was arranged that a friend, Professor Edwin G. Conklin of Princeton, should read "The Human Harvest" [1] in my stead.

At thirteen minutes after five on the morning of the 18th, the very day on which I should have been due in Philadelphia, we were all awakened by several tremendous jolts, after which the house was shaken with great violence as a rat might be shaken by a dog, and objects began to fly through the air. I managed somehow to get to Eric's room, grab him up, and start to descend the front stairs. But they jumped about in the most violent fashion, so that it was by no means easy either to stand up or to go down. Yet when I did reach the outside, everything was perfectly still. In less than a minute the solid earth between us and the mountains had been torn open to a depth of no one knows how many miles, and then clapped together again as if nothing had happened! The linnets, who get up early, had already resumed

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XXIV, pages 618–620.

their singing, and the face of Nature, brazen with spring, seemed absolutely to deny the catastrophe.

The *temblor* over, Knight, who had been sleeping on the roof each night for a week, came down and reported that the University was "gone bum." Clinging to a wabbling balustrade around his high perch, he had witnessed much of the destruction — the fall of the beautiful Church tower with its graceful flying buttresses, the collapse of the Memorial Arch, the stones of which flew in every direction "like water from a fountain," and the crumbling of the great unfinished library and almost-completed gymnasium, which (having no adequate support of steel) went down like a house of cards. This was staggering news. The whole lower floor of our home was an indescribable wreck — furniture, books, pictures, and vases thrown down and mingled with great heaps of plaster, the piano standing rakishly in the middle of the room over the now wingless Victory, the four grates opening into the cellar like yawning gulfs — but up to the moment of the boy's announcement it had not occurred to either my wife or me that stone buildings could have seriously suffered.

Catastrophic change

Chaos in the home

Full of apprehension, I hurried as quickly as possible to the University. The Inner Quadrangle and Encina Hall, the former of a single story, the latter having all its angles strengthened within by vertical bars of railroad iron,[1] and both built of massive blocks cemented together, showed comparatively little damage. Yet the two high stone chimneys on the Hall were each thrown down, one of them completely demolishing the six rooms below and carrying twelve lads in a pile of stratified rubbish to the base-

Damage at Encina Hall

[1] The solidest form of structure then known.

ment. Ten minutes later, Professor Green reached the spot and put every available man to the work of rescue. Junius R. Hanna had been killed by the direct fall of a chimney; his companions were more or less injured, though not fatally; one or two others hurt themselves in jumping from lower floors, and a prominent literary student living on the upper story was only saved by his roommate, who thoughtfully seized his nightshirt just as he was going out of the window.

One fatality

At Roble

The Roble chimneys also fell, but without hitting anybody. The contents and occupants of one room, however, were carried down to the first floor, and when their neighbors screamed to know what had become of them, one of the girls said, "I think we are in the parlor," which was in fact the case! The original Museum, being like Roble of reinforced concrete, had also escaped serious injury, though the collections were promiscuously rattled about, "shaken like peas in a gourd," and many things irretrievably smashed. But where the Arch had stood lay huge heaps of jagged rock, the Church was a sickening ruin, the Outer Quadrangle a depressing sight with tipsy walls and fringe of rubble, the site of the new Library and Gymnasium a desolation of brick and stone, the extensive additions to the Museum an apparently hopeless wreck!

In the engineering shops great pieces of machinery lay tossed about. The tall smokestack, one hundred feet high and reputed to be the most symmetrical ever put up, had been rent into three segments, the fractures passing through the stone, not through the cement which held the blocks together. Under the upper section lay the crushed body of the electrician, who at the first jar had faithfully turned off the power,

Death of a faithful servant

thus averting all danger of fire, but was then stricken down as he ran outside.

Enormous losses

It was with a very heavy heart that I made my tour of inspection, for besides the loss of life — surprisingly small, however — two and a half million dollars' worth of academic property had been destroyed, all in the brief space of fifty-six seconds! A day or two later the Stanford residence in San Francisco, a huge frame building which had itself cost a million and which now belonged to the University, was burned with practically all its contents, including many valuable paintings, books, and statuary. On this also there was no insurance, it having been Mr. Stanford's policy, as already implied, to be his own insurer.

Cost of reconstruction

During "the second stone age," 1900–1906, expansion in purely educational directions had been sadly limited by the necessity of construction, all disbursements coming out of the earnings, none from the capital stock of the endowment. To repair the buildings already in use and make them earthquake proof involved an expenditure of about $800,000; complete replacement of the others ultimately cost nearly two millions more. But the board of trustees took up the matter with determination and courage. For me, nevertheless, it meant the abandonment of several intensive educational schemes I had hoped to develop, as it was now obvious that the rest of my administration must needs be devoted simply to solidifying what had already been attained.

To this end, about a month after the earthquake — that is, on May 23, 1906 — I formulated a plan for the development of the University proper as a center of professional training and research as distinguished

from the "Junior College," in which basal elements are taught:

Plans for reorganization

The entrance requirements of Stanford University on and after September 30, 1910, shall consist of two years of collegiate work in addition to the present requirements for high school graduation.

The work thereafter shall be specialized and professional, the granting of degrees being conditioned on completion of work and on its character, as determined by a series of final examinations on completion of subjects or groups of subjects, these examinations to be conducted by the department as a whole.

In the Senior (or University) College no instruction in languages or elementary science or mathematics shall be included.

For the present and until such work can be adequately provided for elsewhere, the elementary work in languages, science, or mathematics shall be given in classes which shall constitute a Junior College. For students in the Junior College a fee of $50.00 per semester shall be charged. For those in the University proper, the fee shall be as low as possible.

The University faculty shall consist of professors, associates, and fellows, the latter chosen each year from among the graduate students.

This proposal was considered by our faculty in 1908 with a view to its possible adoption as soon as the development of Junior Colleges in the state should make it practicable. It seems to me to indicate the inevitable future of the privately endowed university, which in the long run will not be able to cover so wide a range as the state institution but which, having greater freedom of action, may rise higher in the realm of advanced instruction and special research.

Future of privately endowed institutions

The founder once (1892) expressed to me the hope that "Stanford University will in time begin where the State University leaves off." The University of California then practically "left off" with under-

graduate work and the bachelor's degree. Its range now (1920) extends vastly farther, but the private institution must always lead in the advancement of human knowledge if it is to hold its place in the van of higher education.

There was little enough to amuse on the day of the earthquake, but a Roble joke soon went the rounds. The Chinese cook having been warned by somebody that I had said to look out for a second shake "at eleven o'clock," inquired in disgust: "Why the devil, then, didn't he tell about the first one?" As a matter of fact, Branner had stated that as big earthquakes were often followed by subsequent shocks, it would be wise for everybody to stay out of doors until the danger seemed over, and I had merely passed the word along.

An indignant Chinese

About the quadrangle the only touch of humor was furnished by the large marble statue of Agassiz, which had plunged from its place head-first and waist-deep into the concrete pavement. The effect was most incongruous. Somebody — Dr. Angell, perhaps — remarked that "Agassiz was great in the abstract but not in the concrete." Fortunately when dug out he had suffered little beyond a broken nose, easily repaired; and strong iron braces now bind both him and Humboldt, his mate, to the stonework behind.

Agassiz "in the concrete"

William James, who was at Stanford that semester as acting professor of Philosophy, found the earthquake tremendously interesting; such a jolt of the solid globe he would not have willingly missed. So when the frame house in which he and Mrs. James had rooms was shaken with great violence, he called on the elements to "go it" with all their might. If the universe could stand it, the Jameses could!

Philosophical interest

It was in accordance with a special request of Mrs. Stanford made before her death that this eminent philosopher with a child's joyous attitude toward every new experience had come to us.

Smithsonian offer

On the morning of the earthquake I received a letter which at another time might have almost persuaded me to leave Stanford for Washington. It contained a final offer, through President White in behalf of the Smithsonian Institution, of the secretaryship, vacant since the death of Langley.[1] By virtue of a tacit understanding that biologists and physicists should alternate in the office (held successively by Henry, Baird, and Langley) it had been kept open by the trustees for a number of years in the thought that I might at last see my way to accept it. Until I went to Stanford I had looked forward to one day occupying a position in the Smithsonian or in its outgrowth, the National Museum, as especially congenial to my taste and offering a unique opportunity to help younger naturalists. But I could not think of leaving the University until my work was thoroughly established, certainly not when so much of it lay in ruin; and I therefore requested that I should be no longer considered as a possibility.

Other proposals declined

Shortly before, also, I had refused to have my name used in connection with the presidency of a well-known Eastern institution, or to permit a direct offer to be made. Still earlier (1898), before Wheeler had been sought, I gave the same answer to a committee from the Board of Regents of the University of California.[2]

It being out of the question to carry on academic work in rooms littered with plaster and often blocked

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XXII, page 568.

[2] Mrs. Phœbe Hearst and Judge William T. Wallace.

STANFORD CHURCH AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE, 1906

"AGASSIZ IN THE CONCRETE"

by débris, all classes were at once disbanded for the season, and prospective candidates were granted degrees. Furthermore, as train service stopped at the wrecked Pájaro bridge sixty-four miles to the south, adequate provisioning of the student body soon became impossible. We therefore sent the young people away as rapidly as means of exit of any sort could be provided. Those resident in the vicinity, however, engaged in relief service, one of their efforts being the establishment of lines from Peninsula dairies to supply the children of San Francisco with free milk.

Classes disbanded

During the nights of the 18th and 19th the University grounds presented a strange sight, for little jolts due to the settling of rocks into place followed at intervals, and very few were willing to stay indoors until the earth got over its spasms. The community therefore formed a tentless encampment. At Roble Hall the girls brought out their bedding and slept on the ground, guarded by a ring of boys from Encina under command of "Babe Crawford," a stalwart football hero. On the morning of the 19th, Green hurried by automobile to Sacramento, the nearest unharmed telegraph office, with a bulky sheaf of messages and letters designed to relieve our distant friends of the prodigious anxiety caused by extravagant rumors and early reports of the total destruction at the University. These had spread, of course, from points more or less remote and uninformed, local systems having completely broken down.

Camping out

San Francisco, meanwhile, was being swept by a devastating fire. From Palo Alto we watched the lurid heavens, realizing — in some measure, at least

Fatal coincidences

— the tragedy and terror of those hours. By a disastrous coincidence the great water main serving the city runs for twelve miles along the depression of the seismic rift of 1868. Furthermore, despite an inexhaustible supply of salt water immediately at hand, no pumping plant had ever been established, and old wells, having served their time, were for the most part filled up or forgotten. The only resource, therefore, lay in the blowing up of houses by dynamite to check the spread of flame; but the stock soon giving out, the authorities were helpless. The conflagration thus destroyed practically all of the business section and most of the residence district, including nearly every building from the water front to Van Ness Avenue, a double street lined with expensive homes. Indeed, many of the familiar thoroughfares were so overpiled with débris as to be scarcely traceable.

Those who could make their way to Oakland, Berkeley, and other suburban towns found refuge there, yet for some days a large part of the population encamped in the parks or scattered along the line down the Peninsula. But the weather being good, food abundant and inexpensive, and a kindly spirit prevalent, remediable distress was reduced to a minimum. Indeed, for a time the community got along without money, as every bank had been burned and the vaults were too hot to be opened. The state officials accordingly closed all banks in California, and transactions had to be made on trust. Letters went unstamped through the mails, railways transported hundreds of people for nothing. To relieve local stress, I telegraphed to Swain to send me by express five hundred one-dollar bills, which came like rain on a thirsty land.

Living on faith

In San Francisco all saloons were closed, the lawless and criminal class got away as soon as possible, and a general era of helpfulness and good feeling ensued.[1] During the crisis the community owed much to the wise management of Generals Adolphus W. Greely and Frederick A. Funston of the Presidio Post.

Greely and Funston

Those who witnessed the on-sweep of flame tell numberless tales of that experience, and many dramatic accounts were soon afterward published. Two incidents which passed from mouth to mouth, and so became in a sense public property, recur to my mind. The last telegram to leave the city read about as follows: "Terrible earthquake; city on fire; flames approaching: goodby — me for the simple life!" And a family parrot borne up the street kept shrieking: "Ain't this the limit, ain't this the limit!"

A distracted bird

From a booklet[2] of my own, finished at that time (the Great War being then undreamed of), I may quote the following:

> . . . on no other city since the world began has fate, unmalicious, mechanical, and elemental, wrought such a terrible havoc. . . . Never since man began to plan and to create has there been such a destruction of the results of human effort. Never has a great calamity been met with so little repining. Never before has the common man shown himself so hopeful, so courageous, so sure of himself and his future. For it is the man, after all, that survives and it is the will of man that shapes the fates.
>
> It is the lesson of earthquake and fire that man cannot be shaken and cannot be burned. The houses he builds are houses of cards, but he stands outside of them and can build again. It is a wonderful thing to build a great city. More wonderful still is it to be a city, for a city is composed of men, and forever

[1] Not until July 4, when the dramshops were reopened, did the former percentage of drunkenness and crime prevail.

[2] "Life's Enthusiasms," Beacon Press, 1906.

man must rise above his own creations. That which is in man is greater than all that he can do.

One of my adventures in San Francisco (a minor though incongruous one) was to escort a society leader with pressing business from the Valencia Street Station through Van Ness Avenue to her destination at the Ferry. On the steps of what had been the fashionable St. Dunstan's Hotel, we sat and munched the luncheon of crackers and cheese she had brought along. My second visit to the city dealt with romance. The home of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, set on a hill overlooking the ocean and protected on one side by a wooded knoll, had been preserved from destruction by her nephews and Mr. Salisbury Field,[1] who kept the roof damp with rugs and sacks dipped in water from a little bird-pool.[2] In the desolation which followed, this was the only house left standing in the neighborhood. A well-known newspaper correspondent having taken the dramatic occasion to press his suit with a woman journalist, they were married at Mrs. Stevenson's, and my wife and I were bidden to the ceremony. Being the only man present with a frock coat, I was selected to "give away" the bride.

Marriage midst the ruins

The unconquerable spirit of the West revealed itself in the amazing energy with which San Francisco was reconstructed. A placard

DON'T TALK EARTHQUAKE,
TALK BUSINESS

met the eye of Mary Austin on her way through a

[1] Son of an old friend and schoolmate of Mrs. Stevenson, who afterward married Mrs. Strong, her daughter.

[2] See "Life of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson," by Nellie Van de Grift Sanchez.

desert of ashes about ten days after the great catastrophe. The basement of the St. Francis Hotel, roofed with baize, immediately became a first-class restaurant, and guests were housed in a temporary wooden structure in the adjacent little park of Union Square. Yet the spirit sometimes fainted. Restoration was necessarily slow at the best; to hundreds of men and women past middle life the future looked very drab.

At the University a dreary waste of ruined walls and ugly heaps of rock and rubbish long confronted us, while over all presided the veritable "dome in air" of the wrecked Library, perched high on iron beams where it had proved, because of its great weight, a swaying inverted pendulum of destruction. Faculty homes had to take their turn with plasterers, bricklayers, and carpenters. During the summer the noted botanist of Amsterdam, Hugo de Vries, who was taking luncheon at my house, got through a jagged chimney chasm a decidedly unconventional view into the adjoining room!

An astonished visitor

2

I shall now for a time digress on the nature of earthquakes in general and of our great *temblor* in particular.

Two types of disturbances shake or "quake" the crust of our planet: (*a*) eruptive earthquakes, explosions (usually of steam) connected with a volcano, and (*b*) tectonic earthquakes, breaks in the overloaded or overstrained surface, having, for the most part, nothing to do with volcanoes. To the last class most earthquakes belong, certainly nearly all that have been felt within the United States.

Fashions in temblors

Again, the tectonic earthquake produces two very different sets of phenomena — the one the break or "faulting" in which disturbance centers, the other the spread of interfering waves set in motion by the parting and grinding of sundered rock walls in the fault. It is the conflict of jarring waves in widening and diverging circles which does the harm to man and his affairs, but the shifting of the mass starts them on their mission of destruction.

Earthquake rifts

Every tectonic earthquake implies some fault or rift, with some sort of displacement, permanent or temporary, in the relation of the two sides. In extreme cases the break extends miles in a straight line, tearing up through the surface soil and passing downward to a depth only to be guessed at, probably as far as the crust is rigid. Moreover, in all severe disturbances of this sort, subsidiary changes which have no direct connection with the fault itself take place. These slumps or landslides signify but little geologically; they simply mean that loose soil has been shaken down by the shock. The true earthquake rift moves on in straight lines, broadly speaking, careless of topography, though topography is necessarily modified by it. For on either side, it may be hundreds of feet, rock is crushed to flinders by the impact and grinding of sundered walls.

An old fault is consequently marked by excess of erosion. Streams choose it for their basins, and where it crosses a mountain the softened strata yield to form a saddle or other depression. Valleys resulting from it are fertile and well watered, and often marked in California by dairies and reservoirs. For the most part, also, in much-faulted regions such as rim the Pacific, each new rift follows the line of an old fault,

the original break dating from the mountain-making periods of Miocene and Pliocene times.

The San Andreas fault[1] which determines the axis of Tomales Bay (north of San Francisco) and in which the catastrophe of 1906 took place is doubtless part of a very lengthy ancient break probably extending through Bering Sea on the north to Patagonia on the south.[2] Our particular disturbance visibly concerned only a stretch of 192 miles in a straight line (mainly on land) running from the mouth of Alder Creek in Mendocino County to San Juan Bautista in San Benito. *From Mendocino to San Benito*

As a natural phenomenon it decreased progressively in violence from Mendocino down. Beyond San Juan its effects could be traced by the fall of chimneys as far as Priest Valley, forty miles to the south; and the town clock at San Bernardino, on the same line but 400 miles farther on, is said to have stopped at just thirteen minutes after five on the morning in question. The great earthquake of 1868 was caused by a rift which extended from above San Francisco still farther southward through the Carisa Desert in San Luis Obispo County to the mountains of Los Pinos in Ventura County. The ancient break, however, really runs by way of Cajon Pass, San Bernardino, San Jacinto, and Imperial Valley, to and through the Gulf of California. *Rift of 1868*

In the San Andreas fault — as probably in all similar breaks — hundreds of thousands of earthquakes, large and small, have taken place in geologic

[1] First traced and studied (so far as I know) by Dr. Branner in the '90's.

[2] Such, at least, is the view maintained by Dr. F. Omori, a distinguished seismologist of Japan, who came to California immediately after the earthquake and who regards the great *temblor* in Chile which followed on August 17 as occurring in the same rift.

time; the aggregate vertical displacement, as shown by the rock strata on either side, exceeds half a mile,— although in the last two outbreaks there has been no change of level on either side. In 1906, displacement was purely horizontal, the west side moving northward a distance ranging from about one foot in Monterey County to twenty-four in Mendocino. From the rift in past eras masses of molten rock have flowed out; serpentine, basalt, and black lava appear at intervals from San Francisco southward. Such outflows, being harder than the bordering sandstones, heal the tear in a fashion, so that each succeeding outbreak occurs a little farther west.

Lava dykes

Within a few days, accompanied by Mrs. Jordan, I started out to trace the new crack southward from Tomales Bay — near its northern limit on land — and to secure a goodly number of photographs. During this process one came to have some understanding of primitive psychology, for it was difficult not to think of the general devastation along the sinuous line as the trail of a monster bent on destruction. As a matter of fact, however, the event must have been instantaneous for the whole 192 miles, and the damage wrought throughout was greatly aggravated by the interference of waves spreading from every point in the total length of the rift. These augmenting, neutralizing, overriding, and otherwise modifying one another, the final result was a violent twisting motion, the most remarkable feature of the disturbance. The belt of destruction extended from twenty to fifty miles on either side, with gradually diminishing effect. At Stanford we are about four miles from the fault which lies along the base of the Sierra Morena.

Shock instantaneous for 192 miles

Surface manifestations

Its surface appearance everywhere depended entirely on the nature of the overlying soil, and was thus locally subject to all sorts of aberrations. In marshy ground ponds were formed. On hillsides the lower edge of the crack fell away like a driveling lip, leaving an open chasm. Often it assumed the aspect of a great raw furrow. On hard level ground it clapped tightly together and was marked by only a low track suggesting the burrow of a mole.

Tomales Bay

Parallel cracks toyed with miles of the North Shore Railroad, which runs along Tomales Bay. At Marshall, the most northern point of our observation, the humble hotel was thrown bodily — and upright — into the Bay, its guests escaping without serious injury. One of the fishermen said that the water first went out, leaving his boat in the mud, then came back in a great wave "which looked a hundred feet high, but which was probably not more than ten." At Point Reyes Station[1] the 5.15 for San Francisco was about to start, with the conductor just swinging himself aboard, when the coach gave a great lurch away from him, followed by another in his direction and throwing the whole train on its side.

Olema

At Skinner's Ranch near Olema, a row of large cypresses formerly stood in front of the house, from which they were separated by a little rose garden, while to the south of all, four tall eucalyptus trees were set in an oblique line. The rift having opened directly east of the house, under the front doorstep and between the third and fourth eucalyptus, the whole building and the last tree were violently jerked to the north, a distance of sixteen feet and seven inches. Thus, had Skinner chanced to look out at the

[1] At the head of the bay, some miles east of Point Reyes itself.

right instant he would have seen the whole row of cypresses apparently file past, and the rose garden go with them, giving place to some raspberry bushes. At the neighboring Shafter Ranch the earth yawned in a corral where the men were engaged in milking cows, one of which was engulfed,— a pathetic tail only indicating her fate, from which the superstitious Portuguese dairymen made no attempt to rescue her.

Bolinas to San Andreas Valley

On Bolinas Bay the pretty Flagstaff Inn was capsized into the water and completely wrecked. From there to Mussel Rock, southwest of San Francisco, the rift lies under the sea four miles from the Golden Gate. At Mussel Rock the cliff was torn off, carrying down with it 4000 feet of newly graded railroad. In the narrow valley of San Andreas, holding the three great reservoirs of Crystal Springs and San Andreas, the water mains were all wrecked, though the dam separating the two (Crystal Springs) lakes across the fault was so well built that the visible crack dodged it by passing around along the bank at its side and then returning to the former line of direction.

Portolá

From the Springs to Monte Bello, a distance of about eight miles, devastation in the fertile valley of Portolá consisted of wrecked houses and the shifting of line fences, both characteristic over the whole course. In the hills to the southward along Los Gatos Creek, roads were torn up and landslides thrown down. On the Feely Ranch, some ten acres of slipping land carried a herd of cattle into the creek.

The long railway tunnel cutting under the saddle from Wrights to Laurel was entirely wrecked, as was

FAÇADE OF RESTORED OUTER QUADRANGLE, STANFORD UNIVERSITY, 1909

to be expected; it had from the first been the source of much trouble because the rock through which it passes has been crushed again and again by earthquakes. At Morrill's fruit ranch on the hill above, the crack ripped up through the orchard, shifting the rows of trees from six to eight feet and utterly ruining the large, hospitable farmhouse, which stood over the track and was split in two.

Farther on, at Skylands, Fern Gulch was filled with wreckage, redwood trees four and five feet through, a century or two old, having been snapped off like whiplashes. Hinckley's Gulch, a narrow gorge a hundred feet deep, was filled by landslips thrown down from either side, completely burying the Loma Prieta sawmill and nine mill hands to the depth of 125 feet. Over the havoc towered intact a redwood tree one hundred feet high. During the clearing away of the débris, the bodies of the foreman and his Siberian mastiff were found smothered in mud but erect and obviously caught in the act of running.

Buried men

Beyond the wooded hills the rift tore through the cement railway bridge over the Pájaro River, shifting a pier about eighteen inches (only) to the northwest. Here the surface line became obscure, ceasing two miles southwest of San Juan, at which place occurred the partial wreck of the venerable Mission San Juan Bautista. Shortly afterward I accepted with pleasure an invitation from Catholics resident in that region to speak in the old garden for the benefit of a restoration fund, my topic being the story of the Franciscan Missions. The following year, under the head of "The California Earthquake of 1906," I edited a volume containing my own account and that of

End of the rift

several other geologists, structural engineers, and eye-witnesses.[1]

As a remote consequence of the earthquake, San Francisco inadvertently precipitated an international complication. Chinatown having been wiped out by fire, in the course of a year a new schoolhouse was hastily provided for the district; but rebuilding was slow, residents had not returned, and the teacher had virtually no pupils. She therefore appealed to her patron, Abraham Ruef, then unquestioned "boss" of San Francisco, and according to the best information I can secure the subservient school board promised to provide a class. She accordingly asked that the Japanese children of the Post Street region be sent to her for instruction.

An "Oriental school"

In granting this request, the board announced the establishment of an "Oriental school" for both Chinese and Japanese children. Apparently they had no thought of the storm to be provoked by this move, taken, I am sure, without the least idea of discrediting anybody. But the Japanese are very sensitive at being in any way identified with the Chinese; the local colony appealed to the newspapers at home, some of which, after the fashion of yellow journals everywhere, were eager for a new sensation, and the affair thus assumed an international aspect. Nevertheless, it was the work of a purely local school board over which neither state nor nation had any jurisdiction unless its action should be contrary to some general law or treaty. The Japanese, however, claimed that it did violate the "most favored nation"

[1] Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. The list of contributors includes John Caspar Branner, Charles Derleth, Jr., Grove Karl Gilbert, Stephen Taber, F. Omori, Harold W. Fairbanks, and Mary Austin.

clause of an international agreement. In that case, the natural remedy was to be found in the nearest United States Court, not in appeals to the press of Japan.

Meanwhile, to justify themselves, the board invented the plea that separation of Japanese children from American was in the interest of morality, because half-grown Japanese boys had been put in the same classes with little girls, to the injury of the latter. In support of that contention an agent went to the Clement Grammar School and photographed Japanese lads from the upper grades alongside with little ones of the kindergarten. But even had such conditions existed, they could have been easily remedied by a general ruling applicable to all pupils.

Dishonest tactics

Heated newspaper discussions now stirred up much loose talk of war, and militarists cried for more dreadnoughts. Then Roosevelt, being greatly annoyed by the whole matter, issued a warning to California, excellent in purpose but unfortunately threatening in tone, and therefore naturally resented by the people of the state, who were as a whole in no way responsible. Finally, the President asked the mayor, Eugene E. Schmitz, a henchman of Ruef, to come to Washington to talk things over, meanwhile cannily arranging to have him entertained by Vice-President Fairbanks. The result of the conference was the repeal of the offensive ordinance, the question of its legality never being tested.

Roosevelt's warning resented

3

In 1906 Andrew Carnegie endowed "The Carnegie Foundation for the Improvement of Teaching,"

Carnegie Foundation for the Improvement of Teaching

devoting to it the sum of ten millions of dollars, the earnings of which were to be used for the establishment of a pension system for the relief of institutions of higher education (in the United States and Canada) under private management and at the same time free from direct control by any religious denomination. With the exception of his nephew, Thomas Morrison Carnegie, and two business associates, Frank A. Vanderlip and Robert Franks, the original board of trustees appointed by the donor was composed of university presidents, among whom I had the honor to be one.

At the first meeting, held on Carnegie's birthday, November 25, at his personal request Dr. Henry S. Pritchett, then president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and formerly head of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, was elected president of the board for life, — other officers to be chosen from year to year. Dr. Eliot served as first chairman, I as vice-chairman, and Dr. Charles F. Thwing of Western Reserve as secretary for several years. In 1909 and 1910, however, after the withdrawal of Eliot as pensioner under the Foundation, I served as acting chairman. On August 1, 1916, having reached the age of sixty-five and become myself a pensioner, I automatically retired from the board.

At the first meeting we framed a series of rules to govern the pension system. The leading one provided — in substance — that to each professor in accepted institutions reaching the age of sixty-five, and having taught in a college for thirty years or having for twenty held a title of professor, should be granted an annual pension of about half his average salary for the five years previous, the maximum limit being

fixed at $4000; to their widows one half the stipulated amount. A certain provision, moreover, was made for teachers who had broken down prematurely. It was also arranged that pensions might be granted under special conditions to men not yet sixty-five who were engaged in definite research work.[1] With some modifications from year to year, the original provisions are still in force for those who began to teach prior to 1915. Meanwhile, however, before any important changes had been made, at the earnest appeal of the state universities Carnegie arranged to include them also, although adding to the endowment only five million dollars, while the expense was necessarily doubled.

Pritchett's proposal

In 1912 Pritchett raised certain objections to the pension system and proposed a radical change. By this plan the Foundation was to furnish insurance policies or endowments carrying no overhead charges but to which an individual must contribute from his own savings, assisted by his institution, provided of course that the latter retained membership under the new arrangement.

In favor of the change but one main argument was officially advanced: "as a matter of psychology, pensions everywhere tend to reduce activity, it being a case of getting something for nothing." The answer to this is absolute denial so far as college professors are concerned. Carnegie himself said to me that he thought the Foundation the best and most far-reaching of all his public gifts.

As to the current statement, never officially made, however, that the endowment of fifteen millions was

[1] This provision, so far as I remember, was granted but twice, the recipients being Simon H. Gage of Cornell for research in Physiology, and Melville B. Anderson of Stanford for Dante study. After a few years it was withdrawn.

inadequate for the pension system, I may say that this was by no means the limit of Carnegie's intentions. For when at our first meeting and once or twice afterward I raised the question in personal conversation, he assured me that adequate funds would be forthcoming when needed. The greater part of his estate, some $100,000,000, he explained, would be placed in trust for the maintenance of his benefactions and other public services, so that on the earnings of that vast sum the Foundation could draw whenever necessary, its president being *ex officio* one of the directors of the trust.

Funds adequate

But even in case the funds should become actually inadequate, the trustees had the power to exclude, after proper notice, very rich institutions which could pension their own and the very poor which might well give up trying to do university work. Furthermore, as I urged at the time, the proposed change could not be consummated for at least twenty-five years, until the just expectations of all eligible teachers then in service should have been met. But long before 1940 all the original trustees would have retired, and we ought not to tie the hands of our successors. It would accordingly be sufficient to indicate the contemplated changes, reserving to the future board the right to make fundamental alterations in the original plan at some fixed date.

From pension to insurance

Nevertheless, in spite of hesitancy on the part of certain trustees, the insurance plan was finally adopted. Of the actual usefulness of the pension system as devised by Carnegie there is no question. Very few college professors (or even presidents) in the past, at least, have been able to lay up adequate provision for old age or for their families in case of

premature death or breakdown. An assured income has enabled many men to continue scholarly activity in other lines of service long after retirement. It has also allowed universities to bring in new blood without the necessity of consigning to dependence or penury worthy men in failing health.

Age limit at Stanford

Stanford University being an original member in the Carnegie Foundation, the faculty early passed a resolution terminating at the age of sixty-five all appointments of professors eligible for the Carnegie Pension, but leaving the trustees free to renew any at their discretion on the president's initiative. In adopting the general proposition, however, the board omitted the clause providing for possible continuance, feeling doubtless that discrimination would be likely to prove invidious.

Improvement of English orthography

In 1906 Mr. Carnegie established also "the Simplified Spelling Board" made up of a group of writers — including myself — who should study the matter of English orthography with a view to proposing changes to remove the most glaring eccentricities. Our language owes much of flexibility and strength to its complex origin, but for that very reason it has grown up without rule, and vagaries in spelling and pronunciation make it especially difficult for foreigners to acquire. The board now (1920) includes most of our leading philologists, with Professor Charles H. Grandgent of Harvard as president. We do not expect sweeping changes to be immediately accepted, but feel sure that real betterments will find their way into the dictionaries and thence into common usage. By such means the words "honor," "favor," "demeanor," and the like, through

the efforts of Noah Webster lost in America the superfluous *u* still retained in England.

Expecting too much

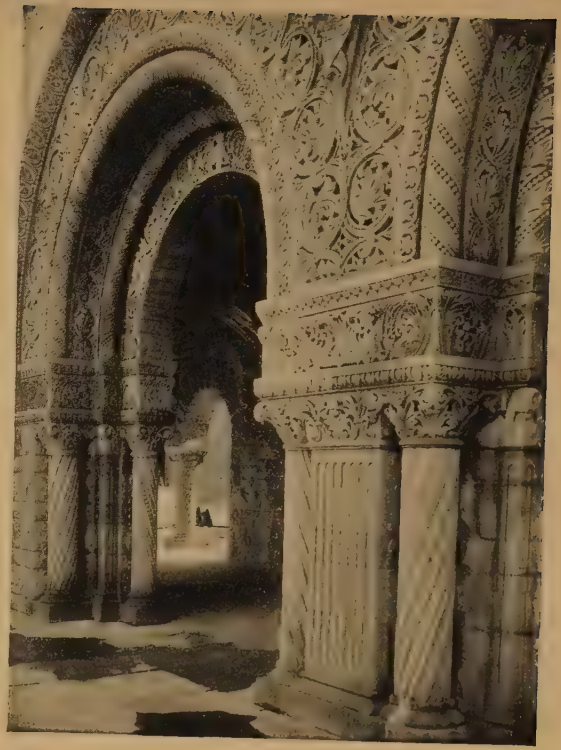
Yet the founder apparently expected the impossible, assuming that obviously desirable changes could be put through by the force of organization and by the fiat of President Roosevelt, a member of the board. Linguistic reforms, however, move slowly, and Carnegie seemed later to lose his interest in simplified spelling, as he provided no endowment for it. From 1917 on, therefore, official conferences and publications have been necessarily limited for lack of funds, although individual effort is actively continued.

While approving most of the changes recommended, I for a time balked at "thru," because it does not represent correct pronunciation and has little philological warrant. It also happened that before our board had ever met, I made somewhere the casual and rather stupid remark that "*thru* would make a pollywog sick." This trifling joke got into the press, and I had a call (in California) from a representative of the New York *Sun*, who seemed friendly and tried to get me to comment on his own statement that Brander Matthews of Columbia was attempting to assume leadership of the movement for simplified spelling. At that time I had never met Matthews, whom I have always held in high esteem, and when my visitor asked directly if I didn't think the professor was taking too much responsibility, I replied offhand: "I don't know; it may be." He then printed in the *Sun* a bit of verse supposititiously based on my words and carrying the refrain,

Futile humor

There is too much Brander Matthews
And not enough of me.

CHEMISTRY BUILDING SEEN
THROUGH ARCH



FAÇADE OF CHURCH

During this year a steadily growing dissatisfaction or rather disgust on the part of the authorities of both the State University and Stanford with so-called American football led to the temporary abolition of that sport at the two institutions. The game had been developed in the later '80's from the British Rugby, the two main alterations consisting of (*a*) legalizing "off-side play" or "interference," and (*b*) holding the ball when down. By the latter change, to keep the ball in hand becomes the central purpose, as only through its possession can gains be made. Thus is lost the finest feature, the passing of the ball from hand to hand whenever its holder is in danger of being tackled.

American game derived from Rugby with marked differences

As to the other modification, Rugby rules prohibit all off-side play — that is, a man's getting ahead of the ball when held by his side. In the American game, interference, as it was now called, became a leading factor. This consists of other players of the same team running ahead of the man with the ball and thrusting aside any opponents who block the way. But interference necessitates mass play, and at nearly every "down," all the players engaged are piled in a writhing heap, while those at the bottom often suffer serious injury. Hurts in Rugby are not uncommon, to be sure, but they are mainly peripheral, rarely deep-seated.

The American game, moreover, is in its essence a battle, not sport, and largely devoid of interest except for the colorful, tumultuous partisanship engendered by it. It depends comparatively little on the strength or even skill of individuals but almost entirely on the strategy of the coach. In Rugby each individual player must be alert as well as capable, and the coach is of minor importance; indeed, we soon abolished all paid coaches at Stanford without

Professional coaches

impairing efficiency, as was shown in the recurrent contests. And because professional coaches as a rule (though with some honorable exceptions) take little interest in scholarship, they constitute a distinct obstacle to academic welfare. Again, their extravagant salaries — often higher than those paid to university presidents — depend on winning games, and conspicuous success lines up the gambling element in support. In earlier years, also, funds were raised to hire men to play and to coax promising athletes from one institution to another solely for the purpose of strengthening a team; this abuse, however, was finally done away with, largely by the device of prohibiting the participation of first-year men.

Temporary prohibition of American game

Another serious criticism arises from the unfitness of the American game for high school students, who rarely have adequate physical training and supervision. In view of all this, at the instance of Angell who had played Rugby at Oxford, Wheeler and I jointly arranged to abolish the American game, allowing our men a choice between Rugby or "Soccer" — the British Association game — or inventing a new one. They accepted Rugby, most reluctantly at first but with rapidly increasing enthusiasm, playing matches not only with California but later with teams from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand.[1]

In 1916 the continued efforts of coaches at the University of California brought back the American game there. Football relations between the two institutions were then suspended for three years, at the end of which period contests in each of the three

[1] While I was in Australia in 1907, the two alumni coaches of Stanford, James F. Lanagan, '00, and George J. Pressley, '07, came over to get points on Rugby. Finding this much more to their liking than they had expected, they went back to launch the new game with spirit and success.

types — American, Rugby, and Soccer — were arranged, though by 1920 the first named, somewhat ameliorated, was fully reëstablished as the great athletic event. The chief argument for its revival lay in the natural desire of California youth to play the game which prevails in the rest of the country.

In a batch of old clippings I recently came upon a quaint account of football as it was waged four hundred years ago. Certain characteristics of the American sport may perhaps be atavistic reversions!

Battle, not sport

For as concerning footeball playing I protest unto you that it maie rather bee called a friendlie kinde of fight than a plaie or recreation; a bloudie and murtheryng practise than a fellowlie sporte or pastyme. For doeth not everyone lye in waight for his Adversarie, seekyng to overthrow hym and to picke hym on the nose, though it bee uppon harde stones, in ditch or dale, in valley or hill? In what place so ever it bee he careth not, so he may have hym downe: And he that can serve the moste of this fashion, he is counted the onlie fellowe, and who but he? So that by this meanes sometymes their neckes are broken, sometymes their backes, sometymes their legges, sometymes their armes, sometymes one parte thrust out of joynt, sometyme another; sometyme the noses gush out with bloud, sometyme their eyes start out; and sometymes they are hurt in one place, sometymes in an other. But who so ever escapeth awaie the best, goeth not scotfree, but is either sore wounded and bruzed, or els scapeth every harlie. And no marvaile for they have sleightes to meet one betwixt two, to dash hym against the harte with their elbowes, to hitte hym under the shortte ribbes with their griped fists, and with their knees to catch hym upon the hip, and to picke hym on his necke, with an hundred such murtheryng devices: And hereof groweth envie, malice, rancour, cholour, hatred, displeasure, enmitie, and what not els? And sometyme fightyng, braulyng, contention, quarrell pickyng, murther, homicide, and great effusion of bloud, as experience daily teacheth.

PHILIP STUBBS: "Anatomy of Abuses" (Sixteenth Century)

Note. Earth Movement in California

A recent report by Professor Andrew C. Lawson of the University of California, chairman of the Seismological Commission, shows that Mount Tamalpais and the coast north of Monterey Bay are slowly creeping to the northward at a rate not far from 18 inches per year. The "San Andreas Fault" being a very ancient one, at intervals of thirty or forty years the strain grows tense, following which there is a sharp "snapping back" felt as an earthquake. Farther south the creep is less; and it is also said that Monterey Bay is 10 feet wider now than when first measured.

BOOK FIVE

1907–1914

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

I

In the spring of 1907 I received through Dr. T. W. Edgeworth David, geologist and "professorial head" of the University of Sydney, an invitation to visit that institution for the purpose of giving a course of lectures on the American university system. For David thought that Australian universities followed too closely after British models, and that as general conditions in Australia approached more nearly those of our Western states some features of American management could well be introduced. *A call to Australia*

Having accepted the invitation, I sailed in April from Vancouver on the *Moana*, a rather small and uncomfortable craft to the movements of which we became hardened only with time. Among the passengers were several interesting people, one being a violinist, Marie Hall of London, a charming, simple-hearted, sincere, and highly gifted young woman, small, slender, and girlish-looking. Daughter of a musician pursued all his life by hard luck, she grew up in poverty, often playing as a child for a shilling on the wharves of Bristol. Success, however, left her still a modest person. In Sydney before her first public appearance, an elaborate reception was arranged for her at the Australian Hotel. That evening, in the corridor, a pompous society lady, giving her a hasty glance, said loftily: "Show me the lift." Miss Marie meekly complied, and then went above with the haughty dame, to be received as the honored guest of the evening! *Marie Hall*

Miss Hall's accompanist, Miss Apollonia Basch,

was an excellent artist. I remember also Edward Millhauser, a commercial traveler from New York, whose unfailing humor lightened the tedium of the long journey, and Lyman Sperry, a well-known lecturer on temperance, furnished with an abundance of texts after we reached Australia.

Chess on the "Moana"

The *Moana's* first officer being an excellent chess player, we played together each day during his free time. For a while he won nearly every game, but by and by I discovered that he handled his queen much better than I did, and that by forcing an exchange of queens I could always beat him. That was not theoretically good chess, only good strategy, and every time he lost he was surprised to see how it had come about. Crossing the Atlantic in 1879, I played a good many games with different people, usually winning. Finally it was suggested that a man in the steerage would like to try his hand. A rough-looking fellow who spoke no language I knew then came forward and met me under the shadow of one of the lifeboats. To him I lost regularly.

A magic circle

Near the equator we passed Mary Island, a beautiful atoll of which I made a fairly decent sketch — a ring of coral bearing palms and flowering bushes, and bounding a lagoon with the usual opening by which water levels are preserved. In "Eric's Book of Beasts"[1] my drawing was reproduced with the following stanza:

> I know a magic circle in the sea
> Etched on the blue with pale gray coral sand;
> A mountain sank there once amid the spray,
> Its eddying circles stiffening into land
> With lazy surges flapping on the strand.

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter II, page 28, and Vol. II, Chapter XXXIV, page 250.

Beyond Mary Island, almost exactly on the Line, the wheezy engines of the *Moana* stopped a couple of hours for some unexplained reason. As obviously there were sharks about, we began immediately to fish for them, attaching a chunk of meat to a great deep-sea hook which we hung on a chain off the stern of the boat. At the same time I baited and dropped a long line into the depths in the hope of luring some freak of the underworld. When the hook was hauled up it carried a large fish as stiff as a log; this proved — rather unexpectedly — to be a familiar form, the "wall-eye" or "pike perch" of the Great Lakes, which lives no nearer Mary Island than our own Lake of the Woods! But unlike some current writers on unnatural history, I did not jump at conclusions, rashly predicating an underground channel to Canadian haunts. On the contrary, I suspected a connection with the ship's ice box, filled at Vancouver. Such was indeed the case, for our wall-eye was still frozen, and some silent humorist below decks had surreptitiously provided a catch from his store! So we tossed it back into the sea, and turned our attention to sharks.

A traveled "wall-eye"

These crowded around, showing much interest in a ship that did not move. Under the blue water their light gray hides looked bright green, and the white tips of their fins shone like emeralds. One lustrous, bull-headed fellow nosed the bait dubiously, coming around off and on for half an hour before with one great gulp he swallowed it. The next minute he was flapping madly in the air over the stern, with most of the cabin passengers tugging at the chain. He was really young and unsophisticated, being only twelve feet long, while his species — *Carcharias insularum* —

Sharks and sharks

may attain five or six more. Clinging to him were half a dozen black *remoras*, or shark-pilots, curious fishes of the open sea which ride free, holding on to large neighbors by a sucker on the back of the head. The shark's triangular, saw-edged teeth went as souvenirs to the ladies. In his stomach I found an ice-cold wall-eye which we promptly again threw overboard, but recovered once more, though no longer frozen, from the stomach of another shark which took the hook before the ship at last got under way.

Making merry

Crossing the line, Millhauser staged an amateur circus of which I was ringmaster, dressed in the captain's blue coat over white pajamas. I posed also as Ajax, the strong man, airily lifting huge dumb-bells made of watermelons covered with metallic paper. "Bosco," messenger boy of the gods, rushed about with shark-fins for wings.

Suva, capital of Fiji

Passing among the Fiji Islands, the *Moana* stopped for a day at Suva, the capital, on picturesque Viti Levu. There, aided by the courteous Dr. Bolton G. Corney, British army surgeon, I made a considerable collection from the reef. Since the publication of the "Fishes of Samoa" I had almost begun to question whether the beautiful plates in that report of ours were not too highly colored, but a view of the denizens of the reef now reassured me. Indeed, no artist has pigments bright enough truly to represent the blues, greens, scarlets, crimsons, and yellows of those exquisite creatures.

Viti Levu and its sisters, Levuka, Kandavu, and the rest, are quite as picturesque as the islands of Samoa. Towering in the eastern, scarcely explored interior of Viti Levu, isolated peaks of amazing sharpness met the eye. The arable settled area is beautiful

WHALE STRANDED OFF SAN FRANCISCO

Photograph by Robert D. Collyer

with palms and screw-pines — *Pandanus* — and on the south shore are sheltered inlets filled with mangrove, which, walking into the sea, forms tangled tidewater thickets. There, as in Samoa, the uncanny pop-eyed goby or skippy, obviously a fish but with the habits of the lizard, hops about among the leaves in search of insects.

Fijians

Fijians interested me. As a rule they are larger than Samoans, and their hair — unlike that of the natives of the islands farther east — is very curly. This fact would seem to indicate a hybrid race, a cross between the negroids of the New Hebrides and the Solomon Islands and straight-haired people like the Samoans, Tongans, and Maoris.

Quoy's painting

Studying the chart as we sailed by the long, coral-guarded coast of Kandavu, I saw the words "Astrolabe Reef," and recalled the experience of my illustrious predecessor, René Constant Quoy, who in 1827, as the corvette *Astrolabe* seemed about to be piled on the reefs in a hurricane, stuck resolutely to the work on which he was then engaged. He thus finished the painting of a handsome labroid fish, dark maroon and violet with a great golden saddle on the shoulder, the head bespangled with golden spots and the fins trimmed with scarlet. Facing the "*perdition*" in which ship, fish, and artist seemed soon to be engulfed, he called the new species *Labrus perditio*. But artist and painting both survived, though not the fish, and the dramatic name still holds. According to Cuvier, Quoy executed his sketch while they were on the edge of

very dangerous reefs, on the verge of losing their ship, the shore lined with ferocious natives, "*insulaires féroces*," waiting to seize the débris of the wreck. In this position the *Astrolabe*

remained for four days, until at last the courage of its commander, Dumont d'Urville, mastered the tempest, and saved the ship with her rich and immense collections.

In the official report of the voyage by Quoy and his colleague, Paul Gaimard, the incident, I find, is said to have occurred off Tongatabu', the nearest of the Friendly Islands. But Astrolabe Reef is closer to Kandavu than to Tongatabu; it is also likely that on closer acquaintance those *insulaires féroces* might have proved gentle enough.

Marine illusions

We next left behind us Walpole Island, one of the Loyalty group, a high-walled, apparently uninhabited *mesa*. Approaching Queensland, the captain and I saw from the bridge what appeared through the glass to be an overturned whaleboat, its slats or ribs showing distinctly on a convex surface. The vessel was therefore turned from its course, when suddenly the outline changed and we plainly recognized the carcass of a humpback whale — *Megaptera* — floating with inflated ribbed belly up. This reminds me of a similar experience on the *Nippon Maru* in 1900, when from the bridge we noticed in the distance, fifty miles or more from land, a Japanese sampan bearing two men. That time, also, we turned to the rescue, but only to discover a pine log with two upright branches.

2

Leaving the *Moana* at Brisbane, capital of the state of Queensland, I put down my overcoat on the empty wharf. The moment my eyes were turned, however, it disappeared. I do not lay this up against Australia, but I could not help contrasting it with my experience

in Japan, where I never had anything stolen, no matter where I left it.

The railway from Brisbane to Sydney, capital of the great state of New South Wales, looks short on the map, but Australia is "a land of magnificent distances." From the car window I noted the mischief wrought by a luckless person who introduced the common cactus — *Opuntia engelmanni* — of Southern California, thinking it might serve as a hedge plant. But as he brought none of its natural enemies along, it throve mightily in Queensland and northern New South Wales, preëmpting millions of acres of good land, to clear most of which is prohibitively costly. Boiled, the segments may be fed to stock, another expensive process not adopted except in time of drought.

Ruin wrought by cactus

The land fauna and flora of Australia represent ancient types never exposed to the fierce competition among individuals and species which has taken place on the Asiatic mainland. For this reason, new weeds and beasts of various kinds easily displace the native forms with which they compete. The disastrous spread of the European rabbit is a matter of common knowledge. Importation of the red fox of Europe, the Scotch thistle, the water cress, and the water hyacinth, the last named blocking even navigable rivers, has been likewise calamitous. In New Zealand, where similar conditions obtain, the Maoris say that "as the White Man's rat has driven away the native rat, as the European fly drives away our own, and the clover kills our fern, so will the Maoris disappear before the White Man."

Other disastrous immigrants

In Sydney they put me up at the Australian Club, where I was soon joined by Dr. Payson J. Treat of

the History department of Stanford, then just assigned to the special field of Australia and the Far East. Some time later he entered with alacrity on the task of buying all useful books pertaining to the history of Australia, — Welton Stanford, Herbert Hoover, and Dean P. Mitchell, '96, Hoover's general manager for Australia, having generously contributed about $3000 for the purpose. Purchases then made, augmented by official publications of the Commonwealth, formed a substantial working nucleus for Treat's admirable courses in Australian history, the first ever given anywhere in that subject. In the country itself, political controversies were held to render such an experiment unwise.

Books about Australia

Among my pleasant acquaintances in Sydney outside the academic group I may name the late Sir James Graham, former mayor, a man with excellent political and economic ideas; Charles Thackeray, a journalist especially interested in angling; and Lady Northcote, wife of the governor-general, a woman of great personal charm and fine intelligence, whose presence helped the people of Sydney to accept with pleasure the British governor-general system which Australasia as a whole seems to think a costly anachronism. For the provincial governors, appointed in London, have no political power whatever, being, in fact, only special representatives of the King of England, where (to quote from Lord Rosebery) "royalty is not a political but a social function."

Sydney acquaintances

In my six lectures, given in the great hall of Sydney University, I discussed in detail methods of college administration in the United States, and then received invitations to speak on similar topics at the

Universities of Melbourne and Adelaide, as well as at the different University Colleges of New Zealand. In these particular addresses I often quoted the following from Alfred Moseley of London:

> What strikes me most is that your workshops are filled with college men. At home a "varsity man" is graduated in frock coat and kid gloves. Here he is graduated into overalls. The keynote of American education is efficiency.

David

Edgeworth David is the most notable member of the University of Sydney — in some ways, also, the most broad-minded, well-beloved, and influential representative of higher education in Australia. As already explained, it was through his interest in educational advancement and in the adoption of elective courses and other features prevailing in America that I was led to go to Australia at this time.

Holme

Other notable members of the Sydney faculty were Dr. William A. Haswell, professor of Zoölogy, Dr. Anderson Stuart, dean of the Medical School, both now deceased, and Dr. Ernest R. Holme, professor of English, who later visited Stanford as war-time representative of Australian universities, and who was, so far as I remember, the only native-born alumnus whom the directors of the University had ever honored with a professorship. This seems strange to Americans, for in our country the list of available graduates is the first to be scanned. In Australasia, on the contrary, an institution rarely ventures to call a man not trained in Great Britain. Thus chairs are usually filled by competition, vacancies being advertised in British universities and applications solicited.

Filling vacancies in Australia

Appointments as a rule then go to candidates having the highest academic record. Salaries are high,

Rutherford

and the men chosen are in the nature of things distinctly above mediocrity. But Dr. Ernest G. Rutherford, a graduate of Canterbury College, Christchurch, where he was for a time instructor, now professor in the University of Birmingham and one of the greatest living physicists, noted as an investigator of radium, was recognized in England and America before he was fully appreciated in New Zealand. And I like to recall that somewhat early in his career he visited Stanford on his way to London, at which time I offered him a professorship. But Birmingham proved the more attractive from its nearness to other investigators like Thompson and Moseley at Cambridge.

Lawlessness at Capping

In Australia and New Zealand, as in England, the ceremony of granting university degrees is known as "capping." By some curious twist of psychology, this function — the most solemn and orderly of all university affairs in America — is made the occasion for riotous lawlessness in the Mother Country and the Antipodes. Candidates for degrees are then subjected to the rudest kind of heckling, and no "practical joke" is too irreverent to be pulled off on these occasions.

At Sydney, in 1907, while the audience was waiting for the academic procession, two students elaborately dressed, the one as the honored chancellor, Sir Normand McLauren, the other as the dignified registrar, Mr. Barff, appeared on the stage, accompanied by a third in the garb of a young woman. A degree having been solemnly conferred upon the last, chancellor and registrar kissed her with formal dignity, after which she skipped gayly off the stage. At Melbourne, not long before, capping exercises were broken up

HUGO DE VRIES

ANTON DOHRN

T. W. EDGEWORTH DAVID

LEONHARD STEJNEGER

altogether by unruly undergraduates. This was going a little too far, and the repentant students afterward asked as a special favor that the chancellor should deliver to them the smothered address.

The mildest fate which can overtake a speaker is shown by the following extracts from a report in the New Zealand *Graphic* of June 8, 1907, of the then recent capping ceremonies in Auckland University College:

Cheerful Capping

The chairman, Sir George O'Rorke, said: "I do not intend to speak at any great length. ("Hurrah!" said the students.) It is very creditable that students can obtain in New Zealand degrees which are entitled to rank and precedence in all parts of the British dominions. I must also congratulate the young ladies on being able to obtain degrees within the Colony, although I regret to have to add that those rights are still denied in the two great universities at home. ("Oh!" said the students.) I trust the time is approaching when the ladies will be entitled to the same privileges at home[1] as the gentlemen are in respect to university degrees." ("Hurrah! let 'em come," said the students.) Professor Egerton, the next speaker, said that as accomplished orators were to speak he would not address them at any length. ("What about yourself?" said the students. "Don't blush, good old Pro.," they continued, "don't blush.") The retirement of the registrar, Dr. Runciman, would be regretted by all. (In this the students concurred.) They would regret the retirement of the registrar's daughter. ("Oh! oh! you a married man, too," said the students.) The professor trusted that they would yet have new buildings of which the citizens might be proud. He had heard the present ones referred to in such language he would not care to repeat in such an august assemblage. It might be a long time or a short time before they had the new building, but he hoped to see their college a building which looked like an abode of learning and not like a shirt factory. (In all this the students cheerfully acquiesced.)

The Anglican bishop, Dr. Nelligan, also did not propose to

[1] Curiously enough, in Australia and especially in New Zealand, Britain is "home," even to those who have never been there.

speak at great length, a determination in which he was encouraged. He wished to remind the ladies, with whom were his sympathies ("Oh, that won't do, you know," said the students), that they could get their degrees at the University of Dublin. ("Good old Ireland," said the students.) Dr. McDowell was announced by the students with an imitation of the noise of a motor car and a gong, followed by the cry, "He's coming." "I always enjoy these gatherings," he said, "as they renew the spirit and influence of student life." ("Hurrah!" said the students.)

A student speaker, Mr. Ziman, referred to the need of buildings. Auckland University College still occupies the wooden shed built for the parliament of the former province of Auckland. While they might not have room on the grounds for football and cricket, they might at least have a tennis court and a gymnasium. ("And a bowling green," said the students.) Facilities for students' boarding together are also needed. St. John's College supplies that want to some extent. ("That is not a boarding house; the bishop will rise to a point of order," said the students reproachfully.) What we want is an arrangement enabling all the students to reside together. ("Yes, that would be nice," said the students.) Social life would give culture, while the university would give learning. The Easter tournament inaugurated by the students fosters that feeling of fellowship in university life which is better than sickly sentimental fads and affectation. ("Hurrah!" said the students.) The university should be a vital force in the community. Graduates of our university have already entered political life. ("There's our Freddie," said the students.) We look forward to the day when the whole political life of the Colony should be dominated by the University of New Zealand. (And to this hopeful sentiment the student body gave its cheerful acquiescence.)

In New Zealand the disorder at Capping became so serious that for some years degrees have been granted in private, but a recent letter from Christchurch says that a restoration of the original practice is now under discussion. It should be remembered, however, that student customs are largely inherited from

Oxford and Cambridge. When Tennyson received his Doctor's degree at the former, the young gentlemen asked: "Did your mother call you early, Alfred dear?" And when a Hindu prince was thus honored, they cried: "Have you used Pears' Soap?"

Irreverence not uncommon

Irreverence is not unknown outside the universities. Passing along a Sydney street, I overheard the following:

"That's Professor Jordan."
"Who's he?"
"The cove that's lecturing on Socialism."

Rugby

Throughout Australia and New Zealand athletic contests acquire large prominence. The University of Sydney has a strong Rugby team, only one of several in the city which maintain through the winter a continuous tournament, one or more matches being set for every Wednesday and Saturday. But as the five Australian universities are separated by prodigious distances, no intercollegiate contests take place. For this reason the American custom of limiting the athletic life of a university student to three or four years of his actual attendance does not hold in Australia. Once eligible, always so. The captain of the Sydney University team had held his place for some seven years after graduation.

The Victoria game

At Melbourne, Rugby was condemned as too rough, and a new form of football was devised for the state of Victoria. This involved a larger field with more players, these being divided into "rovers" and those who maintain a relatively fixed position. A curious rule allows the referee at any time to stop the play to count the men on either side.

Cricket seems less popular than in England, and

attempts were made to supplant it by baseball, its more energetic and varied American rival. I was myself called on to umpire a baseball game in Sydney, not a brilliant one but fairly good for a starter.

Track meets and tea

Track meets are popular, though held on cricket fields necessarily very large — batting takes place in every direction — so that the spectators see few of the fine points. But society makes use of these occasions by arranging elaborate tea parties in the stands reserved for it.

3

The museum naturalists of Australia form an interesting and active group, the fact that the animals and plants of the region are still incompletely recorded adding zest to their study. Naturally I saw a good deal of the ichthyologists, even though I had no time for original investigation myself.

Colleagues in Ichthyology

Among them are three of excellent training and ability: Allan R. McCulloch, curator in the Australian Museum, a man of charming personality and a careful, accurate observer whose judgment in technical matters I value highly; Edgar R. Waite, his esteemed co-worker, then at Christchurch but soon after called to the Museum at Adelaide; and J. Douglas Ogilby, the accomplished curator of fishes in the Queensland Museum at Brisbane, and author of numerous papers of importance. David G. Stead, the competent scientific expert of the fisheries of New South Wales, is prominent as an advocate of peace, with a large interest in world affairs generally. In 1917, visiting the United States, he came to Stanford as the guest of Gilbert and myself. In 1918 he paid us the joint compliment of naming his fourth boy Gilbert Jordan Stead. His

other sons are Darwin, Huxley, and Kelvin, "a galaxy of science," as the proud father observes.

Sale of bogus degrees

Among Australian scholars I found a general tendency to criticize the custom, alleged to be American, of selling college degrees. Moreover, it was at first hard to convince my friends that these "American diplomas," mostly issued by a pretended "National University" in Chicago, were not recognized by us, and were indeed virtually unknown, such "degree factories" coming to public attention only when occasionally closed by the police. Furthermore, it is mainly in Britain and her dominions that degrees not purely honorary are legitimately granted on examination without residence, for which reason fraudulent diplomas find little market elsewhere. According to American custom, the degree is a certificate of at least one year's successful work in actual attendance. In one of my talks at Sydney, therefore, I made reference to the so-called "National University," the agents of which had peddled its spurious degrees in foreign countries among persons desiring a title never earned and never legally received. Afterward I was advised not to speak so frankly in Australia, where the libel laws are very stringent. Of this warning I took scant heed, feeling sure that no representative of a pretended American institution would invite further publicity by any attempt at defense.

"The Japanese menace"

In addition to my addresses on Education, I gave an illustrated lecture on Japan, in which I tried to dispel the dense ignorance regarding that country fostered by interested militarists. Australia bars the immigration of all "colored" people, and the idea that Japan was planning future expansion in the uninhabited tropical north of Australia had been very

widely spread. Indeed, it was frequently asserted that "every Japanese boy is taught to find Australia on the map because it is to be his future home."

Misguided patriotism

Gross misapprehensions as to the people of Japan as a whole and the purposes of their government prevailed everywhere, and it was considered a matter of patriotism to believe them. The Japanese menace, thus worked to the utmost by the military group, brought about compulsory drill for boys, the gross abuses of which people were expected dutifully to condone. But one aspect especially was wholly overlooked; to teach anything worth while requires good instructors, yet most details were left to veteran troopers of the Boer War, "no plaster saints" at the best, and certainly without pedagogic skill.

Botany Bay

From Sydney, Haswell and David took me by automobile about twenty miles south to Botany Bay, a locality sadly notorious in Australian history and forming part of the setting of a most virile book, Marcus Clark's "For the Term of His Natural Life." I also went with the Davids to the Blue Mountains, a majestic table-land remarkable for its caves and gorges cut through by rivers, which separates the coast region from the "back country."

Showy blossoms

In the thickets occur three species of *Callistemon*, "bottlebrush tree," their showy pendent tassels of bloom made up of long crimson stamens. *Grevillea*, with grotesque, comb-shaped, golden clusters, is also characteristic, as is *Banksia*, still another of the great *Proteus* family, on which, instead of flowers, I saw only the absurd-looking seed pods. Worth noting as well are two species of *Sterculia*, robust and symmetrical in growth, one of them the gorgeous

flame tree, with great bunches of crimson, wax-like blossoms.

A tour by steamer around the port of Sydney revealed the picturesque and complicated ins and outs of one of the most remarkable of all great harbors. And going about the adjacent country I became interested in the art of breeding merino sheep; at one wool-grading station I was asked to give a lecture on the industry in other lands. There are now no better merinos or other fine wool strains than those of New South Wales. The chief drawback to the business lies in the occasional prolonged lack of rain, when for months not a cloud crosses the steel-blue sky. In the great drought a few years ago large numbers of sheep died but the owners took special pains to preserve the heaviest of fleece. As a result, I was told, the average clip for each animal afterward increased about one third, a piece of convincing evidence of the value of selection.

Sydney Harbor

Fine merinos

During the drought, when the beasts were moaning, people began to pray for rain, and a certain cattleman was asked to add his petition. "If God hears those cattle and isn't moved," he said, "do you suppose he would listen to a cuss like me?"

In time of drought

At the state agricultural school I was told that the Babcock Milk Tester, invented by Dr. Stephen M. Babcock of the University of Wisconsin, had alone made dairying possible in Australia.

4

Lectures and other engagements in and about Sydney having come to an end, I accepted an invitation to help dedicate the newly established university at Brisbane. This attractive city lies in the

southeast corner of Queensland, on a fine river which takes its rise in the great tropical forests of the north, where eucalyptus largely gives place to leguminous trees valued as lumber.

In my discourse, I suggested that the institution be called "the University of Queensland" after the great state which supports it, although, according to British custom, establishments of higher learning generally bear the name of the town in which they are located. My suggestion was received in good part, and, I believe, finally accepted. Some slight objection was made, however, — one argument being that because of Queensland's immense extent, an area larger than the whole of Great Britain, it should have another university at Charters Towers in the north, so that students might not be obliged to go all the way to Brisbane to be examined for degrees. But the plea took no account of probably inferior instruction, the personality of the teacher being potentially the weightiest element in education, besides the lack of adequate libraries so far away from centers of population. It rested, moreover, on the conception that the university exists to grant recognition to worthy men and women rather than to teach them. This raises the distinction, often noted in British educational discussions, between "teaching" and "examining universities," a matter to which I shall subsequently refer.

Essentials overlooked

At the Queensland Museum I met Ogilby, its curator of fishes, an enthusiastic ichthyologist engaged in studying a rich local fauna then very little known. To him I brought the flying fish I had caught on the wing near Walpole Island, and when we found it to be new, called it *Cypselurus ogilbyi*.

During my stay in Brisbane, I made some new friends who later became our good neighbors in Palo Alto for several years. These were David R. McConnel, principal of the technical school, and May Jordan McConnel, his wife, daughter of Henry Jordan, who early went from Exeter as government agent charged with the organization of the immigration system of Queensland. The McConnels arranged for me a delightful luncheon in the city park. At Adelaide, I became acquainted with Edward Jordan, a teacher, brother of Mrs. McConnel and graduate of the University of Sydney. In the end all three came to Stanford, where Edward took the Master's and his sister the Bachelor's degree, while McConnel carried on research in educational methods. Mr. Jordan spent one year more at the University as instructor in Mathematics, returning later to Sydney as a school principal. During the outbreak of the war Mr. and Mrs. McConnel returned to England with their two sons, both of whom entered the British aviation service, in which David, the younger, a fine lad, lost his life. Frederic, a youth of marked ability in mechanical lines, has now resumed his course in Engineering at Stanford. From Mrs. McConnel I learned much of the early history of the Devon Jordans, as recorded later in this chronicle.[1]

The McConnels and Edward Jordan

[1] See Chapter XLII, page 488.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

I

MELBOURNE, the capital of Victoria, I found a smaller city than Sydney but one of greater business activity, suggesting to me comparisons with Detroit and Belfast. At the University, under the general direction of Dr. Baldwin Spencer, professor of Zoölogy and professorial head, I gave some lectures on educational methods and on "War and Manhood." The faculty, like that of Sydney, was largely composed of men of superior scholarship. Spencer is widely known both as naturalist and as student of the native Blacks; the late Professor Kernot in Civil Engineering, Tucker in Greek, and Ewart in Botany, I also came to esteem highly.

Baldwin Spencer

Welton Stanford

In Melbourne I met for the first time Thomas Welton Stanford, younger brother of Leland Stanford, who went to Australia in the '60's on a very successful financial venture in lamps and oil. Afterward, his general liking for the land and a horror of seasickness, which had nearly caused his death, led him to remain in Melbourne. He never returned to the United States, although persistently retaining his American citizenship and patriotic sentiments. Ultimately he became (for Australia) a rich man, notwithstanding which fact he was a good deal of a recluse, his wife having died early, leaving him without children.

Paintings and bird-fancying gave him great pleasure, so that he brought together a considerable gallery and developed a fine aviary. In later life, also, he became interested in "psychic phenomena" and sup-

ported a journal called *The Harbinger of Light*, his office being used at intervals for "psychic" or spiritualistic manifestations. A firm believer in the immortality of the human soul, his attitude in this matter was essentially scientific. "Whatever is true," he asserted, "can be proved by the methods of science," and he therefore hoped to be of some service in bringing about a demonstration of the fact of immortality.

He was deeply interested in the institution founded by his brother, and repeatedly assured me that he expected to leave the bulk of his estate to it. This he did, and in 1918 Stanford University received by his will the sum of about one million dollars, the interest on which is to be devoted to research and instruction in Psychology and related branches. This disposition was in partial conformity with a suggestion of mine that he should make his bequest an endowment for scientific investigation.

Endowment for Psychology

In 1912 he provided a special fund of $50,000 for a fellowship in Psychic Research, of which the original appointee, John Edgar Coover, Stanford '04, still remains the incumbent. Dr. Coover's first publication, a large volume entitled "Experiments in Psychical Research," gives the results of elaborate and painstaking investigations with all known safeguards against error, and marks a decided advance in the knowledge of obscure problems. That most of its conclusions are negative detracts nothing from their value. The elimination of untruth in this field, at least, advances science as much as the addition of positive facts, and is especially useful because it clears away half truth, the worst encumbrance of real truth. In the words of Professor de Hovre of Louvain, "Truth is so mighty that a half truth is more danger-

Coover and the Thomas Welton Stanford fellowship

ous than error." The Thomas Welton Stanford fellowship being perpetual, its results through the coming years bid fair to be of the greatest constructive value in the study of human psychology.

Its donor was a singularly sincere man, with lofty ideals in education and ethics. In his circle of friends, few but most devoted, two were especially near — John Ross, a clear-headed Scotchman, and his own secretary, William J. Crook, whose son, Welton J. Crook, followed me to Stanford, becoming in due time a successful mining engineer and teacher of mining.

Foundation of the Workingmen's College

While in Melbourne I gave the dedicatory address at the foundation of the "Workingmen's College," and in the course of my talk ventured to criticize the name of the institution, on the ground that in a democracy all should be "working men," and education knows not caste or class. A parent's status gives no infallible indication as to what sort of training a youth may need to make the most of inborn powers, and it is a false system which provides one type of school for the rich, another for the poor. Mr. Stanford, who had not attended a public meeting for years, sat in a front seat and seemed much pleased with my remarks.

In company with him I went (as his guest) on a tour of several days across the Break o' Day Range in Victoria to the Blacks' Spur,[1] a wooded mountain on which are scattered giant "stringy-bark gum trees"— *Eucalyptus amygdalina.* These rival in girth and overtop in height the mighty sequoias of the Sierra Nevada, the largest of them measuring about thirty-

Giant eucalyptus

[1] Formerly inhabited by a colony of natives.

five feet in diameter at the base. Their general aspect is that of the Tasmanian blue gum — *Eucalyptus globulus* — commonly planted in California. The bulk of the forest is made up of noble tree ferns with exquisite foliage. Progress through the thickets is obstructed by a very tall grass with long, slender, flat saw-edge stalks disastrous to clothing. Along the edge of the woods grew abundantly the dainty *Epacris*, beloved of poets, heath-like, with small crimson blossoms. At the little mountain inn I found John Muir's name in the register, and the manager clearly remembered that genial, tireless traveler.

Blacks' Spur forest

Time to study Australian animals was lacking, but in the markets I saw something of the fishes, and in the museums somewhat more. I was also much interested in the Australian parrots, of which there are many species — white, white with red trimmings, green with yellow and red; and with some of them I held pleasant converse after my usual fashion, although their remarks were rather sententious and abrupt.

Australian parrots

The strangest of Australian birds is the *canbara*, a great, gray kingfisher — *Dacelo gigas* — appropriately known as the "laughing jackass," and in a way the "national bird," as the wattle — the omnipresent Acacia of many species — is the national flower. The new "bush capital" arising in the uninhabited district on the boundary between Victoria and New South Wales is called Canbara after that incredible fowl. I know of no other creature (barring man) capable of such riotous outbursts, often most disconcerting. During my stay in Melbourne a judge summarily adjourned proceedings because of "outrageous laughter in the courtroom," though the real culprit perched just outside!

The laughing jackass

Primitive mammals

The native mammals are, with a few exceptions, marsupials — animals of primitive type and simple structure, allied to our opossum. The kangaroo, wombat, and wallaby reach a considerable size, and one beast from the cold hills of Tasmania, a species of phalanger locally called "opossum," carries remarkably beautiful, woolly, dark-brown fur. This last fact I have good reason to know, as Hoover gave me a big, deliciously warm, much-prized rug made from its coat. Still more primitive than marsupials are the monotremes — simplest of all mammals — hairy creatures laying leathery eggs like those of reptiles. Of each of the two species still extant in the world, the Australian duckbill — *Ornithorhynchus* — and the Australian porcupine — *Tachyglossus* — I secured specimens for Stanford.

In Australia the aviary is a common attachment to a well-kept garden, and often an incongruous variety of birds may be induced to live together in harmony. Dining once with the chief justice of an Australian state, I noticed through the window an enclosure full of gulls, curlews, snipe, and various seabirds and waders, as well as parrots and pigeons. "Sir Samuel has a curious taste in chickens," I remarked cheerfully to my hostess. For the rest of the meal she kept solemnly explaining that it was not a poultry yard but an aviary, and the birds were not chickens!

Not a poultry yard

Hoover was on his way from Melbourne to the mines of Broken Hill on the edge of New South Wales. He was then thirty-three years of age, a quiet, boyish-looking, soft-spoken young man, but with very positive opinions and high ideals. After I had introduced him to Kernot, the latter said: "Your friend

looks too young to be a mining engineer." Yet on our way that night to Adelaide, capital of South Australia, Hoover explained that he had run through his profession. It held nothing more for him except to lay up money, of which he already had all he needed. As managing partner of the (London) firm of Bewick, Moreing & Co., he was receiving "$5000 a year as mining expert and $95,000 as financial expert." Upon his return to London, he intended to resign, complete a literary study which appealed to him, and then go back to America and find some form of executive work in which he could be of service. As already indicated, he acted accordingly, publishing the noteworthy translation by himself and his wife of Agricola's "*De Re Metallica*," not long after which he entered on one of the greatest forms of humane service the world has ever seen.[1]

A practical idealist

In Adelaide, a pleasant town of hospitable people, I gave a number of lectures, and in the excellent university I made the acquaintance of the professorial head, Dr. John Sterling of the chair of Physiology, a delightful man reminding me strongly of my friend Stillman. I also met among others Dr. Jethro Brown in Law, and Sir William H. Bragg, a distinguished investigator in Physics, soon after called to the University of London.

At Adelaide

2

Emerson once declared that "the American is only the continuation of the English genius into new conditions more or less propitious." In the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, we find essentially the same sort of men and women, people of

English genius transplanted

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XVII, pages 409–410.

British descent reacting to the varied conditions of pioneering and empire building. Whatever the incidence of novel experience, or of complications due to alien mixtures, the dominant note is really British. But in Australasia, as compared with the United States, certain differences stand out conspicuously.

Away from "home"

The American belongs to a country with traditions of its own. On the other hand — as already noted — the Australian or New Zealander, wherever born, thinks of England as home, and, however rebellious in spirit or contemptuous of English convention, bows his head before most forms of English tradition. This fact is shown in governmental matters generally; it appears distinctly in details of university management, and in student life as well.

Again, although Australia is a monstrous continent almost as large as the United States, yet its four million inhabitants are scattered in a fringe along the streams and shores of the temperate seaboard. For Fate withheld the gift of high mountains to catch the snow and hold back water, hence rivers are few and precarious; the tropical north is still largely a jungle; the vast interior — "the dead heart of Australia"— a region almost as large as the Mississippi Valley, is a trackless, rainless desert waste of sand and alkali; the intervening hills of bush and scrub between coast and plain are only scantily occupied by sheep stations and mining camps; and during the too frequent droughts the desert spreads its smothering arms, crowding man and his dependents still farther outward toward the sea.

Huge unoccupied areas

A striking poem of the land, entitled "Drought,"[1]

[1] By Will H. Ogilvie. From Bertram Stevens' "Anthology of Australian Verse."

so vividly illustrates this last aspect of Australian experience that I venture to quote five of its ten stanzas:

My road is fenced with the bleached, white bones,
And strewn with the blind, white sand,
Beside me a suffering, dumb world moans
On the breast of a lonely land.

On the rim of the world the lightnings play,
The heat-waves quiver and dance,
And the breath of the wind is a sword to slay
And the sunbeams each a lance.

. . . . . .

My hurrying hoofs in the night go by,
And the great flocks bleat their fear
And follow the curve of the creeks burnt dry
And the plains scorched brown and sere.

The worn men start from their sleepless rest
With faces haggard and drawn;
They cursed the red Sun into the west
And they curse him out of the dawn.

They have carried their outposts far, far out,
But — blade of my sword for a sign —
I am the Master, the dread King Drought,
And the great West Land is mine!

Lack of variety in Australia

In its physical aspects Australia is a monotonous country; without high mountains and with few large streams there is little room for variety. The forests of its temperate zone are all of one pattern, eucalyptus, eucalyptus — the gray trunks of many species — as far as one can see. Its industries also are practically of one kind, the raising of cattle, sheep, and horses. The smaller towns are marked by dull uniformity, nine out of every ten houses being light brown and of one

story, with unpainted roof of corrugated iron, for this last means clean rain water, none of which can be wasted.

Homogeneous population and somber color

Australia is homogeneous as to population. The British arrived first and still hold it against alien comers, "colored" races especially. For the ruling minority, the labor vote, is sternly set on a "white Australia" with all this phrase implies. Australian history is unvaried, though made up, to be sure, of the hard struggles, bitter suffering deserved and undeserved, lawless courage, and reckless bravery of individuals; but until 1914 the people never knew a common enemy and their annals record no popular uprising.

The color of Australia is gray — the land, the towns, the spirit of the people; her literature, often powerful and moving, has a somber touch. This difference in tone shows itself in university life. In America "the flower of life is red," and the student feels that "the world is his oyster," that his measure of talent, training, sobriety, and persistence will determine his final status in life.

To the young Australian these things are not so clear; I noticed a slight drooping of spirit where his higher ambitions are concerned. He is not sure that Australia means opportunity. He does not *educate himself* as part of the adventure of life; usually he is *sent* to college because a university degree is proper or necessary to a man of his social class. Some part of his career is determined before birth, because the English caste system holds even in this pioneer country. To the average youth without backing, Australia looms up huge, gray, and insurmountable. The aims of athletics or of social success are thus likely to appear more important than remote ambitions. In recognition of that fact, near and petty

Few "self-starters"

goals — honors, prizes, scholarships — are used in the schools, as in England, as substitutes for the real aims of education.

But granting all this, Australia is vast, patient, fascinating! The roominess of the land, the grayness and severity of bush life, the vistas of future national greatness, all grip one and all find their reflex in student thought and in the growing literature of the Commonwealth, with its "stoical, even sardonic melancholy." That Australia will be the birthplace of great men in future, no one can doubt.

From the Manchester *Guardian* of March 12, 1920, I quote two bits of characteristic Australian verse:

Somber, indomitable, wan,
The juices dried, the glad youth gone,
A little weary from his birth,
His laugh the specter of a mirth.

Bitter, beneath a bitter sky,
To nature he has no reply:
So drab and neutral is his day
He gleans a splendor in the gray,
And from his life's monotony,
He lifts a simple melody.

* * *

No flower with fragile sweetness graced,
A lank weed wrestling with the waste,
Pallid of face and gaunt of limb,
The sweetness withered out of him.

When earth so poor a banquet makes
His pleasure at a gulp he takes;
The feast is his, to the last crumb,
Drink while he can — the drought will come.

No discussion of the genius of Australia can fail to take account of the influence of the Sydney *Bulletin*,

The irreverent Sydney "Bulletin"

a "racy, irreverent" weekly journal edited with unusual ability, but cynical in the extreme and purposely serving as a wet blanket on enthusiasm and everything which bears an idealistic guise. It thus promotes that form of pessimism which regards all effort at social betterment — education, pacifism, temperance, religion — as founded essentially on hypocrisy. It is, moreover, an exponent of militarism and chief mouthpiece of the fatuous Japanese scare which made universal military training possible. On the other hand, it has consistently encouraged the writing of good verse, and many of the best short poems produced in Australia, those of Henry Lawson and Andrew B. Paterson especially, have first appeared in its pages. It also makes a specialty of clever cartoons, with a few of which it honored my mission. In the smartest of them I appeared as "The New Bunthorne" surrounded by a bevy of kneeling ladies — a reference to my address at a Women's Club on the Suffrage Movement in America.

In Bertram Stevens' "Anthology of Australian Verse"[1] I find many sparkling lyrics, most of which might have been written in Piccadilly; but some, notably those of Lawson and Paterson, have the tang of the soil. From such as these I may perhaps further quote.

The wind is in the barley-grass,
  The wattles are in bloom;
The breezes greet us as they pass
  With honey-sweet perfume;
The parrakeets go screaming by
  With flash of golden wing,
And from the swamp the wild-ducks cry
Their long-drawn note of revelry,
  Rejoicing at the Spring.

[1] Angus and Robertson, Sydney, 1905.

So throw the weary pen aside
And let the papers rest,
For we must saddle up and ride
Towards the blue hill's breast;
And we must travel far and fast
Across their rugged maze,
To find the Spring of Youth at last,
And call back from the buried past
The old Australian ways.

When Clancy took the drover's track
In years of long ago,
He drifted to the outer back
Beyond the Overflow;
By rolling plain and rocky shelf,
With stock whip in his hand,
He reached at last, oh, lucky elf,
The Town of Come-and-help-yourself
In Rough-and-ready Land.

And if it be that you would know
The tracks he used to ride,
Then you must saddle up and go
Beyond the Queensland side —
Beyond the reach of rule or law,
To ride the long day through,
In Nature's homestead — filled with awe:
You then might see what Clancy saw
And know what Clancy knew.[1]

* * *

Slowly and slowly those grey streams glide,
Drifting along with a languid motion,
Lapping the reed-beds on either side,
Wending their way to the Northern Ocean.
Grey are the plains where the emus pass
Silent and slow, with their staid demeanour;
Over the dead men's graves the grass
Maybe is waving a trifle greener.

[1] From "The Old Australian Ways," by Andrew Barton Paterson.

Down in the world where men toil and spin
Dame Nature smiles as man's hand has taught her;
Only the dead men her smiles can win
In the great lone land by the Grey Gulf Water.[1]

* * *

He tramped away from the shanty there, when the days were long and hot,
With never a soul to know or care if he died on the track or not.
The poor of the city have friends in woe, no matter how much they lack,
But only God and the swagmen know how a poor man fares Out Back.

A drover came, but the fringe of law was eastward many a mile;
He never reported the thing he saw, for it was not worth his while.
The tanks are full and the grass is high in the mulga[2] off the track,
Where the bleaching bones of a white man lie by his mouldering swag Out Back.

For time means tucker, and tramp they must, where the plains and scrubs are wide,
With seldom a track that a man can trust, or a mountain peak to guide;
All day long in the flies and heat the men of the outside track
With stinted stomachs and blistered feet must carry their swags Out Back.[3]

In memoranda written by me at the time, I find the following observations:

Australia is hampered by its geography, the heart of the continent being unavailable for settlement. It suffers also from too much public ownership, which reduces initiative and cuts the nerve of enterprise. For want of incentive and opportunity young men are idle and not ashamed of idleness.

[1] From "By the Grey Gulf Water," by Andrew Barton Paterson.
[2] Wattle tree — *Acacia aneura.*
[3] From "Out Back," by Henry Archibald Lawson.

It depends too much on English tradition of two sorts, reactionary aristocracy confronting radical irreverence. The organization of Parliaments after the British model plays into the hands of minority third parties. These groups by dicker with the Liberals or Conservatives — which differ mainly in name — are able to bring about class legislation regardless of national interest.

Capital is too scarce to accomplish all that ought to be done, and too much dependence is placed on the government, which many regard as a separate entity with unlimited funds at its disposal: "No matter what it costs; Government pays for it." (The spirit behind this, however, is by no means peculiar to Australia, being one of the fundamental evils besetting all government.)

"Government pays"

Preoccupation with assumed foreign dangers permits political abuses at home. To lay emphasis on such perils has been for two hundred years a device of British governments to control colonies. Democracy is successful only in proportion as it minds its own business. This needs close attention, and austere management of public trusts is not easily secured by popular election.

The educational system is not well coördinated, needless obstacles separating the lower schools from the universities, which receive state aid without adequate responsibility to the citizens at large.

I trust that in making these criticisms I shall not be thought ungracious toward a people which has twice treated me with great hospitality, and among whom I have many warm friends. I am also not unmindful of the fact that my own nation too often lapses from its political and social ideals, as no Australian who has visited the United States can fail to realize.

3

Wellington

Upon my return from Adelaide to Sydney, I took passage across twelve hundred miles of sea to Wellington, the capital of New Zealand. The town is charm-

ingly situated on the southern point of North Island, occupying a sort of amphitheater overlooking Cook Straits. On the invitation of Mr. T. W. Hislop, the excellent mayor, whose personal guest I was for a week, I gave a course of three lectures in the municipal hall. These were well attended and seemed to be appreciated. The last of them happening to coincide with Miss Hall's first concert, by beginning early I made it possible for my audience, as well as myself, to hear much of her exquisite recital.

Sir Robert Stout.

The most prominent citizen of Wellington, the best known and apparently most respected man in New Zealand, is Sir Robert Stout, chief justice, and chancellor of the University, a scholar of wide and varied interests with whom I had for some years maintained a correspondence concerning educational matters. But his persistent reference to "home" seemed a bit incongruous, as he had then not returned to England since he left as a boy.

University of New Zealand

Wellington is the seat of Victoria College, one of the four sections into which the University of New Zealand is divided, the others being University College at Auckland in the far north, and, in South Island, Canterbury College at Christchurch and Otago College at Dunedin. Among these four has grown up a sort of division of effort; Mining and Music take the lead at Auckland, Mathematics and Law at Wellington, Engineering and Biology at Christchurch, and Literature, Philosophy, and Medicine at Dunedin.[1] After visiting and lecturing at three of these institutions, at Sir Robert's request I prepared a formal report on the University of New Zealand, with suggestions looking toward its greater effectiveness.

[1] In Australasia, Modern History is little taught and Economics not at all.

In that document, published at the time, I made two recommendations: first, the union of the four colleges at one point, preferably Christchurch, and, second, that papers be examined and degrees granted by local faculties without appeal to London. For this system perpetuates what is in my judgment the weakest feature of the British university system, the tradition whereby its components are looked upon merely as coaching schools. Such a view belittles the function of the teacher. Classification into "examining universities" and "teaching universities" I regarded as farcical, because those of the former class are not "universities" at all and contribute very little to the extension of knowledge. A university should furnish the highest factor within its reach, the inspiration of lofty personality; moreover, as I had occasion later to insist in London, such an institution is far greater than the sum of all its parts. If the bright students and excellent professors now scattered among four colleges, each with inadequate libraries and laboratories, could be gathered into one center, the University of New Zealand would soon take its place among the great universities of the world.

"Examining" and "teaching" universities

As to the other matter, I suggested that, discarding London traditions, a degree should be regarded not as a certificate of standardized proficiency but rather as an institution's judgment on work accomplished or at least completed under its own direction. In New Zealand all examination papers are graded by employees of the University of London, a "teaching" institution only by virtue of independently organized, affiliated schools which it does not control. Once a ship carrying a year's output "home" was wrecked, and degrees had to wait a twelvemonth

until another set of papers could be passed upon. Better for New Zealand to lose the batch every year than to subordinate its instruction to cut-and-dried requirements drawn up under very different conditions. The Dominion has teachers quite as well qualified to judge the attainments of their students as any outsider can be. In England there is a tendency to regard those who teach in colleges as mere coaches for getting students ready, with an eye single to the questions likely to be set. "Professors," on the other hand, constitute the examining board which grants degrees. A really great teacher under this system is an anomaly, for traditional examinations deal mainly with the dregs of learning, permitting the great soul no scope to lead students on excursions into the unknown! The exigencies of such tests have little to do with true scholarship, and the student is prone to scan old lists of questions rather than to deal with the subject itself. In New Zealand, at least, men often leave college in order to "study up"!

Too much examination cheapens scholarship

By good rights an examination should be mainly a pedagogic agency for clearing the mind of student and teacher, helping the former to organize his knowledge, the latter to test his own methods. The examination or even the degree should not be the end or aim in education.

For a dozen years my article continued to be the subject of serious discussion in New Zealand. But the union of the four colleges at one place proved impracticable, notwithstanding the obvious advantage of consolidating educational forces. The various units are widely separated in a scantily populated country, and local interests are too strong to be overcome by any considerations of the larger welfare. The best

solution now would be to develop at Christchurch or Dunedin a school of advanced study and research to which the three other colleges could become feeders.

In the matter of examinations the Dominion might easily break with tradition. But very recently Sir Robert has issued a report in which he defends the present practice of maintaining in New Zealand standards identical with those already set in London. For the University Colleges were founded with that understanding, and in his judgment there seems no reason to change to a system less definite and fixed.

Undue sensitiveness

The fear lest something done in New Zealand along the line of education might awaken criticism at home was illustrated in the case of Dr. James M. Bell, the efficient and scholarly Dominion geologist, now resident in London. Bell is a Canadian, a graduate of the excellent Queen's College at Kingston, and a Doctor of Philosophy from Harvard, where he was for a time instructor. In connection with his official duties at Wellington, it was once arranged that he should lecture on Geology at Victoria College without pay. The invitation was nevertheless withdrawn by the college authorities when they found that he had done no teaching except in an American university; the reputation of their little college demanded British credentials!

Yet New Zealand has produced, or secured, her share of distinguished scholars — quite as many in proportion as the University of London. In Wellington I met a young Scot, Dr. Richard C. Maclaurin, a man of marked ability, then lately called from Cambridge as professor of Law at Victoria College. But finding that he had very few students — there being barely a hundred of collegiate rank — he took

Maclaurin

in addition the classes in Pure Mathematics, a subject in which he had already acquired an international reputation. I was therefore not surprised to learn of his being called not long afterward to the chair of Mathematical Physics in Columbia University. Two years later he became president of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which important position he held until his early death in 1919.

Rutherford again, and Brown

Dr. Ernest G. Rutherford, as already implied, has no superior in his line, and few peers. Dr. Macmillan Brown of Otago College, whom I did not happen to meet, is one of the highest authorities on the ethnology of the races of Oceanica.

In New Zealand, as elsewhere, the classics are apparently losing their former exclusive hold. Not long ago an Oxford don characterized it as "a Greekless country," and in the same breath as "a province of Australia"! This led to a discussion about relative values. Is it, for instance, any worse to be ignorant of Greek than not to know the make-up of the British Empire?

The Ferry

From Wellington I crossed by "the Ferry," a singularly modest name for a whole night's passage over two hundred miles of tortured sea, to Christchurch on the South Island. This considerable city is in a fertile plain devoted to sheep raising, the breed being, however, the English middle wools — Hampshire, Shropshire, and Southdowns — most valuable for their fat and early-maturing lambs. These are shipped to London, where they arrive in (British) springtime, when lambs of the northern hemisphere are only being yeaned.

Visiting Canterbury College, in its interesting museum I noticed a series of photographs of the pious

farmers, adherents of the Anglican Church, who first settled Canterbury County, of which Christchurch is the capital. These were of a vigorous and capable strain, a type bound to be successful as pioneers and which, with the Scottish Presbyterian contingent in Dunedin and the southern half of the South Island, have left a strong religious impress on Dominion institutions. With such citizens any form of government is bound to be successful, a fact partially explaining the vogue of certain social and political experiments undertaken in New Zealand. A small, homogeneous, and intelligent population without great cities, slums, and "Napoleons of finance" will thrive under any system it may choose to adopt.

Canterbury pioneers

Christchurch has an unusual botanic garden, in which Dr. Leonard Cockayne was carrying out an elaborate experiment, testing the effect on desert plants of placing them in a new environment with good soil and plenty of water.

There is also a well-equipped fish hatchery devoted to several species of American and European trout,[1] including the common brown trout of England and the famous Loch Leven trout of Scotland. The presence of these two at once aroused my curiosity, for I had already demonstrated to my own satisfaction that they were merely ontogenetic or environmental forms of one and the same species, the Loch Leven, large and plain gray in color, presenting just those peculiarities of difference I thought any trout would naturally acquire in a deep, cold lake.

Brown trout and Loch Leven essentially the same

I therefore asked the director, Mr. L. P. Ayson, to catch one of each kind and put them into a jar together. To his surprise and my vindication we could

[1] There are no native trout in the southern hemisphere.

not tell the two apart; under like environment they had grown up alike! As a matter of fact, the actual distinctions separating two allied species of trout are very small, while superficial differences among individuals within the species may be very great. As already stated,[1] there is no other kind of fish so plastic to environment as the trout. Big forms live in big waters, deep-colored ones in dark waters, silvery ones in the sea — and all are affected by the amount and character of food.

New Zealand forests

Locally it was midwinter at the time of my visit — August — but notwithstanding the general lack of foliage I was much interested in an adjacent forest, totally different from those of Australia. A species of beech seemed to prevail, with huge blackberry vines four inches through climbing to their very tops. The few conifers I saw were all of the South American type, with broad, flat leaves like those of *Araucaria*.

Pelorus Jack

In French Pass, a deep fjord of South Island, lived for years "Pelorus Jack," a famous porpoise (doubtless of the genus *Grampus*) which used to rush like a dog to greet each entering steamer, "playing around the bow for some time, leaving only to repeat the maneuver when the next vessel came in." As one of the unique natural features of New Zealand, he was long protected by special order of council, but ultimately lost his life at the hands of Norwegian whalers who had never heard of his distinction.

4

As Dunedin lies two hundred miles south of Christchurch, I was obliged to forgo the pleasure of seeing Otago College. So having taken the "ferry" again, I

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XXII, page 556.

arrived once more at Wellington, which city I left by rail for the north in the early dawn. But to my astonishment I was waited on at the station by the collector of the Dominion, who presented a bill for my "income tax"! On a blank headed "Income tax for the year commencing on the 1st of April, 1907," I was charged £1. 4s. 6d. (about six dollars) on "an annual income of £49." On the back of the notice was written the following:

Gross receipts from tour	£95.00
Less traveling expenses	21.17.0
	£73.3.0
Less personal expenses £6 per week, 4 weeks	24.0.0
	£49.3.0

As a matter of fact I had spent only ten days in New Zealand, and had received £10 each for my three lectures in Wellington; that at Canterbury College I had cheerfully given for nothing. The whole statement, therefore, was a matter of careless guesswork which I naturally supposed could be rectified. I had but a few minutes to consider the claim, however, and so appointed Hislop, who had kindly come to see me off, as my attorney with power to act. Though much vexed at the stupid officialism, he was finally obliged to pay the tax, and asked in return some American books on municipal government.

Imaginary returns

But as I waited for the train that same morning, the collector's insistence was mitigated by another state official, who handed me a free pass over all the Dominion railways. This I utilized as far as I could — that is, northward to New Plymouth. Nevertheless, I feel justified in saying that, considering the general type of its population and civilization, New Zealand

A free pass

had the worst railway system I have anywhere encountered. It was, moreover, a very costly one, the work of excavation and grading having been done by hand without machinery, on the theory that more laborers find employment if the task is long drawn out.

Wanganui On the way northward I stopped for a day at Wanganui, a prosperous, picturesque town, to speak at Mr. Empson's flourishing boys' school. The story of my ascent of the Matterhorn was something totally outside their experience. It made a great hit, and afterward brought me a good many interesting letters from the lads who heard it.

Beyond Wanganui we passed a village called Otaki. In view of the general resemblance of the Japanese tongue to those of Oceanica — all being vowel languages, consonants serving mainly as breaks — I was curious to learn the meaning of the name; was it perchance *ō-taki*, "great fall," or *ŏ-taki*, "little fall"? So I asked some young natives at the station about it, but they could not answer; "only the old folks know what Maori words mean."

At New Plymouth I took a restless steamer to Onehunga, opposite to and eight miles across from Auckland, my destination. Landing, I was met by Mr. Pritchett, the United States consul, in company with an exuberant American dentist very proud of his new automobile, which conveyed us in short order

Auckland to Auckland. This, the largest of New Zealand cities, has a beautiful harbor — a replica, though smaller, of the one at Sydney; in the neighborhood rise numerous extinct, quaintly formed volcanic cones.

At University College I gave two or three lectures, and the registrar, just appointed, came to me for

advice as to his duties, bringing a large sheaf of examination papers all ready for London. I said he would better put them into the grate, but he did not take my suggestion seriously.

Fear of capitalism

In the Auckland Club, as in the Warner Hotel at Christchurch and the hospitable home of the mayor of Wellington, I was lighted to bed by tallow candles, a primitive method still retained in sharp contrast to much else that was modern and comfortable. For although New Zealand is rich in water power, the general distrust of corporations had at that time prevented any utilization of it outside of Dunedin, which city alone had electric lights.

A noble tree

From Auckland I made an interesting excursion with Mr. George George, head of the local vocational school, into a forest of *kauri* — *Dammara australis*. This most valuable of New Zealand trees, a noble, broad-leaved, small-coned evergreen which reaches a height of 180 feet, superficially resembles the California redwood in everything but foliage, and yields excellent, durable lumber. It is also valued for the gum which exudes from its roots, to secure which old stumps left by lumbermen have since been dug up with great profit. Wishing to get some of the cones, I stopped at a small, chilly schoolhouse where a young woman was giving a spelling lesson. Learning my errand, she lent me two lively boys eager to climb a *kauri*, or anything else, to escape from the vagaries of English orthography!

In the matter of scenery and animal and plant life, New Zealand offers the greatest possible contrast to Australia. In lakes, fjords, and mountains the South Island fairly rivals Norway, yet contains also great

stretches of rich arable land. The North Island culminates in the volcanic heights of Rotorua, a region comparable to Yellowstone Park in its array of lakes, geysers, and hot springs. The *kauri* has no parallel in Australia or Europe, its only kin being found in the Andean forests of Chile, while the various species of *Pittosporum*, and the lancewood — *Pseudopanax*, a peculiar member of the *Aralia* tribe — are known to us of the north only as ornamental shrubs. The "cabbage tree" — *Tætsia indivisa*, a sort of tree lily allied to *Dracæna* — furnishes shade in pastures. Only one native plant seemed really familiar, the brake or bracken — *Pteris* — a coarse fern of the thickets in nearly all temperate regions; geminate forms in Australia as well as New Zealand look very like that of the Scottish moors.

Rotorua

If the normal tone of Australia be gray, that of New Zealand is certainly green. For there one finds a land of springtime, hope, gracious climate, and fertile fields, a sturdy people, honest hearts, and generous hospitality. In these lies her charm. Her much-vaunted political experiments are of secondary importance, but being sure of herself she can play games which would bring disaster to an older, more populous, more varied, and less joyous community. Tired nations cease to experiment!

The charm of New Zealand

As to population, New Zealand and Australia show the same essential types despite the fact that a native of the "Dominion" claims to know a citizen of the "Commonwealth" the minute he hears him speak! Indeed, in Australia, particularly in Sydney, cockney pronunciation, due to the presence of assisted immigrants from London, dominates outside of cultured circles. This is especially marked in the substitution

of the sound of long *i* for long *a*: "It's a shyme it rynes todye." Unfortunately, also, those who come mainly from the slums tend to build up slums, and having been assisted to emigrate, regard assistance as the main function of government. Serfdom "runs in the blood." It is not the strength of the strong but the weakness of the weak which endangers free institutions.

Weakness a social menace

Most of New Zealand's "advanced legislation" (city parks, old-age pensions, maternity allowances, minimum wage, compulsory arbitration, regulation of profits) has been the fruit of political barter on the part of the late premier, Richard Seddon, who to remain in power traded with Socialist minorities by conceding various forms of paternalism heralded as progress.

Seddon

But as already implied, the colony possesses two great political advantages, the homogeneous nature of its population and their general stability of character, — the small foreign element being practically limited to a number of Austrians employed in the *kauri* forests. If I were to criticize conditions in a land and people alike delightful, I should say that the traditions of "home" are still disproportionate, there is too much dependence on government for things a man ought to do for himself, too much gambling, too much drink, too much coddling of workingmen. In fact, the "coddling-moth" tends to eat out the heart of life in most parts of the Antipodes.

The coddling-moth

Leaving Auckland, I traveled by local boat to Suva, where I spent a delightful day awaiting the *Manuka*, which plies between Sydney and Vancouver. This brought among its passengers Cyril Elwell, a

American enterprise

Stanford graduate in electrical engineering, who, finding Suva to lack a lighting system despite the fine waterfall not far away, at once submitted to the municipal council a proposal for an electric light plant. But enterprise moves slowly in the South Seas, and nothing came of it.

Noticing on Elwell's suitcase the paster of a Budapest hotel, I asked him how he got it. "Oh, when I came back from Zanzibar, I ran over to Budapest to meet some cousins of mine who live there." For several years now a well-known electrical inventor, during the war he was engaged in building Poulsen wireless stations for the governments of Great Britain and France.

At Honolulu I left the *Manuka*, to take passage on the *Manchuria*, a large and very stable vessel carrying a number of pleasant California acquaintances, among them Judge Charles W. Slack of San Francisco, on the way home from Japan with his family.

5

An International Commission of Zoölogy

My stay in Australasia had been shortened by the necessity of going to Boston to attend a session of the International Congress of Zoölogy, and so meet with my colleagues on the International Commission of Zoölogical Nomenclature, to which I had been elected at the Berne Congress in 1904. This self-perpetuating body was provided for at Cambridge in 1901, and granted power to act on matters within its scope; it consists of eighteen members chosen individually for nine years, the terms of service of six to expire with each triennial Congress, the commission meanwhile framing and announcing decisions by cor-

respondence. Since its organization, the leading spirit and permanent secretary has been Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles of the United States Health Service, an expert in Helminthology — the study of parasitic worms.

The Commission's special duty at Boston was to complete and coördinate a new code of nomenclature. To this end we considered all preceding codes and rules, with particular regard to removing arbitrary features. Concerning one matter of prime importance, however, there were among workers sharp diversities of opinion which we were expected to harmonize.

Problems of zoölogical nomenclature

For some years previous the zoölogists of the world had been divided into what I may call three schools of taxonomy as to the problem of assigning "logotypes" to the complex genera of early authors. From Linnæus (1758) to Darwin (1858) naturalists regarded the genus simply as a sort of convenient compartment into which species could be handily tucked away. Animals or plants which looked alike were accordingly thrust into the same genus without regard to fine points of structure or derivation. After the publication of the "Origin of Species," however, a totally new conception slowly crept in, and, almost unconsciously, systematists began to conceive of a genus as a branch of the tree of evolution. This change led to an enormous increase in the number of recognized genera; and, to continue the figure, a genus came to be thought of as comprising a group of twigs clustered around a central one as "type." Next, for convenience and accuracy, arose the agreement that a generic name should forever go with its "genotype" — that is, the species to which it was first applied. The problem then was to adapt the work of pre-Darwinian authors to modern exigencies by deciding on the type when an author has included incongruous and divergent elements in the one genus.

The three schools of opinion stood respectively for (*a*) the "elimination rule," (*b*) the "first species rule," and (*c*) the "first

reviser rule." Under *a*, the original generic name would remain with the residue when one or more other genera had been extracted; *b* would hold a genus perpetually to the first species actually named under it; *c* would use as type-species the one first designated as such by a subsequent author.

At Boston the adherents of each of the three plans were about equal in numbers. American investigators largely favored the first, although a growing group of younger men stood for the second. European authors more often inclined to the third, but some of them were opposed to definite rules, preferring to be guided by custom or tradition — a method leading straight to inextricable confusion. For unless rules are framed and lived up to, each will do exactly as he pleases, thus nullifying the very purpose of nomenclature — accuracy and permanence of record.

The "first reviser" compromise

The first plan involved the fatal necessity of shifting names as the residuum becomes better known. I had earlier advocated the second, mainly on the ground that it would never permit of any doubt, giving absolute certainty; and furthermore, some prominent writers, notably Dr. Pieter Van Bleeker, the most voluminous author in Ichthyology, employed it. It was, however, apparent that neither "elimination" nor the "first species" would be generally acceptable, while the "first reviser" as a compromise would be — and was — at once approved as the one most generally acceptable and least likely to lead to confusion.

Boston code of nomenclature

To most systematists the new code as a whole has proved very satisfactory, and no amendments have yet been made. But quite as important is the fact that the commission was then empowered to serve as a court of appeal to settle mooted questions of nomenclature, and to establish new rules when necessary, by virtue of its own precedents. About seventy decisions of this sort had been made before 1914.

In later pages I shall refer to the Congress of 1910, held at Gratz.[1] That of 1913, which I was unable to

[1] See Chapter XXXVI, page 304.

attend, took place at Monaco. There my namesake, Karl Jordan, of the Rothschild Museum at Tring, England, a distinguished entomologist, served as temporary substitute, to be afterward elected to regular membership. During the war nothing could be done, but as soon as possible thereafter activities were resumed. Vacancies being filled through correspondence, I was reëlected to membership; this is now (1920) made up of the following:

Carl Apstein	Berlin
J. A. Bather	London
Joel A. Allen	New York
Raphael Blanchard	Paris (*President*) [1]
Philippe Dautzenberg	Paris
Ernst Hartert	Tring, England
Geza Horvath	Budapest
W. Evans Hoyle	Cardiff
A. Handlirsch	Vienna
David Starr Jordan	Stanford University
Karl Jordan	Tring
H. Kolbe	Berlin
Einar Lönnberg	Upsala
R. Monticelli	Naples
S. Simon	Paris
Henry Skinner	Philadelphia
Leonhard Stejneger	Washington
Charles Wardell Stiles	Washington (*Secretary*)

The Jordan Committee

In April, 1907, I had been appointed by Dr. L. H. Bailey (president of the Association of Agricultural Experiment Stations) chairman of a Committee on Agricultural Research; this was known as the "Jordan Committee," Dr. Whitman H. Jordan of Cornell being its secretary. The other members were Dr. Carroll D. Wright of Clark University, Professor

[1] Deceased in 1920, succeeded by Dr. Monticelli.

Henry P. Armsby of Pennsylvania State College, and Gifford Pinchot, United States Forester. Our duty was to devise a means to promote agriculture in its economic and social phases. Our report, published in November, 1908, was largely a plea for scientific rather than spectacular results, and for freedom of study for competent investigators. "It is not the business of the government to test the farmer's seeds but to develop farmers who can test their own seeds."

Life too short

About this period I began to give considerable attention to certain important biological generalizations which, if life were longer, I should deal with in detail. As a matter of fact, I did block out a book on the law of geminate species among animals and plants, but as the evidence could be given only in a long series of expensive colored plates beyond the reach of available publishers, I have not attempted to go farther.

Orthogenesis

Two generalizations in Ichthyology, both extremely obscure, have also intrigued me. These are "orthogenesis" on the one hand and, on the other, the relation of temperature to the number of vertebræ in individuals or species. According to Eimer, the German investigator who coined the word, orthogenesis may be defined as determinate evolution along definite lines as contrasted with the movement of divergence. Among fishes I notice that in certain groups some particular structure, having attained an extreme degree of development and specialization along a given line, next undergoes progressive degeneration, to be finally altogether lost.

Two groups of fishes possibly furnish examples in point. In the series with bony stay across the

cheek — rock cod, sculpins, flatheads, gurnards, sea poachers, and snailfish — large fins, rough scales or bony plates, and strong spines rise by degrees, then give way progressively to feeble fins, naked skin, and obsolete armature. The other series — butterfly fishes, moorish idols, surgeon fishes, trigger fishes, leatherjackets, puffers, porcupine fishes, and headfishes — lose their spines and pennant-like fins, their scales and teeth, being in the end reduced to a great head close behind which is attached the caudal fin. My only explanation of these phenomena is that specialization was overdone and thus became a positive hindrance. If this view be correct it certainly is not a matter of orthogenesis as conceived by Eimer, for that he interprets as the result of an impulse from within.

Law of Vertebræ

A second anomaly in the development of fishes may be stated as the *Law of Vertebræ*. Both Günther and Gill observed that in two different groups — flounders and wrasses — the northern species have more vertebræ than those living in the tropics. This fact, supposed by my two colleagues to be mere coincidence, I followed much farther, finding it to be an almost universal rule that to north or south of the tropics vertebræ become smaller and more numerous, so that around the Arctic Circle the usual number is fifty or more, while in equatorial waters it is only twenty-four in most groups and falls to eighteen in some cases. In river and deep-sea fishes it is also more or less increased.

In my several papers on "Latitude and Vertebræ" I have elucidated the facts, and show that natural selection has a bearing on them, though fundamental causes still remain obscure. It would, however,

appear that new types mostly originate along tropical shores and reefs, localities most favorable to fish life but where at the same time individuals are subject to the severest competition, while those forms which extend their range into cooler waters, into rivers, or into the open seas degenerate, having smaller vertebræ and the fin rays which spring from them less differentiated and more numerous. Among highly specialized fishes like perch and bass, the number twenty-four seems to have been ancestral, those with twenty-seven to thirty having lapsed from type in default of sharp selection. Antecedent to the Tertiary Age, however, before bass and the like existed, all fishes had numerous vertebræ, reduction in number going with other specialization. A recent study by C. L. Hubbs, one of my students, shows that within the species parallel differences occur. Yet it should be explained that among eels and eel-like forms these generalizations do not hold, for with them specialization tends in the direction of body flexibility.

Northern fishes develop more segments

As a relief from weighty "matters of the law," and as a joy to myself through giving pleasure to a child, I now for a time spent a half hour daily in entertaining Eric by making wash paintings in color of animals, real or imaginary — and largely imaginary even if real — accompanied by little jingles of rhyme:

Quaint diversions

Jack, the Rabbit,
Has the habit,
When you look him in the face,
He is in another place.

THE HOSPITABLE REPTILE. FROM "ERIC'S BOOK OF BEASTS"

or

If I were born a Pelican
I'd try my best to be a man;
If I were born a man, I'd wish
I might associate with Fish!
If I were born a Fish — but then,
No good to wish —
Men must be men!

or

The Lobster's home is in the sea,
It is as humble as may be,
But he has wandered far afield
And now his presence is revealed
Within our Best Society!
This lesson to us all is sent
To give us Due Encouragement!

Sometimes, however, I invaded the family circle, as in the following:

Brother Knight is fond of curls;
Half his ancestors were girls.

Gains and losses

At the request of Mr. Paul Elder, a publisher of San Francisco, my color sketches were done over in black and white by a clever Japanese artist, Sekko Shimada, and then printed with their elucidating jingles as "Eric's Book of Beasts," already noticed. What they gained in finish they lost through abated ferocity of coloring!

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

1

In all my long experience as a college official, I but once met with opposition from any considerable body of students. This was in the winter of 1908, in connection with beery conviviality. The evil of academic drinking has its roots deep in tradition, and through the mere force of "good fellowship" easily runs to disgraceful extremes. College authorities have then two alternatives, either to ignore or to suppress; the latter is difficult, the former dangerous both to student welfare and the good name of an institution, although many American universities, following European precedents, have kept hands off and then tried to hush resultant scandals. At Stanford for many years we were relatively free from difficulty in this regard. But from the time of the earthquake conditions gradually grew worse, and in the spring of 1908 certain incidents brought matters to a crisis.

"Ei, ei, das Bier sehr mundet mir"

A dry town

The city of Palo Alto — as already explained — had been from the first a "dry town." It was built on farm property formerly owned by Timothy Hopkins, who had included in each deed the provision that if any alcoholic beverage should ever be sold on the premises the land would revert to its original owner. To the north and south of the University grounds, however, lie (respectively) the villages of Menlo Park and Mayfield, both then unincorporated and oversupplied with drinking places.

As time passed on, students resorted more and more to a popular Mayfield beer hall, the pro-

prietor of which had set apart two or three tables where "knights of the wassail," some casual, some chronic, had carved their names in pioneer days, thus giving to the place a halo of tradition. The proprietor afterward removing to a roadhouse farther on, the table tops descended to "Charley Meyer," a kindly and adroit German who furnished each year a new one, until a dozen or more bore the names of well-known collegians. *The carven tables*

Mayfield had by this time become an offense in more exclusive circles. But upon its incorporation as a small city Professor Arthur B. Clark served as first mayor, and by special ordinance closed its dozen or more saloons and bars. "Charley" then went perforce to Menlo, whither student conviviality promptly followed and where it duly rose to the dimensions of a public scandal.

The faculty committee on student affairs now tried to check the evil, but met with vigorous resistance on the part of certain young men, even from a considerable number who were themselves abstainers and totally opposed to student drunkenness. "Teachers should attend strictly to their own work," they said, "and have no right to use other than moral suasion in behalf of sobriety." This point of view naturally did not appeal to president and faculty, who were officially responsible for the discipline and reputation of the institution. Accordingly the committee, then headed by Clark, passed an order forbidding students to visit saloons, while at the same time they tried rigidly to enforce the old rule prohibiting the presence of alcoholics in chapter houses. *A courageous committee*

This action led to a small but dramatic rebellion, in the course of which the authorities felt obliged to

Rigid ruling

suspend 132 men for different periods of time. I now warned their fellows that they must "cut out Menlo or cut out Stanford," and, viewing the alternative, practically all chose the former course. The result of the affair, painful while it lasted, was thus wholly satisfactory, for it fixed once for all the attitude of Stanford University toward the drink problem; and several of the leaders of the revolt afterward gave full adherence to the policy adopted, admitting that they had been wrong and the administration right.

I next opened a direct attack on the fourteen saloons in Menlo, where the "wets," led by Meyer, put up a vigorous defense. Nevertheless, an appeal to the state legislature, ably engineered by Richardson D. Barrett, '05, secured the passage of a statute, soon after confirmed by the Supreme Court, prohibiting the sale of liquor within three miles of Stanford University grounds. Thus was our local problem reduced to a minimum.

Meyer now strong for milk shake

Driven from Menlo, Meyer established himself at Reno, Nevada, where in due time by force of circumstances he turned prohibitionist. In that city not long ago he called on me to say that he cherished no ill will — moreover, that as proprietor of the "classy" Waldorf he had "made more from the sale of milk shake" than ever he did from beer or whisky.

Throughout the state the response to our action was most encouraging, though a few deplored the fact that "boys of spirit" would be turned away from Stanford. Yet a wealthy clubman, himself obviously under the influence of liquor at the time, congratulated me sincerely and said that his son should enroll there.

With the desire for legitimate self-government on the part of the students I had much sympathy. But

realizing that student control elsewhere had often proved a farce, I insisted on guarantees that it should really protect the institution from evil within and scandal without. To initiate the policy, therefore, I called together an advisory body by asking each department to send me its best man, a method which convened as fine a group of young fellows as could be met anywhere, and who took their duties seriously. Under the leadership of Herbert Stolz, '09, Almon Roth, '09, Cortez Shelton, '08, Marion Kirkwood, '09, and others, they laid the foundation for sound self-government; this provided for the election by upper classmen of a committee to supervise student behavior under certain general rules established by the faculty, who are legally held responsible for law and order. The system then (1910) inaugurated remained in operation with general success and satisfaction until the entrance of the United States into war called most of the older men to the colors, when it was suspended, to be resumed upon their return in 1919.

Self-government initiated

To the courage and persistence of Professor Clark during a very trying episode the University owes a great debt. It is not easy to stand out against temporary clamor — even with the certainty that the tide of public opinion will soon turn the other way!

Debt to Clark

2

In June, 1908, I was called to undertake in behalf of the Federal Government a series of investigations relating to the protection and conservation of fisheries along the Canadian border. The previous year, James Bryce (then British Ambassador at Washington) had been strongly impressed by the confusion

in fishery laws relating to the Great Lakes and Puget Sound, in which regions jurisdiction over the same bodies of water was the right of two governments as well as of numerous states and provinces. The matter having been discussed with Mr. Root, the Secretary of State, Great Britain and the United States executed a treaty on April 11, 1908, providing for a "Joint International Fisheries Commission" to prepare uniform laws for the boundary waters, — such laws to be accepted and alike enforced by our country and Canada.

International Fisheries Commission

Upon approval of the treaty by the Senate, Roosevelt appointed me International Commissioner of Fisheries for the United States, the Hon. Samuel Bastedo, Commissioner of Fisheries for the Province of Ontario, being likewise designated by his government to represent Canada. As associates I chose Dr. Evermann and Mr. A. B. Alexander, expert in methods for the Bureau of Fisheries, and as secretary, Stolz, then my assistant secretary at Stanford.

The district in which we were to operate, officially termed "boundary waters," was defined as follows:

Boundary waters

(1) The territorial waters of Passamaquoddy Bay; (2) the St. John and St. Croix rivers; (3) Lake Memphremagog; (4) Lake Champlain; (5) the St. Lawrence River, where the said river constitutes the international boundary; (6) Lake Ontario; (7) the Niagara River; (8) Lake Erie; (9) the waters connecting Lake Erie and Lake Huron, including Lake St. Clair; (10) Lake Huron, excluding Georgian Bay [1] but including

[1] In this enumeration Saginaw Bay and the head of Lake Superior including Duluth and the Apostles Islands of Wisconsin should also have been omitted, for their fisheries in no way concerned Canada. The unfortunate inclusion of Saginaw Bay — as will later appear — caused us considerable embarrassment. Indeed, Lake Superior and Lake Huron would better have been entirely omitted because they are so broad and deep that fishing on the one border (outside of waters about Sault Ste. Marie and Port Huron) has no effect on the other.

DAVID STARR JORDAN AND ERIC KNIGHT JORDAN, 1908

North Channel; (11) St. Mary's River and Lake Superior; (12) Rainy River and Rainy Lake; (13) Lake of the Woods; (14) the Straits of Juan de Fuca, those parts of Washington Sound, the Gulf of Georgia and Puget Sound, lying between the parallels of 48° 10′ and 49° 20′; (15) and such other contiguous waters as may be recommended by the International Fisheries Commission and approved by the two governments.

Rathbun's work

As a foundation for our first canvass we had the admirable report on the fisheries of Eastport, the Great Lakes, and Puget Sound, prepared some years before by Richard Rathbun with a view to future joint action on the part of the governments involved. Concerning questions of states' rights as contrasted with national jurisdiction, Mr. Chandler P. Anderson, counselor of the State Department, furnished us with an excellent memoir already prepared by himself, which, he said, represented the views of Mr. Root and the State Department. To its opinions we accordingly gave rigid adherence.

Making Rathbun's report a point of departure, we first drew up a rough draft of tentative statutes as a basis for discussion and modification, meanwhile starting from Eastport, Maine, for a tour along the boundary to the Pacific. Some of the problems, especially those relating to Lake Erie and Puget Sound, we found to be by no means simple, and solutions wholly satisfactory to both sides were quite out of the question. We therefore adopted the policy of considering the future of the fisheries as paramount, thus setting aside all questions of advantage to either nation and serving as a truly international commission. Certain unforeseen circumstances, however, interfered with our final success, as I shall presently explain.

Truly international

The treaty unfortunately required that our report should be presented on January 1, 1909, a period far too short considering the many factors involved. But we were doing our best when, toward the very end of the year, progress was suddenly interrupted by the resignation of Bastedo, who had been appointed head of a pension system just adopted by Canada, a permanent position better fitted to his tastes and training than the fisheries work. This proved a distinct misfortune so far as our purposes were concerned, as had the report been presented while Roosevelt remained President he would have immediately accepted it and proclaimed its adoption, and certain needed amendments could have been later secured by joint agreement.

First setback

Bastedo's withdrawal having made a joint report impracticable, Root agreed with Sir Wilfrid Laurier to extend the time another year, and Dr. Edward Ernest Prince, a well-trained English naturalist, then fishery commissioner for the Dominion, was appointed to the vacant position. The following summer (1909) we made a second and much more complete survey, consulting with the fish commissions of all the states and provinces along the road, as well as holding public conferences with fishermen and fishing corporations. Our investigation extended from St. John River in New Brunswick along the whole border to the Nass, the majestic stream separating British Columbia from Alaska.

Prince succeeds Bastedo

At Washington, Anderson had meanwhile aided me by looking after the phrasing of our developing regulations, suggesting forms of statement usual in similar documents. But his relation to the Department temporarily ceased with the beginning of the

Taft administration, in which Hon. Philander C. Knox became Secretary of State and Mr. Henry M. Hoyt, Counselor. Anderson, however, was called back after the sudden death of Hoyt in November, 1909, while on his way to Ottawa to discuss fishery matters with Laurier. *Knox follows Root*

At Eastport we investigated the large so-called "sardine" industry, the fish really used being young herring, for true sardines (or pilchards) do not range on our Atlantic Coast north of the Florida Keys. During the summer many clear-eyed boys and girls find employment in the canneries. The state had been "dry" for years, and her sturdy lads were growing up with no knowledge of the saloon and no taint of its varied evils. Yet opponents of prohibition frequently characterized the Maine law as a failure! Certainly liquor was secretly sold in the larger towns, and summer visitors to the "Maine Woods" were frequently greeted at night or in dark corners with the familiar: "I can tell you where you can get some." But the real mission of prohibition is to save the young, not to change the habits of adults or deprive confirmed saturates of alcohol. Furthermore, while a vicious traffic may in some degree defy the law, to legalize it is worse; and however lenient or even lax statutes may be, they are never obeyed by liquor interests anywhere. *The Maine law*

In the isolated life of the fisher folk of the rocky, outlying island of Grand Menan, shut off from the rest of mankind, we got a glimpse of another world, while the run in a small river steamer up the St. John through the meadows and pastures of New Brunswick to the head of navigation at Fredericton *Grand Menan*

had the charm of a continuous Corot landscape. Champlain and Memphremagog, narrow, deep, glaciated valleys filled with clear water, kept us busy for a time, the former especially with its problems of the "wall-eye" or *doré*,[1] not to be finally settled until reciprocity grants fishermen on either side of the tenuous boundary line equal access to waters and markets.

The Thousand Islands

At the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence, a fine steam yacht was turned over to us for a delightful and profitable day. Among the guests who went along, two young women seemed especially interested in our operations. But on leaving, one encouraged me by the remark, "I *love* to talk with old men," and the other, who had assiduously devoted herself to Stolz, said: "My husband is coming back tonight and I should *so* like to have him meet you."

To Gainesville

In Lake Ontario we made studies at Picton and Toronto, then, crossing to Niagara Falls and Buffalo, we went over to my home county of Wyoming for a week-end. At Gainesville I met Nyram Barrell, Frank Bristol, and others of the old "Zouaves." The cranberry pond looked as of yore, but the farm was in rather weak hands, and the beautiful maple and chestnut shade trees (scrupulously spared by us) had been largely turned into firewood.

A rich feeding ground

On long, narrow Lake Erie, set crosswise of the glacial movement, we found the finest fresh-water fisheries in the world; for being relatively warm and shallow, rarely over twenty feet in depth, it swarms throughout with the small organisms which form the staple of fish food. It thus sharply contrasts with the main channels of Superior and Huron, the excavated

[1] *Stizostedion vitreum.*

depths of which — a thousand feet — are biologically a desert. The chief food fish of the Great Lakes is the whitefish — *Coregonus* — of rich and toothsome flavor. Allied to this are the lake herring — *Leucichthys* — of several species; next in importance comes the Great Lakes or Mackinaw trout — *Cristivomer* — which sometimes weighs fifty or even one hundred pounds.

At the port of Erie, Pennsylvania, lake fishing reaches its highest importance, and our stay there threw much light on many problems. One fish dealer with whom I entered into discussion stood behind a counter loaded with lake trout, some of them undersized. Whenever my eyes were turned, he slipped one troutlet after another to the floor until all that remained in sight were above reproach!

At Buffalo, Cleveland, Sandusky, and Monroe, and about Port Stanley in Canada, we also found great fisheries. At Toledo, the water being extremely shallow, pound nets creep far out into the lake, a fact which annoys Canadian rivals because deeper water on their side holds them close to shore; and Ohio fishermen, moreover, have the advantage of extended markets from which our tariff debars the others.

The creeping pound nets

At Port Stanley we found a new species of lake herring — *Leucichthys eriensis* — as delicious as the whitefish and almost as large. From the small and shallow Lake St. Clair, abounding in black bass, we crossed to Georgian Bay, the great eastern extension of Huron and very different from the profound channel of the main body of water. As a youthful student of Geography I conned the sentence, "The shape of Lake Huron is very irregular; it contains 32,000

A fine discovery

Lake Huron

islands." Arrived at Collingwood at the head of Georgian Bay on our way to Grand Manitoulin and Sault Sainte Marie, we proceeded to put my early learning to a test. On a big launch we threaded our way among myriads of shorewise islands, a medley of bare glaciated granite knobs flooded neck deep in water, and seemingly endless in number.

Sault Ste. Marie

The Sault is a steep staircase down which plunges the overflow from Superior into St. Mary's River at the head of Huron. There two ship canals have been built, one on either side of the Sault; through them, by an elaborate series of locks, vessels are let up or down. Just before one of our visits, a passenger steamer, striking too hard against the upper Canadian lock, had burst through and dropped almost instantly to the foot, without however injuring any one. But the whole urge of Superior was then crowding on the break, and its repair presented a difficult engineering problem.

Lake Superior

At the picturesque island of Mackinac and beyond it at Escanaba on Lake Michigan we gathered much valuable information, as also at Marquette, Duluth, and Port Arthur on Superior. At Duluth, the proud "Zenith City of the Unsalted Sea," I was the guest of Bert Fesler, then district attorney, and at the Country Club we feasted on siscowet,[1] the rare and

[1] The siscowet — *Cristivomer siscowet* — found only in the depths of Lake Superior, seems to differ from the Great Lakes trout — *Cristivomer namaycush* — only in excessive fatness. It feeds on the equally fat deep-water ciscoes or "long jaws" — *Cisco zenithicus* and *Cisco cyanopterus* — fishes closely allied to the different species of *Leucichthys* or lake herring found in shallow waters. Some of the species exist in the depths of each of the Great Lakes (Erie excepted, having no depths) and in the lakes of New York. They seem to be relics of a primitive fauna which existed before the advent of the several species of lake herring, which may have come in from Siberia. All these forms are allied to the whitefish, having nothing but superficial resemblances to the true herring of the sea.

marvelously fat trout known only from the depths of Superior. At Port Arthur we witnessed a vigorous game of lacrosse — a bit rough, perhaps, but the hardy Northern folk take to it. There, also, we secured a ten-pound Shasta rainbow, evidence of a successful introduction of the California species, and a reminder of home.

Rainy River and Lake of the Woods

The enchanting Lake of the Woods is reached by steamer from International Falls down the beautiful, clear Rainy River, through an almost uninhabited forest. The Long Chute, a swift rapid over which the steamer plunges, has a thrilling suggestion of the Lachine Rapids above Montreal. The greater part of the lake, crowded as it is with small green islands clothed in aspen, birch, and fir, seems like a big park, and the tortuous course of the steamer gives one the impression of sailing through a forest.

Unprotected sturgeon

Lake of the Woods once abounded in sturgeon,[1] different species of which used to be plenty in all suitable waters, fresh or salt, of the United States and Canada. The demand for caviar[2] is so insistent that formerly enormous quantities of American roe were salted and shipped to Russia to be there treated for the market. But the sturgeon has had no protection in America and our six or seven native species are now all nearly exterminated. Indeed, in spite of attempts at conservation, thousands were illegally slaughtered in the Lake of the Woods. In 1880, huge sturgeon[3] often came into San Francisco markets; since 1891 I have not noticed a single individual there. At Port Arthur I saw one, lately caught. But the dealer said: "This is the only one we have taken this

[1] *Acipenser rubicundus.*
[2] Prepared sturgeon roe.
[3] *Acipenser transmontanus.*

summer. What in hell can we do with one sturgeon?" Artificial hatching of these fishes has been found impossible; they will not tolerate confinement, and the eggs cannot be handled.

Kenora

At the outlet of Lake of the Woods lies the city of Kenora, its charming "Indian name" being formed from those of three component villages, Kewaydin, Norman, and Rat Portage.[1] Kenora is a brisk and growing town, but I may be pardoned if I say that nowhere else have I seen so much whisky-drinking by reputable-looking young men. This is the outlying western frontier settlement of the province, and it was a blessing to Kenora when Ontario went dry.

Winnipeg

Our visit to Winnipeg, a vigorous, progressive city, was instructive and delightful. I was much interested in its promising newly established university, and later regretted that I could not accept an invitation to take part in its dedication exercises. Official efforts to prevent the development of slums caught my attention. The province of Manitoba has a large population from southeastern Europe, many of them accustomed to wretched conditions. On the doors of various houses into which poor people might drift was the municipal sign, "Unfit for habitation." The owners of such were thus compelled to restore, replace, or abandon them.

The gold eye

In the Red River of the North, abundantly stocked with fine fish, lives the "gold eye"[2] of the *voyageurs*, a shad-like species with bright yellow eyes and very delicious flesh, though practically unknown — certainly unappreciated — elsewhere. Lake Winnipeg we found surprisingly large, bigger than Ontario,

[1] About the rapids or "portage" at this point, muskrats were once abundant.
[2] *Amphiodon alosoides.*

and of course full of excellent whitefish and gold eye. Its basin should interest geologists, for the east side is flanked by the ancient Eozoic granites of the Huronian, while on the west lie shaly deposits of the plain which extends from the Dakotas to the Mackenzie, and forms one of the greatest wheat granaries in the world.

A boundless wheat field

Reaching the Rocky Mountains, we spent a Sunday at Banff, beautifully situated and surrounded by fine forests, and another day at Field at the foot of gigantic Mount Sir Stephen, overlooking the vast, bare, impressive Yoho Valley, a huge "yosemite" with rushing waterfalls, at the head of the great Saskatchewan. But better than either Banff or Field we liked Glacier in the heart of the Selkirks, so named because of the enormous icefall at its very door. Yet this is less impressive than the majestic Asulkan Glacier, some miles back in the spruce woods on the west flank of the mountains, a great moving mass surrounded by rocks covered with heather and gentians, and dropping down to the head of the Kootenay River.

Asulkan Glacier

At Revelstoke, on the way to Vancouver, I fell in with Frederick Courtenay Selous, most famous of hunters and one of the noted explorers of the wilderness. Selous was a clear-eyed, genial man, rich in physical energy, a commanding figure in South Africa, which he called home. "A restless soul living a life of continuous adventure among savage men and wild beasts where only the fittest could survive," he safely roamed over most of the world's frontiers, to be slain in battle at the age of sixty-six, leading bush fighters against the Germans in East Africa.

Selous

In Puget Sound we encountered our most perplex-

Salmon unequally distributed

ing problems, the source of certain justifiable feeling on the part of Canadians, whose red salmon[1] catch is limited to the lower reaches of Fraser River — in which magnificent stream, nevertheless, ninety-five per cent of the whole run are hatched. The fact that nearly all breed in Canada, to be mostly captured in the United States, prevents any equitable and permanent solution short of entire reciprocity.

In Puget Sound

The schools arrive in early summer by way of the Straits of Fuca, too broad and deep for much successful fishing. They then pass through channels separating the multitude of islands which constitute San Juan County, Washington, — a majority along the west side of Lopez Island and through Rosario Straits, the shores for the whole way beset with so-called pound nets, stationary traps attached to permanent pilings. Farther on they encounter more and more pound nets, so that by the time they reach Point Roberts, the sharply projecting hook at the end of the United States coast, the greater part of the run has been taken. Those which have escaped now come at last under Canadian jurisdiction by entering the Fraser, to reach the headwaters of which, above the many lakes, nearly all the run had started out.

At Olga, on Orcas Island, we visited the seaside station of the University of Washington. There, by the roaring camp fire, I told my hearers the story of "Agassiz at Penikese."[2] Next, taking passage on the *Princess Royal*, a Canadian packet, we cruised northward, examining salmon and steelhead fisheries, especially in the Skeena at Port Essington and in the

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter IX, page 227, and Vol. II, Chapter XXX, pages 135–136.
[2] See Vol. I, Chapter V, pages 106–119.

Nass, a stream a mile or so wide at its mouth and with sloping walls almost as high. At the little village of Nass Bay hundreds of steelhead averaging seventeen pounds each were stacked up like cordwood, waiting to be frozen and shipped to London or Sydney. *Nass River and the steelhead*

Port Simpson, a frontier settlement just south of Nass Bay and inhabited mainly by Indians, lies on a pleasant wooded slope above a deep and sheltered harbor. It is nearer to Japan by hundreds of miles than Seattle or San Francisco, and was to have been the Pacific terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. But the Indians, badly advised, demanded an inordinate price for their rights, and speculators bought up the surrounding lands. The railroad builders then selected an area a few miles to the south on another excellent anchorage, there creating a town which they named Prince Rupert. The new location was unfavorable in one respect, it being traversed north and south by thin parallel strata of very hard mica schist set on edge and separated by narrow deep gullies worn by ice in the softer intermediate rocks; these depressions, filled with water and moss, are from ten to thirty feet in depth and not much wider. By dint of blasting and grading, however, a tolerable town site was prepared at a cost vastly less than that which would have been involved in the purchase of Port Simpson. At the time of our visit the road had reached Hazelton in the mountains, whence it was to follow down the water grade of the Skeena to Port Essington and Prince Rupert. *Prince Rupert*

Widely honored all along the coast of British Columbia was the rector of the Anglican Mission at Port Simpson, huge William Hogan, six feet six in *Father Hogan*

height, with an arm like the limb of a tree and a crushing, hearty hand. Scotch-Irish by birth, a graduate of Trinity College, and a man of peace, "Father Hogan" nevertheless delighted to recite war verses from Kipling and the Scotch balladists in a deep, rich voice like a great organ. Many stories are told of his success as a militant moralist. Once in the course of a sermon at Port Essington he grew eloquent over the virtues of the noble Clan MacDonald, dwelling on their courage, warmth of heart, and loyalty to "bonnie Prince Charlie." Then, turning on one of his wealthy parishioners in a front seat, he thundered: "*And now you, Black Jack MacDonald, you're leading the people of Port Essington straight to Hell!*" This was more than Black Jack could stand; for a time, at least, his gambling house remained closed.

Clan MacDonald and "Black Jack"

Hearing a Port Simpson man swear foully at his wife, Hogan picked him up between thumb and fingers and held him out from the wharf over thirty feet of ice-cold water. "Now swear away as much as you like," said he. "Get out all the cussing you have in you. But if I hear another dirty word, I'll drop you into the sea."

Speedy reform

Hogan was nearly seventy years of age when I met him, and had a daughter whom he wished to educate as a trained nurse. I therefore arranged to have him called to the Episcopal parish at Palo Alto, where I thought he would get a great hold on the boys. But the local bishop would not let him go, and sent him to the Indians on Queen Charlotte's Island, where he did not long survive.

From a tombstone at Port Simpson I copied the following:

First Legaie

In memory of first Legaie a head chief died a long time before the white people came and also three other head chiefs named Legaie, also Paul Legaie, a head chief of the Tsimpshans nation who died a Christian at Port Simpson B. C. Jan. 7, 1891, aged 45 years. Paul Legaie said the day before he died to his people — one thing I hope, I would like to die in a lonely place so no one would see me and I hope my people will not find me for five hours for I think I should be in heaven by that time, and if they find my body after that, they can do as they will. His body was found eight hours after. God gave him more than he asked for.

3

Prince and Gisborne

Returning with me to Stanford at the end of the summer, Dr. Prince and Mr. Francis H. Gisborne, the charming and scholarly Parliamentary Counsel of Canada, spent a month or so at the University. We now completed a series of regulations to be submitted to the two governments for joint approval; this document consisted of sixty-six articles covering all matters of importance concerning boundary fisheries and their conservation.

Our report ready, we proceeded to Washington, where we found Bryce eager and interested — so much so that he asked us not to affix our signatures until late at night, when he could escape from an official dinner at the Embassy and be himself a witness. I have already mentioned the remarkable resemblance in personality and to some extent in appearance between John Muir and James Bryce — the same racial type, the same tremendous interest in nature and humanity, although Bryce dealt mainly with men, nationalities, and nations, and Muir, "treading the Earth's crust in reverence," with canyons, waterfalls, glaciers, trees, and birds.

Bryce and Muir

The report duly signed, its regulations were at once

accepted without question by the Canadian Council, subject to approval by the United States. But here a discomfiting setback awaited us. It had been our understanding that as the treaty as a whole was already approved by the Senate, the regulations would not need to be submitted but would go into effect on proclamation by President Taft and Sir Wilfrid Laurier. To be on the safe side, I had asked the State Department for an interpretation in this regard, and had been referred to Hoyt, whose decision as given (to me) was worded as follows: "It is agreed by Mr. Bryce and Mr. Hoyt that this can be done[1] . . . without waiting for legislation."

Fatal delay

But the new officials ruled that the Senate's consent to all details must be secured. This decision changed the whole aspect of affairs, proving practically fatal to the Bryce-Root plan,[2] for overfishing prevailed on our side of the boundary only, and any restriction upon it would of course be irksome to some interest which had but to appeal to a Senator to cause delay or disagreement. As a matter of fact, one prominent operator whose revenue might be affected openly boasted that by such means he would "make monkeys of the Commission!" Another, writing to his Senator, said in substance: "We are depending on you to put a stop to this business." Nevertheless, the leading interests in Maine and on the Great Lakes outside of Huron looked farther ahead and gave the plan their approval, while the Alaska Packers Association, representing the largest salmon industry, expressed no opposition beyond a

Appeals by constituents

[1] That is, putting the provisions of the treaty into effect.

[2] In Lake Erie and Puget Sound, the really crucial points, the total suppression of all Canadian fishing would scarcely have relieved the situation.

question by its attorney as to the legal right of the national government to deal with fisheries of individual states.

Meanwhile, the Department of State apparently took little interest in the matter, left over from a previous administration. Bryce, moreover, had been succeeded by Sir Cecil Spring-Rice,[1] an estimable gentleman of fine literary tastes but not connected with these negotiations. And Mr. Huntington Wilson (then Assistant Secretary of State) to whom I presented the papers, being entirely uninformed also, was taken aback and quite at a loss as to what he should do. At his request, therefore, I dictated the letter of transmission to the Secretary, who then suggested that I go to the Senate in person and explain the treaty to individual members. This I was unwilling to undertake; my official letter of appointment distinctly confined my duties to the preparation of regulations and it could be no part of my mission as fishery expert to try to influence legislation. Furthermore, Gifford Pinchot, former United States Forester, had just then been dismissed ostensibly for writing letters to Senators in behalf of forestry conservation.

Spring-Rice

Not a lobbyist

Within the Senate, the only expressed opposition rested on the argument of states' rights. This had its origin in Michigan, where the legislature at once passed a new fisheries statute of its own, admirable in detail — based, indeed, on our proposed regulations, and having a few additions which really im-

Michigan fishery laws

[1] Spring-Rice told me an interesting story. In earlier days he had served as attaché of the British Embassy in Berlin, and once the Empress Frederick, referring to young Wilhelm, remarked to him: "The education they are giving that boy will be the ruin of Europe!"

proved it. The act was preceded, however, by a preamble to the effect that "Whereas the fisheries in the waters surrounding the state of Michigan are the property of the State, we do resolve. . . ." All this was done at the instance of Mr. J. W. Orr of Bay City and other members of fishery companies operating on Saginaw Bay, a district in which the small size of the lake herring,[1] its principal catch, a shallow-water species, would permit that fish to slip through netting mesh of the size we had prescribed.[2]

Treaties national only

The states' right plea was urged by Senator William Alden Smith on behalf of Michigan, and by Wesley L. Jones, Senator from Washington. Replying, I said that the principle[3] involved in all Interstate Commissions held in this case — namely, that conservation of fisheries could not be secured by one state alone; and, furthermore, no individual state can make a treaty — for any purpose whatsoever — with a foreign country. Thus an agreement between Washington State and British Columbia, or between Ohio and Ontario, could have no enforceable legality. The right to make international agreements on any subject must lie somewhere; under our governmental form, it is vested in the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. Going then into detail, I explained that the fisheries of Lake Erie, for example, could not be adequately protected so long as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, and Ontario had different statutes controlling them, with everywhere more or less opposition to all conserva-

[1] *Leucichthys harengus.*

[2] To prove this fact to the Senate, Mr. Orr took a basket of the fishes to Washington with a section of gill-net.

[3] The same principle, afterward embodied in the International Treaty for the Protection of Migratory Birds, has been upheld by the Supreme Court.

tion, as it necessitates the sacrifice of immediate interests for the sake of the future.

In an official letter to Mr. Knox dated from Indianapolis, November 26, 1909, I urged the important fact that the boundary waters had "less need of stringent regulations than of equal enforcement of law on each side." As a matter of fact, the Canadian patrols showed great efficiency, while our own state patrols, insufficiently manned and poorly supported, were far from adequate, the discrepancy in this regard being greatest in Puget Sound. Everywhere in Canada obedience to law was taken for granted by the fishermen, most of whom were of British origin. This was not the case on our side, where many nationalities are represented and where "whatever can be put over, goes."

Unequal enforcement of law

While the above matters were still pending, Prince and I took a third trip along parts of the boundary line for additional information, Charles A. Christin, an alert and capable Stanford senior, acting as my secretary in place of Stolz, then at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. This time we naturally made a special study of Saginaw Bay, the chief region which claimed to be unjustly treated. We now found that the criticisms made by Mr. Orr and Mr. I. Lincoln of Alpena were in fact justified, for the lake herring of the bays of Huron is (as already implied) slimmer than species in the other lakes and in deeper water. So with the approval of the Department we set out to remedy the defect, an adjustment to which Laurier at once consented.

Study of Saginaw Bay

For the purpose of completing this arrangement, I went personally to Ottawa, the Canadian capital, in January, 1910. One fine clear day the courtly

"My Lady of the Snows"

Governor-General, Earl Grey, with whom I had dined the night before, invited me to take a sleigh-ride, but as the thermometer ranged thirty or more below zero, I soon begged to be allowed to return to the hotel!

The sane Canadian boundary

During my stay Laurier invited me to speak before the Dominion Parliament on international peace. In my address I referred for the first time to the long boundary between their country and mine, a 3800-mile frontier of peace, for a hundred years without a soldier, a warship, a fortress, or a gun; where nobody is loaded, nobody explodes! But, continuing, I asserted that the boundary failed to be ideal in one respect — the presence of customs houses, symbols of suspicion and greed, relics of the time when it was thought good economics to make foreigners pay the taxes. Referring to my talk, Colonel (now Sir) Sam Hughes, a prominent Conservative, said: "Dr. Jordan is the sleekest politician that ever invaded Canada." Which words of flattery, though coming from "Sir Hubert," were hardly deserved!

"Mild Reservations"

President Taft having sent our report to the Senate on February 2, 1910, after many months of delay that body accepted forty-nine of the regulations, leaving the others more or less in the air. Some of those omitted referred to minimum sizes of mesh allowed in the Great Lakes. This matter I regarded as of secondary importance, for we had also indicated a minimum market-size in the case of each important species, and many fishermen argued that one limitation was enough. That is, we should either prescribe the net and allow the sale of anything caught, or fix the size of fish and let them use any netting they

chose — the general preference being for the second alternative. I myself inclined to their view, but could not be sure how it would work out.

Puget Sound

The more important omissions concerned Puget Sound, which was thus left with scanty protection and the wholly inadequate patrol furnished by the state of Washington. Thoroughgoing conservation we had not ventured to propose, as that must mean entire suspension of commercial fishing for red salmon for four or even eight years; but had our regulations been accepted, the situation today would be less discouraging and a great industry might still be in operation. As I insisted at the time, overfishing had to stop immediately or soon there would be no commercial fishing at all!

Canada's refusal to confirm

Baffled as we were by the Senate's action, there remained the slight hope that some compromise might be suggested by Canada. But the Council simply refused to confirm the mutilated document, holding that the treaty itself bound both signatories to accept all the findings of the Joint Commission. Though no longer officially connected with the matter, in a communication to Dr. Prince I expressed the opinion that it would be advisable for Canada to adopt the forty-nine articles endorsed by the Senate, even though the series was left incomplete. Outside of the Sound they would practically meet the situation and could be later amended or extended. More important than this, however, international agreement would pledge the United States to continued cooperation.

The Council taking its stand on all or nothing, the whole matter finally lapsed. Meanwhile conditions in Lake Michigan have considerably improved; those

Present state of boundary fisheries

in Lake Erie are still steadily on the decline; the magnificent red salmon (or sock-eye) fisheries of Puget Sound have rapidly fallen off to the degree of being commercially unprofitable, and can only be restored by the most drastic prohibition for two generations, that is, eight years. It should, however, be said that overfishing is not the sole, although the main, cause of the decline. The building of dams by power companies about Lake Quensel and elsewhere in British Columbia has in the meantime narrowed the available spawning grounds, and the calamity in Yale Canyon, already described,[1] put an end to the big (fourth-year) runs.

A valid objection

In the states' rights argument, I recognize one valid element: protection administered by the national government would apparently involve a patrol of all boundary waters by an array of United States marshals — a scheme repugnant to our public and doubtless so to many of the Senators. The only alternative would have been a patient effort to induce one state after another to adopt for itself the regulations we deemed necessary — a process slow but not hopelessly difficult outside the state of Washington. A recent case offering some parallel features is found in state enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Furthermore, with the Senate in mind, we would have reduced the number of regulations by omitting all which "go without saying," or which might be left to local decision, the protection of trout and black bass for example, — eliminating also most of the requirements as to mesh, and simply forbidding the sale of young fish below a certain specified size

[1] Chapter XXX, page 136.

for each species. Again, we would deal only with staple species — salmon and sturgeon in Puget Sound, wall-eye and sturgeon in the Lake of the Woods, whitefish, lake trout, and sturgeon in the Great Lakes, wall-eye in Lake Champlain, salmon and lobster in Maine waters. Neither the herring in the sea nor any species of the so-called lake herring need special protection. *Staple species*

A shorter category, with no reference to United States marshals, would have met with less opposition, but the special efforts with the fish commission and legislature of each individual state would have been a time-consuming and laborious endeavor. Yet this we did undertake so far as the commissions were concerned, and would have carried the method much further except for the limitation of time and our reliance on the Hoyt decision.

Finally, except for our instructions to cover all boundary waters, the treaty might have dealt only with Lake Erie and Puget Sound. The fisheries of Lake Ontario are mainly Canadian; those of Maine and Lake of the Woods could have been entrusted to local authorities. *Important localities*

My work as an expert being completed, I had no further obligations in the matter. I therefore turned over all records and documents to the Department of State. "Jordan and Evermann," however, were allowed by the Secretary to publish descriptions of the important food fish of boundary waters, the opportunity for their scientific study having been unprecedented. Our memoir was printed in February, 1911, under the title, "A Review of the Salmonoid Fishes of the Great Lakes, with Notes on the Whitefishes of Other Regions." In it we gave full *Salmonoid fishes of the Great Lakes*

accounts of the numerous species, with drawings of most of them and especially fine colored plates of several, these last the work of Charles B. Hudson, that most skillful of fish painters.

A most useful volume

Some years before, however, we had prepared for Doubleday, Page & Co. the manuscript of our "American Food and Game Fishes," a large and finely illustrated compendium of the things intelligent anglers and fishermen ought to know about individual fishes and their life histories. This work was received with great favor by those for whom it was written, and has met with a larger sale than any other with which I have been connected.

Adee

In connection with the fishery work I became acquainted with the one indispensable man at Washington, Alvey A. Adee, Assistant Secretary of State. A quiet, unobtrusive figure who fits so perfectly into his place that in all the merry-go-round of politics no one ever tried to crowd him out, he knows exactly how to word every state paper, whether of condolence, congratulation, or defiance, and never fails to sound the correct note. But talk to him of politics, national or international, and his useful selective deafness comes finely into play. He will then discourse by the hour and feelingly on the charms of cycling in rural France, his own delightful experiences in Touraine or Picardy furnishing the proper background.

While still occupied with fishery matters, I took Christin to Boston to complete our records. There I was also served for a short time by a young man from the World Peace Foundation (treated later), a youth of rather quaint inexperience. Christin

had crossed the continent several times, had tramped widely over France and Switzerland, and always proved himself equal to any demand. The Bostonian had graduated — with distinction — from Harvard, but though of well-to-do family had but once in his life been away from home, and then only to Providence. *Provincialism*

Both went with me to dinner at Radcliffe, where I lectured one evening. On the way my city-bred helper explained that "Harvard men take no interest in the Radcliffe women, ungraceful, dowdy bluestockings." He was accordingly amazed to find the girls not only intellectually clever but better looking and more tastefully dressed than those he met in social circles. The following day, as we went by train to Mount Holyoke, it appeared that he had never even been in the country, which filled him with surprise. And he artlessly asked if the long series of narrow ponds near the track in the neighborhood of Lake Quinsigamond extended all the way to California!

This case was, of course, not wholly typical, and I must also admit that men of the West are, for the most part, only "Eastern men with additional experiences" — a fact not always grasped, however, especially not in Philadelphia. During one of my visits there, a senior at the chapter house of a leading fraternity, learning my name and title, inquired affably: "And is this your first visit to the East, sir?" This salutation may be conventional in the "City of Brotherly Love," however, for at a banquet my neighbor, a lawyer of some prominence, asked the same question in the same words when we were formally introduced. *What is a "Western" man?*

A new type of hearer

A painfully interesting episode was mine when, by special request, I spoke twice to a club of college men, about twenty in number, confined in the State Prison at Charlestown. These formed in a way a class by themselves, their services being utilized as teachers to fellow convicts. Among them were some individuals of marked ability but weak will. Practically all of the group were expiating crimes against money or women, sudden temptation or a spasm of anger having been the undoing of the most. The president of the club, a former British officer, was in for embezzlement, the secretary had used a pistol in jealous rage, a third, whose case excited sympathy, killed the wrong woman while firing at a faithless wife, and one shot his sweetheart because she refused to ride in his automobile! Still another, a distinctly handsome man, had failed to resist the temptation to do the "Raffles Act" with loosely guarded jewelry at a week-end party. Two physicians were among the number, one too smooth and elegant in manner, the other burly and coarse.

Parental anxiety

Speaking the second time on Eugenics and Heredity, a topic chosen by my auditors, I found them deeply interested in the subject — eager above all to learn to what extent a father's sins are visited on the next generation.

4

As a university president, one of the aims I had long cherished was the development of a medical school on a modern foundation, and even before Johns Hopkins was established I worked out a plan quite in harmony with that adopted by President Gilman and his associates. For medicine always

seemed to me essentially a university subject — the application of certain sciences to bodily welfare. Its methods of instruction, therefore, ought to be those of the scientific laboratory; its teachers should be devoted to the extension and diffusion of knowledge, and placed accordingly on the same basis as other university professors. They must, of course, have opportunity, through hospital service and advisory work, to keep abreast of modern methods as well as of research, but they should not have to practice medicine to make a living, nor use their positions for self-advertising.

The ideal school of medicine

Up to the end of the last century, most of our medical schools had either no university relation at all or one in name only, their teaching corps consisting usually of active practitioners who shared the gains or losses of the unendowed enterprises with which they were severally connected. Among these groups were occasional great teachers and men of exalted character; yet many of the schools might have been termed fraudulent, having merely nominal standards for entrance and very low requirements for graduation, so that the alumni they turned out too often brought the medical profession into disrepute.

Proprietary medical college

In 1908, San Francisco had two medical schools of relatively high grade, the Tolland and the Cooper; both, however, were mainly associations of practicing physicians. Tolland was scantily endowed, although nominally affiliated with the University of California, a relation made integral in 1912 when it was organized with high conditions of entrance and an excellent body of teachers. Cooper Medical College, founded by Dr. Levi Cooper Lane — a distinguished surgeon — and named for his uncle, Dr. Levi Cooper, had

Tolland and Cooper

received from the former property amounting to over a million dollars. But the founder himself concluded that an independent school could not hold its own, and he once discussed with me a proposition to transfer the whole to Stanford University. After his death, therefore, the trustees of the Cooper made a definite offer to deed it to Stanford, with the sole provision that both plant and endowment should be used for medical instruction. Accordingly, in the spring of 1909, the College passed out of existence, all its holdings, including Lane Hospital, being turned over to us.

Transfer to Stanford

I now proceeded to organize a medical school on the basis I had contemplated. The three years of preliminary university work required for entrance include Chemistry, Physics, Physiology, and Biology, with other elective subjects. Beginning with the fourth year, Physiological Chemistry, Human Anatomy, and Bacteriology are carried on for a year and a half in certain campus buildings originally erected as an annex to the Museum. At the end of that period students are transferred to San Francisco for two and a half years of clinical study, followed by one interne year at the Lane.

Courses of study

During the first year Dr. Stillman served as acting dean until the return from Europe of Dr. Wilbur, whose extensive studies had given him a firm grasp on the theory and practice of medical education and on the moral issues involved in sound teaching. From the former Cooper faculty, three of the older men, soon to retire as emeritus, were appointed to the new staff; these were Adolf Barkan, Henry Gibbons, and Joseph O. Hirschfelder, all men of special eminence. We chose also five of their colleagues — Stanley Stillman and Emmet Rixford, both recognized as leading

Faculty

surgeons, William Ophüls (the present dean) in Pathology, Frank E. Blaisdell in Applied Anatomy, and William F. Cheney in General Medicine.

To fill remaining chairs I had recourse to Eastern institutions. For Anatomy we fortunately secured Arthur W. Meyer, a former student of Mall at the Hopkins, then at Northwestern University. Among others thus selected was Dr. Hans Zinsser from Columbia, to which institution he afterward returned as professor of Bacteriology. Zinsser is one of the most brilliant teachers we ever had, and a universal favorite with all.

The school once fairly going, it commanded respect and confidence in every quarter and soon had all the students it could properly accommodate, so that recently it has been found necessary to limit attendance in medicine as in other departments of the University. In 1912, when the handsome and commodious library building was completed, I gave the address of dedication, a layman's review of the progress of medical science during the thirty-seven years since I had myself received a degree in medicine.[1]

Dedication of Lane Library of Medicine

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter VI, pages 147–149.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

I

The Darwin Centennial

On the first day of January, 1909, a series of "Centennial Addresses in Honor of Charles Darwin" was delivered at Baltimore before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. These were later published by Henry Holt & Co. in a volume entitled "Fifty Years of Darwinism," such being the theme of the initial paper, that by Edward B. Poulton of Oxford. My contribution concerned "Isolation as a Factor in Organic Evolution," a topic which to a degree I had made my own. The "biological friction" which impedes the distribution of animals and plants and thus leads to separation of forms, I insisted upon as the main cause of the minor distinctions which mark the different species. The formation of dialects and tongues among humankind is a process exactly parallel in its causes and results.

Moritz Wagner

The work of Moritz Wagner on Geographical Separation, a most necessary supplement to that of Darwin, has never received the attention it deserves. This is partly due to the fact that most of our investigators do not travel; they know little of animal or plant geography at first hand; they have nothing to do with species as living, varying, reproducing, adapting, and spreading groups of organisms. Another reason lies in Wagner's own opposition to Darwinism. He substituted separation, "*räumliche Sonderung*," for natural selection itself, and denied the potency of the latter factor. The two became . . . competing, not coöperating, elements, an attitude which threw on isolation the impossible task of accounting for all the phenomena of adaptation. . . .

Certain writers urge that neither selection nor isolation is a factor in evolution, but rather elements in . . . species-

forming, a process defined as something distinct from evolution. To their minds selection and isolation, as obstacles in the stream of life, simply help to split the moving group of organisms into different categories or species, while the impulse to forward movement is internal, and the changes of evolution proper affect groups as a whole and are not concerned with the breaking into species.

"Räumliche Sonderung"

This view may be questioned . . . as untrue in fact or as a matter of words only. . . . We know nothing of evolution *in vacuo*, of progress in life without relation to environment. All living forms are split up into species, adaptation to external conditions being traceable in every structure. . . . We know of no organism which has escaped or can escape from the influence of selection. In like manner, in a world beset with physical barriers, no organism can escape the evolutionary friction which prevents uniformity in breeding. There must be some degree of "*räumliche Sonderung*" even within a drop of water.

Among the factors everywhere and inevitably connected with the course of descent of any species, variation, heredity, selection, and isolation must appear; the first two innate, part of the make-up of organic life, the last two extrinsic, arising from the necessities of environment. And *not one* of these can find leverage without the presence of each of the others.

Four nineteenth-century leaders

On February 12, 1909, the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln and Charles Darwin, addresses were given at the Unitarian Club of San Francisco on four of the greatest men of the nineteenth century. Dr. Charles R. Brown gave a eulogy on Lincoln, Dr. Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California spoke on Goethe, and Mr. Fairfax Whelan on Bessemer, while I attempted a popular *résumé* of the work and influence of Darwin. From that talk of mine I here quote a few paragraphs from the beginning and the end:

Just one hundred years ago, on the twelfth day of February, 1809, Charles Darwin was born in an English manor house at

Shrewsbury in Shropshire. On the same day, in a log cabin in Kentucky, was born Abraham Lincoln. These two, more than any other men, have given to the nineteenth century its color, its individuality, its place among the ages.

Darwin and Lincoln

In 1859, just fifty years ago, and fifty years from the date of his birth, Charles Darwin published "The Origin of Species." One year later than this, Lincoln became President of the United States, and his unique personality began to stamp itself on the nation of democracy, and on the world, which is in turn a democracy in proportion as its people are competent units, fit to take care of themselves.

"The Origin of Species" has changed the entire face of the science of life and its philosophy, which must ever be the outgrowth of science. It gave to scientific men, with its demonstration of the origin of living forms as natural descendants of preexisting forms, the first clear explanation of the phenomena of orderly change. It did not convince men of the truth of this. It did far more. It showed men how each one who studied must convince himself; . . . Before Darwin, biologists had catalogued, compared, and classified; but to their questions of "Why?" no answer could be given.

. . . . . .

Since Darwin's time, a half century has passed, the period of the greatest activity in research in the history of man. Explorers, experimenters, discoverers, observers, philosophers, debaters of all ranks and grades have been busily at work, clearing the air and obscuring the outlook. What now is the status of Darwinism? What today is our conception of Organic Evolution?

When a new land is opened to exploration, its first map, sketched from some mountain peak perhaps, shows the general features of the land, but without special detail, unless it be about the mountain peak itself. Such a new land was opened by Darwin in his survey of the methods and processes of Organic Evolution. In a large way, the salient features of the land were sketched with amazing truthfulness. The rivers run where he placed them. We have his word for valley, forest, and cliff, and in all these larger features fifty years have wrought no very material changes. Men have sought to change the map. Shrill voices from every civilized nation have arisen in criticism. Here

a forest would be moved; here a lake and there a river. But better studies have shown the largeness of Darwin's vision. These critics could not see the landscape for the brush. Or, dropping the allegory, we may see that our knowledge of Organic Evolution has grown by leaps and bounds, but largely along lines laid down or foreseen by Darwin.

Cell structure and cell function

Since Darwin's time, the compound microscope has opened the secrets of histology. We have given meaning to the "physical basis of heredity." We have learned the process by which two germ cells from two different individuals unite to form a new individual, and we have followed this process through many complex and unforeseen ramifications. We have settled many difficult questions, and we have raised a thousand more, which may yet in turn be settled, but with the same result. We have found reasons why no two individuals can be alike, why no two germ cells can ever be alike, and we have some hint as to why characters will be latent in one generation to reappear in the next.

. . . . . .

Natural selection

Since Darwin's time, natural selection has been exalted as all-powerful by many writers who went, as Darwinians, far beyond Darwin himself. In reaction, other authors have denied to selection not merely "*Allmacht*," or all sufficiency, but any sufficiency or reality at all. It is enough for our discussion to disclaim these extreme views. Selection must find its place in the heredity of any individual or species. We know no other cause for the myriad adaptations of life to its environment. We know no other reason for progressive adaptation. And yet the actual traits of actual species are largely non-adaptive.

. . . . . .

Return to Darwin

Conklin observes: "On the whole, then, I believe the facts which are at present at our disposal justify a return to the position of Darwin." This he said with reference to a special problem in heredity, but these words apply to many others. "The position of Darwin" is very safe standing ground. What we have learned with better tools and keener insight into minor details has not changed the large problems very much, and this, as Conklin said again, is "but another testimony to the greatness of that man of men that after exploring for a score of years

the ins and outs of pure selection and pure adaptation, men are now coming back to the position outlined and unswervingly maintained by him."

The chief and essential contention of Darwin, that species are formed by natural processes, is now absolutely established. That the animals and plants today, man included, are descended from the animals and plants of earlier periods by natural lines of descent with modification, is one of the certainties of modern science.

Back to Indiana

In June of this year I gave the Commencement address at the University of Indiana, receiving at the same time the degree of Doctor of Laws from the institution.[1] This was the occasion also of the twenty-fifth reunion of the class of 1884, a group of young people with whom I had enjoyed close relations, so that I felt quite at home on the Bloomington Campus.

Krehbiel

At the beginning of the fall semester, in connection with Dr. Edward Krehbiel of the chair of Modern

[1] Inasmuch as the highest honor to a teacher is found in the loyalty of his students, my readers may pardon me if I quote here the words of Dr. William Lowe Bryan, spoken in granting the degree:

"The University of Indiana discontinued the granting of honorary degrees for twenty years. Within the past four years the degree of Doctor of Laws has been granted here twice — once to Dr. John W. Foster and once to James Whitcomb Riley. The University judged that these men met two conditions . . . first, that they were men of high distinction, and second, that there was a particular reason why the degree should be conferred upon them by this institution. For the third time the University invites a man to accept this academic dignity.

"David Starr Jordan, you have fulfilled the first condition by your eminence in Science, by your service as a teacher, of which the best evidence is the number and quality of your disciples, by your place among the men who administer American universities, and, not least, by the courage unsurpassed by your Puritan ancestors with which you have stood not for the truth of yesterday, but of today. You have fulfilled the second condition because for a dozen of your best years you gave this service to America as a member of Indiana University. I have, therefore, great satisfaction in admitting you to the degree of Doctor of Laws."

Honors of that sort fall easily to college presidents. Cornell, as my readers may remember, had made me an LL.D. in 1886, Johns Hopkins followed in 1902, Illinois College in 1903, Western Reserve in 1915, and the University of California in 1916.

European History, I inaugurated a regular course of lectures at Stanford on the history of international conciliation. This was largely attended by advanced students, some of whom have since taken an active part in liberal journalism. Among them I may mention especially Geroid Robinson of *The Freeman*, Robert A. Donaldson of the United Press, Bruce Bliven, Robert L. Duffus, Frank E. Hill, Maxwell Anderson, Frank J. Taylor, and Harry Frantz, all on the staff of the New York *Globe*. On my retirement from active work and Krehbiel's subsequent public activities during the war, the course was suspended. The printed syllabus of our lectures formed the nucleus of Krehbiel's "Nationalism, War, and Society" (1915) and of my own "Democracy and World Relations" (1918), to which I shall again refer.[1]

Young liberals

Now to go back somewhat and then anticipate a little in my narrative, it was in 1908 that Charles R. Crane, manufacturer, traveler, philanthropist, and lover of learning, became known to me, and as a patron of the marine station at Woods Hole. The next year President Taft appointed him ambassador to China, especially urging that he should stress the importance of the "Open Door" to us and to the world. Crane is a man who thinks much and talks little, a fact which did not save him from unjust aspersions.

Crane

Before leaving for China, the ambassador-elect went to Washington to get final instructions from the State Department, but, curiously enough, the Secretary was reported each day as "busy," and no interview could be obtained. When about to sail from

[1] See Chapter LIV, page 752.

New York, however, he received orders to go by way of the Pacific Coast and Japan, not through Europe. He accordingly changed his route and arrived duly — with his family — in San Francisco. He then ran down to see me at Stanford, and there got a telegram from the State Department ordering him to delay sailing and return to Washington for other instructions. As it happened, we were both invited to a dinner given that evening in San Francisco to Mr. Taft, and we promptly sought him out to ask what the order meant; the President said he knew nothing about it and had no idea of its significance. Arrived again in Washington, Crane found himself practically dismissed without ever having gone to China, the cause alleged being that he had talked too freely and unwisely. So far as I know, there was no foundation for this statement.

A strange change

Taft, I feel sure, had set his heart on the realization of Hay's vision of the "Open Door" in China, hoping to make it the special feature of his administration. But in this and every other positive plan of his own he was thwarted by certain forces, although able to prevent mischievous policies in regard to Mexico and Japan.

2

National Peace Congress

On May 3, 1909, at the annual National Peace Congress held in Chicago, I spoke along the line of the argument in my book entitled "The Human Harvest" published the year before. My address made a favorable impression upon Mr. Edwin Ginn, the well-known Boston publisher, then preparing to give a million dollars — about half his fortune — for an extension of his modest International School of Peace, already functioning. He therefore appointed me chief

director of "the World Peace Foundation" established at Boston in October of this year. According to its constitution, the Foundation's policy was to be controlled by a board of directors having in general the same relation as that of the faculty of a university, while a separate board of trustees should look after funds. General activities in behalf of peace were to consist of research, addresses, and publication.

Ginn and Mead

Mr. Ginn having been chosen president, Mr. Edwin D. Mead, one of the directors, a sincere, scholarly man, formerly in charge of the School of Peace, was appointed secretary and Arthur W. Allen, a Princeton man, assistant secretary, both with salary. Aside from Mr. Mead, however, no director ever received money other than the refunding of actual expenses or loss of income incurred in approved lines of effort. Afterward Albert G. Bryant of California, a virile pacifist, became Organizing Secretary, a salaried position held by him until his sudden death in 1916.

The original board of directors comprised the following:

Charles R. Brown, Dean of the Yale Divinity School
Hamilton Holt, Editor of *The Independent*
David Starr Jordan
James A. Macdonald, Editor of the Toronto *Globe*
Edwin D. Mead
John R. Mott, General Secretary of the International Y. M. C. A.
James Brown Scott, Assistant Secretary of State

Later, George W. Nasmyth,[1] then assistant professor of Physics at Cornell, Charles H. Levermore, ex-president of Adelphi College, and Edward Cummings, a Unitarian pastor in Cambridge, were added to the list.

[1] After a very active and useful life, Dr. Nasmyth died in Geneva in 1920.

My service as chief director lasted for two years, Mead taking over the work when I went to Japan in 1911. With the onset of the Great War, a majority of the trustees discouraged the former type of activities, and no directors' meeting has been called since November, 1914. In 1915, in view of Mead's serious and unfortunately permanent breakdown, Dr. Cummings succeeded him as secretary. During this period a considerable part of the Foundation's income has been devoted to the distribution of informative documents and promotion of the League to Enforce Peace, established in Philadelphia in 1915 under the chairmanship of Mr. Taft.

New policy

From 1909 to 1914 I gave numerous addresses in different cities East and West, and in various universities, under the auspices of the World Peace Foundation and in the interest of international conciliation.[1] My general conclusion was embodied in the words of Franklin, "Wars are not paid for in war-time; the bill comes later." In defining the "last cost of war," I dwelt especially on its inevitable biological effects — the destruction of the most virile elements — and on the need of international understanding in place of the perilous rivalries leading to constantly increasing armaments and the growth of suspicion, fear, and hate. For it was plain that while the people of every country generally abhorred war, their pacifism was often only skin deep, overlying international hatreds and dominated by false patriotism which regards all other nations as potential enemies. In the

Last cost of war

[1] One of these talks was given in the great Mormon Tabernacle. This seats upwards of 12,000, and its acoustics are better than those of any other large hall in the world, its only rival in this regard being the Greek Theatre of the University of California.

words of Hodler, the Swiss worker, "this opportunist pacifism was not devoted to peace and its constructive possibilities; it was merely nationalism sweetened, tempered, and enfeebled — a thin veil drawn across nationalism."

Jane Addams

While at the Congress at Chicago in 1909, I met for the first time Miss Jane Addams, we two being judges in an intercollegiate oratorical contest on the subject of world peace. This was the beginning of an enduring friendship, and in all my experience I have known few lives as sane and helpful as that of the mistress of Hull House. Later, during my visit to Boston in connection with the Foundation, I presided at a meeting of the School Peace League established by Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, a tireless and capable worker for conciliation both in America and Europe, with whom in various ways I have been most pleasantly associated.

Fannie Fern Andrews

3

The Jordan Club

On January 19, 1910, my (fifty-ninth) birthday, a group of Stanford naturalists formed the "Jordan Club" for field study in the region round about. I regret not having shared more rambles with these congenial spirits; but through Dr. Isabel McCracken, assistant professor of Entomology, the first president of the club, Mrs. Jordan and I try to keep somewhat in touch with them.

McNair lectures

In 1910 I published my already mentioned little volume entitled "The Stability of Truth" made up of addresses given on the James Calvin McNair Foundation before the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill during the administration of Dr. Francis P. Venable. The book deserved more of a sale than

it has had, for I put some of my best thought into it. The central essay was written in 1893 and published in *The Popular Science Monthly* for August of that year. I mention this fact because my article contained a compact statement of the philosophical doctrine now known as Pragmatism before that word had been accepted, and therefore prior to its trenchant elucidations by William James, John Dewey, Addison W. Moore, F. C. S. Schiller of Oxford, and others. My effort was incited by three heretical attacks on the integrity of science, one by the Marquis of Salisbury, one by Arthur J. Balfour, and one by Ernst Haeckel.

Pragmatism

Salisbury patted science on the back and warned it against disturbing by its methods what we already know from higher sources. Balfour demonstrated that even at best science is carried on "in a dimly lighted room"; we can never be sure of our senses, our instruments of precision, our logic, or anything else. Wherefore, because what we know to be true is so hazy and incomplete, what we know to be not true is in the same fix. Hence, what we derive from intuition and tradition is about as trustworthy as what we attain by observation and induction, and therefore just as fit for belief. "Balfour made facts into mysteries in order to prove that mysteries are facts."

Balfour and truth

Haeckel's central thesis is a form of Monism, the contention that all things are of one essence, wherefore all organisms are merely products of the master element, carbon, and all chemical elements variants of one universal world stuff, *protyl*. He further insists that any one who fails to accept Monism is either dishonest or unfit to form a judgment.

Haeckel's dogmatism

As to these claims I may say that no tests within our range demonstrate all material things to be of

SOME MEMBERS OF THE JORDAN CLUB

identical nature, although, equally without question, a certain large unity pervades the Universe as far as we know it, and we cannot imagine any object or act not enveloped by it.[1] Monism in one sense is a truism not to be denied; in another it may be a matter of words without real significance instead of the greatest of philosophical generalizations, and Haeckel does not make it clear that the latter is the case. Certainly no objective truth is to be drawn from Monism. Nevertheless, he pretends to deduce from it a certain number of corollaries, among them the "Inheritance of Acquired Characters" or "Progressive Evolution." But that dogma, as yet unverified by either observation or experiment, fits just as readily into a conception of "Pluralism." No doctrine which cannot be verified in human action, observation, or experiment has any standing in science. The real point is what difference does it make? If none, its roots are in the air and its elaboration is a kind of mental by-play.

Monism not a basis for science

In "The Stability of Truth" I endeavored to show that all knowledge results from human experience tested and set in order, that science can never be more than relatively complete, but that as far as it goes it deals with absolute truth, and its final test must be this, "Can we trust our lives to it, or to its methods?"[2]

Source of all knowledge

As a biologist I take issue also with the (later) dictum of Balfour, that life is "merely a disreputable episode in the history of one of the minor planets." Rather is it the beginning of a glorious triumph of intelligence and devotion — on a "minor planet," to

[1] "Prick the skin of the nearest insect or the nebula that is farthest and you drain the life-blood of Law." EDWIN MILLER WHEELOCK

[2] A few extracts from "The Stability of Truth" will be found in Appendix B of this volume (page 787).

be sure, but in a Universe which knows no great or small.

Fish Commissioner for California

In the spring of this year I was appointed by Governor Hiram W. Johnson one of the three Fish Commissioners of California serving without pay, a special (salaried) deputy commissioner acting as executive. For this last position we selected John P. Babcock, a former very efficient incumbent, who for a number of years had been in the service of British Columbia. The sale of fishing and hunting licenses bringing in a large revenue, we made arrangements for an elaborate study of the fishery and game interests of California, selecting, under Babcock's direction, a number of experts to carry on the work.

Upon leaving for Japan in the summer of 1911, I resigned from the commission. For some reason also, most of its personnel was soon changed by the governor, and when I got back Babcock had withdrawn, returning to Victoria, so that the survey as planned by us had been largely abandoned. After a time, however, our successors brought the work into good shape, with Norman B. Scofield in charge of the field service, assisted by Will F. Thompson, also a former student of mine at Stanford.

Eugenics commission

During 1910 the American Breeders' Association, of which Professor Liberty H. Bailey of Cornell was then president, provided for a commission on Eugenics, the aim being to study and popularize known facts of human heredity. Bailey asked me to serve as chairman, and as secretary appointed Professor Charles B. Davenport of the Carnegie Institution Laboratory at Cold Spring Harbor. Others of the

group were Vernon Kellogg, Luther Burbank, Frederick Adams Woods, and Roswell H. Johnson.

After the initial work of organization it was my privilege to act as intermediary in a very important advancement of the commission's work. This came about in a most unexpected manner. In my Commencement address at Stanford I had spoken of two men of great ability then recently deceased, Simon Newcomb and Edward H. Harriman — the one devoted to science, the other to business; one looking forward to the long future, the other building mainly for immediate results. Nevertheless, the comparison was by no means unappreciative of Harriman, though its main purpose was to honor a great investigator, for "in the achievements of science we find the only permanent wealth of nations."

Large service to science

In 1898, however, Harriman had arranged for a scientific cruise to Alaska and Kamchatka, which he invited me to join. Among those who went were John Muir, C. Hart Merriam, and others of similar standing. But having spent the two previous summers in Bering Sea and being pressed for time in the preparation of my government reports, I felt obliged to decline Mr. Harriman's tempting invitation. The expedition was very successful, and one unusual outcome was the personal endowment by the Harrimans of Dr. Merriam as investigator, with a generous yearly honorarium for life. The results of the expedition, also, were embodied in fifteen superb volumes.

At Arden

In the course of the autumn, while in New York, I received an invitation from Mrs. Harriman to pay a little visit at her country home at Arden, Orange County, the probable purpose being to give me a more friendly or more intimate view of the life of her

eminent husband. Mrs. Charles Cary Rumsey, their daughter, had studied with Professors Wilson and Osborn at Columbia and thus become greatly interested in questions of heredity and eugenics. So together we spent an evening discussing these matters, and she did not find it hard to persuade her mother to endow a scheme for genetic studies and records under the charge of Davenport. Mrs. Harriman accordingly gave the Eugenics Commission — afterward incorporated for the new purpose and limited to residents of the Eastern states — a tract of land and farmhouse adjoining the Carnegie Laboratory, adding also an iron fireproof structure for the preservation of records. This gift became the vehicle of important studies of heredity by Drs. Davenport, Henry H. Goddard, Harry H. Laughlin, and several others who have investigated various problems connected with feeble-mindedness, as well as the still more vital one of the origin and maintenance of superior strains. I have had no further connection with the Eugenic Laboratory, though retaining large sympathy with the work.

Endowment of the Eugenics Commission

From a similar origin, the American Breeders' Association, arose the excellent American *Journal of Heredity*, edited at Washington for several years by one of my former students, Dr. Paul A. Popenoe, who (like nearly all the other young men I have called my disciples) was drawn into the maelstrom of war.

"Journal of Heredity"

4

In the early summer of 1910, accompanied by Stolz, who as a Rhodes Scholar was due at Oxford in October, I sailed for Europe with two primary pur-

poses, these being to attend the World Congress of Zoölogy held that year in Austria, and, under the auspices of the World Peace Foundation, to meet the pacifists of Europe. To thirty-three of the latter I bore introductions from Mr. Mead; twenty-six of them I was able to visit, nearly all at their own homes. But though an accredited delegate to four of the five World Congresses of the summer, I attended only two, that of Free Christianity — "*Freies Christentum*" — at Berlin, and the gathering of zoölogists at Gratz. The other three — the Free Trade Congress at Antwerp, the World Peace Congress at Stockholm, and the Interparliamentary Union at Brussels — I seemed forced to omit for one reason or another. Afterward I realized that attendance at those meetings also would have helped my work by extending my range of personal acquaintance among the forward-looking scholars of Europe.

World Congresses

Landing in London, we promptly left for Berlin, and traveled from Aix-la-Chapelle to our destination with the late Dr. Bonnet-Maury, the broad-minded professor of Theology in the University of Paris, with whom I had an interesting discussion on world affairs. He insisted truthfully that France was not "degenerate" (as certain Germans affirmed) but rather a wounded nation — *une nation blessée*.

Free Christianity at Berlin

The Congress was well attended by representatives from various nations, my old friend Dr. Charles W. Wendte serving as general secretary.[1] In the Kaiser's *Landwehrhalle* (armory) I gave — in German — an address which I called "*Krieg und Mannheit*" (War and Manhood). This was a development of my argument that war picks out the weaklings and leaves

"War and Manhood" in the Kaiser's armory

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XIX, page 465.

I "also spoke"

them at home to breed. My talk was listened to very respectfully, with a single interruption toward the end when some person said "*Genug!*" (Enough!), but remained quiet as I assured him that the end was very near. From the walls, however, grim helmeted generals glowered in their canvases, while paintings of the bloody charges at Sedan incongruously pointed my moral.

The reporters for the various city papers asked for copies of the address, and I had a synopsis ready for their use. Nowhere, however, did more than two lines appear, these being to the general effect that "the rector of Stanford University also spoke" — "*sprach auch.*" The substance of my notes was nevertheless afterward published in Vienna by Dr. Alfred H. Fried in pamphlet form, and then widely distributed, free, through Germany and Austria. I notice now (1920) that it is on sale in a German bookshop at 1.25 marks, being advertised as "*interessant.*"

During the Congress provision was made by the Berlin authorities for an excursion to Potsdam, with luncheon in the Imperial park, for all of which we were each charged in advance. But at Potsdam we looked in vain for carriages, and the hot sun made walking unbearable. Falling into the company of a distinguished Danish delegate, Madame Westermann, I explained to her the distinction between "great" and "near-great." For the great, carriages are always furnished; to the near-great tickets are provided at their own expense, with such entertainment as they can find. After a brief interval, belonging as we did to the near-great, we turned our backs on the invisible luncheon and took the tramcar back to Berlin.

Great and near-great

At the "Congress of Free Christianity" held in Paris in 1913, we were differently treated; the fact is, we were not "treated" at all, and except for the evangelical clergy, few in number, no attention whatever was paid to us, references in the press even being very rare.

Wilhelm Förster

While in Berlin this year I made the acquaintance of the late Dr. Wilhelm Förster, the eminent professor of Astronomy in the University. Him I found personally agreeable, wise, and tolerant, with a keen insight into public affairs, though then well past seventy years of age. He was very strongly opposed to the protective tariff system as doing serious injury to Germany by robbing the many for the sake of the few. More than that, he thought a protective tariff the chief obstacle to friendliness between nations. That there was need or occasion for war with either Great Britain or France he did not believe, but he feared that the weakness of the Tsar and "the semi-barbarous condition" of the Russian people might induce the Kaiser to attack Russia by way of relieving himself of home problems. As a matter of fact "the project was already being discussed by the Berlin Junkers."

Förster was not satisfied with the treatment of Alsace-Lorraine. In a personal letter he afterward wrote as follows:

> Germany has throughout treated the people of Elsass-Lothringen in embittering fashion. By this means the painful influence of the conquest on the feeling of the French people has been kept alive and constantly renewed. In spite of this, a vote by the people of Alsace-Lorraine would now (September, 1913) probably show a majority in favor of remaining part of Germany. This would mainly be on economic grounds, as the fruit and wine industry of Elsass-Lothringen is in closer relation to the interests of Germany than those of France.

How can the relations between Germany and France be made better? Certainly through giving the people of Elsass-Lothringen the greatest possible independence, with freedom to continue the use of the French language and the like. To this end there must rule between Germany and France, and for that matter through Europe generally, a higher socio-political relation than at present. This should begin with a customs-union and with parliamentary control. The International Court needs organization and expansion in power until its jurisdiction includes the whole earth.

From Berlin I went to Jena with a letter of introduction to Dr. Rudolph Eucken, the greatest of German teachers of Ethics, given me by his disciple, Dr. Tudor Jones, then of London but in whose church at Brisbane I once made an address. Jones had edited the English translations of Eucken's works and served as his intellectual representative in London.

Eucken both moralist and militarist

Eucken was an agreeable and simple-hearted gentleman especially interested in the morals of the Jena students and keenly desirous of ridding the University of the "*Bier-Philister*" — those whose interest in higher education centers in the *Kneipe* and the duel. He thus spoke with some bitterness of the fact that when early graduates come back and find drinking and dueling customs decidedly abated, they complain that Jena has "lost its spirit!" Strangely enough, however, I found him holding the militarist view that war is a necessity of the state, its horrors a form of growing pains to be endured because inevitable in the process of national growth. It seems singular that Bismarckism through its apparent success should have gained such a hold on German scholars. One of Eucken's own students, Dr. Howard Brunt of Halifax, once applied to me for an explanation of this paradox.

I discussed with Eucken various public questions.

He had no understanding of democracy, and asserted that Germany was prosperous and progressive by not allowing ignorant people to meddle with affairs. Upon my request for his views on the question of Alsace-Lorraine he expressed himself, by letter, in the following manner: *A German view*

> Elsass-Lothringen is for us Germans no longer a question. The land, the seat of an old German race, is a piece of Germany — in its language and its customs, German. We Germans are sensitive to all discussion of this question by foreign people as a revival of the French restlessness toward this problem. Inside of Germany I wish to see granted to Elsass-Lothringen all possible independence, but that is a problem forever and wholly German.

At Jena I spent the afternoon with Ernst Haeckel, Eucken's colleague, a man of totally different type — keen, critical, dogmatic, holding in equal dislike the state church of Germany and British imperialism, both of which he thought essentially hypocritical. He was "sure that the Herr Gott is not British, as English imperialists imagine him to be." His idea of England, like that of many other Germans, was derived from the overreaching of Palmerston and Beaconsfield. The fact that another England came into power with Campbell-Bannerman he did not realize. Had he known it he would probably have insisted that fair-minded Englishmen were still in the minority even though, by compromise, a liberal party had come into power. He also shared the opinion of his academic class in general, that Germany was getting along famously and that for the people to interfere with public affairs would simply break up her harmonious efficiency.[1] *Haeckel*

[1] The same idea was expressed in a personal letter to me from a professor of Law in Heidelberg: "Thank God, we have no parliamentary government!"

An academic gibe

It interested me to have him verify a remark attributed to him, which was that "the research output of universities the world over is in inverse proportion to the perfection of their equipment." I should add that this statement was originally made largely as a sneer at Agassiz and his new Museum of Comparative Zoölogy at Harvard.

When I left, Haeckel presented me with a number of accurate and artistic colored prints, sketches made by him in the East Indies. These were appropriated by the customs officials at the next frontier.

5

At Gratz

From Germany we went on to Gratz, the capital of Styria, to the World Congress of Zoölogy, my special obligation being to meet again with the Commission of Nomenclature, already discussed. Arrived in the finely situated city, Stolz and I were assigned to modest rooms in the Pension Plantl on the corner of Goethe and Humboldt streets. There one day I was called upon by Dr. Stiles. As member of the naval sanitary service, he then held the rank of captain and for reasons which will be appreciated chose to wear his uniform at the Congress. At the door of our pension, having first asked for "Dr. Jordan," without further ceremony he ran directly up to my room. The fact that a person so obviously of high military rank should waive official etiquette in order to see me in haste created a deep impression as to my own standing, so that upon his departure I was offered the best room in the house and treated with special courtesy during the remainder of my stay!

My social standing

The meeting of the commission proved very inter-

esting. The chairman, Dr. Raphael Blanchard, was a model of good sense and courteous dignity combined with that charm of manner supposed to be typical of a man of the world rather than of a specialist in parasitic worms. Representatives from all the large nations were present, and although English prevailed, it was customary for each speaker to use his own tongue and then hastily translate into French, German, or English according to circumstances. Usually before one had finished another was ready with his proposition and translation. This gave our deliberations the extremely lively and polyglot air common to international conferences. In all important matters, however, we found ourselves in fair agreement, and the meeting, like that at Boston, was handled by Stiles with great dexterity.

A polyglot commission

The local committee of Gratz invited us to an open-air supper three miles out in the woods at "*der Teich*" (the tarn). This was a little pond around which stood the chairs and tables of a restaurant. The party being far larger than the waiters could care for, supper was inordinately delayed, although paid for beforehand by the guests. After a personal visit to the kitchen to see how things were getting on behind the scenes, I took the tramway back to town, whither most of the visiting scientists soon followed.

Supper al fresco

Arrangements had also been made for an excursion to some mines in the Tauern Alps near Leoben, to the north of Gratz. The tax for this outing, which was to occur on the day following adjournment by the Congress, included both railway fare and luncheon. In the end, however, we were notified that the number signing for the trip was too small to justify it, and

the money already paid would be refunded. I mention these little matters because similar affairs in America are always cheerfully financed by the local hosts of a formal convention, and free transportation is usually furnished by the railways.

Tiresome pedantry

Among the various memoirs presented at the Gratz meeting, one by Dr. L. Rhumbler, teacher in a gymnasium in Württemberg, was the worst scientific paper I ever heard. It consisted mainly of a proposition to make generic names of animals and plants more useful by loading them with prefixes giving specific information as to the nature of the organism concerned, together with its geographical distribution. Thus, taking one of his own examples, our Swallowtail Butterfly, *Papilio turnus*, would become *Ylpapilia eturna*, the *y* standing for insect, *l* for Lepidoptera, the feminine ending *a* for invertebrate, while *e* indicates America.

Rhumbler had been allotted twenty minutes for his discussion. When he had consumed an hour, I raised a point of order; the time for the next paper on the program had long since passed, and I had come to this particular section in order to hear it. But the speaker was indignant at the interruption and kept on to the bitter end, when it transpired that the authors of all the memoirs scheduled to follow had meanwhile left the room.

As the Congress closed, the municipality gave us a formal banquet, an elaborate affair approved by the *élite*, who attended in force. My part it was to respond to the toast of "*Das grüne Land von Steyermark*" (the green land of Styria). After merited praise of the countryside, I referred to the rumors of war then rumbling in Europe, although no land

The green land of Styria

on earth seemed more peaceful than Styria's fair meadows browsed by contented herds. People who attend to their own affairs grow prosperous and never clamor for war. This little talk seemed to please and earned a special commendation from the Hungarian Minister of Education.

A "jolly-up"

On this occasion I was fortunate in being called on early. The smart set of Gratz became boundlessly enthusiastic with champagne before dinner was over, but I waited until eleven to hear my neighbor, Sir Sidney F. Harmer, the competent successor of Dr. Günther as Keeper of the British Museum. To foreign naturalists speaking English or French the young people at the other tables were increasingly uncivil, and when the banquet was over gave themselves up to alcoholic revelry.

Fried and the "Friedenswarte"

While still in Gratz I had a visit from Fried, at that time almost the only man in Europe devoting himself wholly to the cause of peace. Simple-hearted, straightforward, and sagacious, he possesses large constructive and journalistic ability, and I came to value him highly as a co-worker.[1] As editor and publisher of a magazine, *Friedenswarte* ("Watch Tower of Peace"), he was exhausting his physical energy and all available means. Afterward he received half the Nobel prize for 1911, $20,000, this being one of the cases in which it was deservedly given. For a while, therefore, he was able effectively to continue his work notwithstanding political embarrassments.

[1] Fried died on May 24, 1921, at the age of fifty-seven, the victim of bronchopneumonia, aggravated by lack of food. Carl Heath of London writes of visiting him in the Vienna hospital. "He was obviously dying, but with a smile he sent his greetings to all his many friends. He is another peace victim of the war, and his death is a severe loss to the German pacifists and to the movement generally." (*National Peace Council*, June, 1921.)

At the outbreak of war, however, the mob drove him from Vienna, when he took refuge in Zürich, where he continued to publish the "Watch Tower." But his money being all invested in Austrian government bonds which became perfectly worthless, he soon found himself reduced to penury with the other Austrian intellectuals. Learning then of his deplorable situation, I appealed to some broad-minded Americans who appreciate the man and his work. As a result certain sums of money as well as food orders were generously sent to relieve him and his family.

Bertha von Suttner

The Congress over, we proceeded to Vienna, where I met and dined with Baroness Bertha von Suttner, author of the epoch-making story, "*Waffen Nieder!*" (Ground Arms!). Her invitation to dinner came in response to a letter of introduction which I had sent by mail from Gratz. This found her resting in the Semmering Mountains, but she kindly traveled the hundred miles to Vienna just to show me a courtesy. Arriving early in the city, I looked up Fried and spent most of the day with him. But toward the end of the afternoon I exhausted all my available German and so asked the privilege of an hour's sleep in order to recover my tongue!

"Waffen Nieder!"

I much enjoyed my visit with Madame von Suttner, a woman of great moral and intellectual power, then sixty-seven years of age, well preserved, large of frame and fair in feature, attractive in appearance and manner. I asked her if "*Waffen Nieder!*" was the story of her own life. She replied: "No, my life has been a very happy one, but this book *has made my life*. To have seen what I have seen, and felt what I have felt, has forced me ever to work against the hideous curse of war."

BERTHA VON SUTTNER

KAKICHI MITSUKURI

The Pangermanist press then spoke of the pacifists of Germany and Austria as "tied to the apron strings of an old woman in Vienna."

I afterward met the Baroness in America in 1912, and presided over two meetings at which she spoke — the one in San Francisco, the other in Chicago. She had a good command of English, and a broad historical and philosophical outlook. Somewhat later her autobiography was published in Boston in English by Ginn, in Zürich in German by the Orell-Füssli Company.

A congress never held

The World Peace Congress due in 1914 was to have been held in Vienna in her honor. She passed away, however, in the early part of that year, just before the onset of war. Meanwhile there had been made a most elaborate moving-picture film illustrating in some degree her own life, and giving many details of the conflict between Austria and Prussia in which the scenes of "*Waffen Nieder!*" are laid. I saw this film in 1915 at a gathering of American pacifists in the Hotel Astor, New York.

The following letter from Madame von Suttner may be of interest to others as to me:

VIENNA, January 26, 1913

Dear Dr. Jordan:

I received your beautiful poem at the beginning of the year. Yes, the "vision changeless as the stars" must be our comfort and our strength in these days of ruthlessness and madness.

You have no idea, in America, how deeply steeped in militarism our Middle-Europe is now. I am happy to have had my experiences of the spirit prevailing in America, and I made all efforts to impart some of it to my country people. The subject of my lectures here now is "Impressions and Inspiration of America."

When shall we meet again?

B. SUTTNER

Steindachner

Being in Vienna, I visited with great pleasure the venerable intendant or chief director of the Natural History Museum, Dr. Franz Steindachner, one of the ablest ichthyologists of our times. Born in 1834, in 1859 he began work on the fossil fishes of Austria, his memoirs on the subject of Ichthyology numbering 440. As assistant to Agassiz in the '60's, he then visited California and described many of our coast species. He also made collections in Spain and Brazil, and all together published accurate and finely illustrated studies on the fishes of almost every part of the globe. Steindachner confined his attention to faunal work and exact definition of species. He was little interested in generalizations, and broad combinations he left to less-experienced investigators, on the principle laid down by Linnæus: "*Tyro novit classes; magister fit species.*"[1] Within the field as thus limited, no German vertebrate zoölogist has approached him.

When the Austrian government dismantled the fortifications about Vienna, a broad street, the Burgring, took its place. Here were established the Imperial and Royal Art Gallery, Opera House, and Natural History Museum. Steindachner then became director of the last-named, though provided with a wholly inadequate force and very little money for securing material. He had an excellent lithographic artist, Edward Konopicky, and a taxidermist, but all labels he wrote for himself, and he himself paid for most of his specimens. Through me he bought a good deal of material secured in my early expeditions, but before 1910 had reached the limit of possible purchases.

In his devotion to work, he never married. I found

[1] "The beginner originates classes; the master makes species."

him still busy despite his seventy-six years, and occupying humble lodgings in a stone annex to the museum, with only an elderly servant looking after his comfort. To the Vienna public he was a "*bekannter Fischkenner*," to his colleagues an investigator of the first rank. His last set of papers, quartos dealing with certain Brazilian fishes, passed into the hands of the British censor, from whom only the second part has yet come across.

A scholar's fate

During the war I heard nothing from him, nor did I learn until 1920 how he had fared in the ordeal through which Vienna is still passing. But his successor, Dr. Victor Pietschmann, informs me that he died on December 10, 1919, his final illness and death being directly due to the inability of the museum to procure coal for heating any of its offices.

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

I

Meran to Piz Languard

LEAVING Vienna, our first stop was Meran, a charming resort in the Trentino, wholly Austrian so far as Stolz and I observed, but lately ceded to Italy by the Treaty of Versailles in order to insure a "strategic defense," a reason abhorrent to my mind. For security against war, if there be any, must lie not in indomitable fortresses but in the hearts of the people. From Meran we went over the majestic Stelvio Pass, where we saw and heard Austrian soldiers practicing their machine guns on the glaciers of the Ortler. Descending into Italy, we next crossed the beautiful Bernina over to scenes, to me familiar, around exquisite Pontresina, the heart of the Engadine. There we went up Piz Languard, climbed by me twenty-one years before, a superb viewpoint easy of access and most repaying. Stolz walked to the summit, and I halted at the end of the *funiculaire*, for the experience of a quarter century had left me stout and scant of breath as compared with the *Matterhornbesteiger* of 1881![1]

From the Engadine we drove down the Maloja, beloved of old, to the Lake of Como. Thence, on our way westward, we stopped to see the old battlefields

Magenta

of Magenta and Novara. In Magenta the bullet holes in the houses showed the course of the Austrian troops driven from the bridge by the Italians and French over the river Po and back through the city streets. In an old church, in one of the basement

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XI, pages 258–269.

rooms, thousands of skulls are arranged on shelves like specimens in a museum. Some of them reveal sword cuts and bullet holes that the spiders have vainly tried for fifty years to heal.

Novara

At Novara the pyramidal pile of skulls, which in 1890 (when my wife and I visited the place) stood on the edge of the wheatfield where the battle was mainly fought, had been removed nearer to the city, on the street down which the soldiers of the unfortunate Charles Albert were pursued by the Austrians, who forced him to abdicate the throne to his son, Victor Emmanuel. The gruesome relics are now placed in rows on the sides of a deep pit, the skeleton of a tall grenadier standing upright in the midst.

We next broke our journey at Aosta that I might again study the *crétins* (cretins), a type of idiot found in different Alpine regions, in Frohnleiten in Styria, and in parts of Valais, but most numerous at Aosta, "famous for its mountains and infamous for its idiots." Here startling results had been produced by the preservation and selective breeding of paupers. This peculiar type of idiocy has existed for a long time, and its original cause is not yet fully known. Always associated with goiter, a swelling of degenerated thyroid glands — in cause also uncertain — it is usually thought to be due to absence of iodine in water, but this I believe not yet proved. The tendency to develop goiter seems to be hereditary. Nearly all children attacked by it become idiots; adults who acquire it may not be mentally affected.

Selective breeding of cretins

In 1897 I wrote certain paragraphs which follow, interesting perhaps for the very fact that former conditions no longer prevail, as will shortly appear:

In and about Aosta the goitrous cretin has been for centuries an object of charity. The idiot has received generous support, while the poor farmer or laborer with brains and no goiter has had the severest of struggles. In the competitions of life a premium has thus been placed on imbecility and disease. Cretin has mated with the cretin, goiter with goiter, and charity and religion have presided over the union. The result is that idiocy is multiplied and intensified. The cretin of Aosta has been developed as a new species of man. In fair weather the roads about the city are lined with these awful paupers — human beings with less intelligence than the goose, with less decency than the pig. The asylum for cretins in Aosta is a veritable chamber of horrors. . . .

A large proportion of the cretins who will be born in the next generation will undoubtedly be offsprings of cretin parents. It is strange that self-interest does not lead the people of Aosta to place their cretins under such restrictions as to prevent their marriage. True charity would give them not less helpful care, but guarantee that each individual cretin should be the last of his generation.

Cause of cretinism

In his admirable volume, "The Valley of Aosta," Felice Ferrero writes:

Cretinism is an old plague in the Alps. It is said to have been known in ancient times, and was described at length in the seventeenth century; but its cause is almost as much of a mystery as in centuries past. The only certain data about it are the following: that cretinism belongs exclusively to mountainous districts, that it is connected with goiter . . . that it is transmitted by heredity. Beyond this, not much is to be gathered.

I had visited Aosta in 1881, 1883, and 1890, verifying in full the account of Ferrero and an earlier one of Whymper. Each time I saw cretins on the streets and on all neighboring roads. Everywhere in evidence were those feeble little people with uncanny voices, silly faces, and sickening smiles, incapable of taking care of themselves and all disfigured by the

swollen goiter. Not every goitrous person is an idiot, but every idiot has a goiter. Both classes are excused from military service. With many normal men cut off by battle, leaving the weak at home, the relative number of goiters and of idiots had steadily increased.

"No more of them"

In 1910 I went to Aosta prepared to take a series of photographs. To my surprise I could not find a single cretin or even anybody who knew the meaning of the name! The landlord of the Hotel Centoz suggested, however, that I might look in the Asilo dei Poveri Vecchi (Asylum for the Aged Poor) built by the city in 1890, the year of my last previous visit. To my astonishment I was informed that all the cretins and many of the goitrous had been then gathered into the asylum, with complete segregation of the sexes. Only one cretin still survived — an old woman four feet high, with the manners of an affectionate lap dog, even licking my hands like a dog. There were also three semi-cretins, illegitimate sons of cretin mothers. As to children, Suor (Sister) Lucia, the Mother Superior, said simply: "*Il n'y en a plus*" (There are no more of them).

It was true. Every child in a near-by orphanage was bright and alert, with no touch of the taint. I inspected the beggars standing in a row at the railway station — weak, inconsequential, but not cretins. Cretinism, like other forms of feeblemindedness, is descended from its own. Its plain remedy lies in segregation, "the guarantee that each individual shall be the last of his generation."

Carcassonne

From Marseilles, where we made a collection of fishes, we passed on to Carcassonne, the majestic medieval citadel which inspired one of the most

charming of Provençal poems, the old man's lament that while his children had traveled far and wide, even to Narbonne and Perpignan, he himself had never gone to Carcassonne! But I shall not attempt to describe this marvelous walled town above the Aude, with its massive gates and watch towers, really a city within a fortress. Leaving it reluctantly, we now came to picturesque Lourdes in the foothills of the Pyrenees on the banks of the swift Gave de Pau, and dominated by an ancient castle perched on an abrupt cliff. Under a rock on the river bank flows out a clear, cold spring; it was there that Bernadette Soubirous, a neurotic girl, had in 1858 a vision of the Virgin, who appeared in a niche above, a charming figure clothed in white with a blue sash. Thus arose the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, "*Notre Dame de Lourdes*," and with time, by dint of judicious advertising, the spring became famous among the faithful, the world over, for its marvelous cures. From every part of France the peasantry began to pour, at last by hundreds of thousands; ample hotels were built, and a multitude of bazaars for the sale of relics and mementos.

"I never went to Carcassonne"

Our Lady of Lourdes

On the day of our visit there were present upward of thirty thousand people, mostly from different parts of France — one trainload being from Valenciennes in the extreme northeast. Many of these had come just for the outing, but to a large percentage Lourdes was the last hope. In the huge open stadium, clarion-voiced priests like "yell leaders" in an American football game or a political convention swayed the throng at will:

The last hope

Prosternez-vous! agenouillez-vous!
Les bras en croix! baissez à terre!

CARCASSONNE, NEAR VIEW

CARCASSONNE FROM THE RIVER

Then in chorus from the multitude arose:

> Sainte Vierge, aies pitié de nous.
> Sainte Vierge, aies pitié de nos malades.
> *Seigneur, il faut que tu aies pitié!*

Meanwhile the sick, having been undressed, were thrown one after another and in rather cold-blooded fashion into a hollowed-out basin by the spring. To the sudden chill of the icy water, reaction varied with individuals. Some shivered violently and were scarcely able to move; in other cases the nervous shock seemed to furnish a sudden stimulus. Those capable of shouting usually cried out in exultation: "*Je suis guéri!*" or rather "*guérie*," more than half of them being women. Ten thousand voices then rang out the *Magnificat*, while the more susceptible rolled on the ground in religious frenzy. The physicians now proceeded with their "*constatation*" or test, which determines whether the cure be real or imaginary. One of them explained that by no means every case of apparent relief was permanent; as a rule they had one actual miracle a week. Collection boxes "for the benefit of incurables" I noticed here and there. *Guérie!*

It must be said that there was much evidence of genuine reverence notwithstanding the businesslike attitude of the treasurers and the general air of picnicking on the part of most of the visitors. Zola's "Lourdes" seems to me faithfully to represent the fine spirit of devotion not wholly submerged in the sordid details and attendant superstition. Naturally each onlooker will find his impressions colored by his beliefs. For myself the total effect was unconvincing.

Cirque de Gavarnie and the Pyrenees

Thirty miles up the Pau, beyond the villages of Luz and St. Sauveur, stands the magnificent rock amphitheater known as the Cirque de Gavarnie. At the end of the carriage road we hired for guide a vigorous and keen-witted peasant girl who had not been farther from her home than St. Sauveur and the Cirque, each about eight miles away.

The Pyrenees, never having been glaciated, look very unlike the Alps, with their irregular craggy walls sculptured by rain and frost instead of ice. For the same reason no lakes appear and no mountain passes. Great *cirques*, semicircular excavations with vertical sides, thus constitute the special feature of the region. In the middle of Gavarnie, the Pau drops off a wall nearly 2000 feet high in a slim cascade by which, through the ages, the abyss has been scooped out.

"Main Street" overseas

From Lourdes again we started for Paris, stopping on the way at the old city of Cahors to there observe something of an unnoted French provincial town where people live "close to the bone." The day was interesting but on the whole saddening, as we saw so many of our fellows, not abjectly poor but still never knowing anything of leisure or comfort, not to say luxury!

2

Arrived in Paris, I set out to meet my colleagues in the work for peace. And first of all I looked up Ralph Lane, then editor of the Paris edition of the *Daily Mail*, whose duty it was to select from the London issue of that not over-scrupulous journal any articles which seemed worth reprinting in France. His full name, it was understood, was Ralph Norman

Angell Lane, and as "Norman Angell" he was allowed by Harmsworth (Lord Northcliffe), owner of the *Mail*, to contribute to other journals pacifist and democratic articles not in accordance with Northcliffe's views or rather policy, for the famous journalist has apparently no views. Under his pseudonym, therefore, Lane had already published a most remarkable pamphlet, "Europe's Optical Illusion." In this he asserted that Europe was heading directly toward war, unthinkable from any rational point of view, and bound to end in general ruin. The movement he ascribed to an "optical illusion," the current belief that nations gain in strength and wealth by war.

Norman Angell

This little book was later expanded by its author into "The Great Illusion," which has been translated into nearly every language, and which soon made its author the leader of active and constructive work for pacifism in Great Britain, and to a large extent throughout the world, with a growing reputation as "the greatest of pamphleteers."

"The Great Illusion"

In England in 1913 and 1914 I saw much of his work. Slender and fragile of body, with a fine face, he yet had an air of solid conviction which carried weight. As a teacher of young men I have hardly known his equal. He has a clearness and fairness of logic which cuts away irrelevant matter and sets one to thinking about things as they really are. Returning to England about 1911, he soon gathered around him a large group of students, particularly in London, Cambridge, and Manchester, and the theory of the economic futility of war as well as its political suicide became known as "Norman Angellism." In 1914 his disciples established a monthly journal, *War and Peace*, for free discussion of democracy in its relation

A masterful teacher

to war and the removal of standing incentives. Norman Angell the pacifist now being far better known throughout the world than Ralph Lane the journalist, he legally adopted the *nom de plume*.

Sometime a Californian

To go back several years, at the time of the publication of "The Optical Illusion," Lane, though living in Paris, was still a citizen of California, to which state he had come in the '90's, presumably in search of health. He then took charge of the Rose Ranch, an oasis in a desert of the Tehachapi devoted to cattle and turkeys. Later, in San Francisco, he served on the staff of one of the dailies, after which he went to Paris as editor of a journal which was soon suspended, leaving him more or less stranded until Harmsworth chose him for the *Daily Mail*.

Clear-cut analysis

His varied experience in all three countries, combined with his reaction against the Spanish and Boer wars, and the "*affaire Dreyfus*," now determined his future career. In 1899 he published in London a trenchant book entitled "Patriotism under Three Flags," an analysis of the vulgar display of intolerance under the guise of "patriotism" shown alike in the United States, Great Britain, and France. The work met with scant favor and light sales; it was in fact virtually forgotten until the approaching crisis forced to the front the same ideas which he more constructively embodied in "The Great Illusion."

From "Patriotism under Three Flags" I quote this characteristic passage:

> Captain Mahan's reference to "the moral elevation which comes to every citizen in the membership of a great empire" is not an illusion. It is a somewhat impudent fabrication brought forward for the purpose of confusing plain issues and giving to irrational and mischievous emotions something of the sanction

of morality. A beggar, watching the Coronation procession of Colonial and exotic warriors, was heard to reflect: "I own India, Africa, and the Antipodes, the islands of the tropic seas, the snows of the north, the jungles of far continents. And I am starving for a crust of bread. I rule all the black millions from which these legions have been drawn; my word is law in half a world — and yesterday a negro savage turned from my rags in disgust when I cringed before him for alms."

Ruyssen and Moch

Among my new French acquaintances were several of broad vision, active in world affairs. Théodore Ruyssen, professor of Philosophy in the University of Bordeaux, was one of the keenest and most persistent of all workers for international conciliation. Gaston Moch, a native of Lorraine, formerly a captain of artillery, a man of military appearance and aggressive disposition, was nevertheless also devoted to peace. Fried once spoke of Moch and himself as "two fingers of the same glove." The former was then acting as secretary to Albert, Prince of Monaco, for besides his scientific researches this versatile prince was deeply interested in international conciliation, and had commissioned Moch to gather in Paris a library of peace[1] in addition to the famous library of Oceanography, in which line Albert is best known. Moch's special interests lay in arbitration, and he published a detailed account of the many cases of arbitral decisions of international questions. Of this I had a translation made, and was arranging for its publication in America, but the rush of history soon left it out of date.

Rivière

Dr. Joseph A. Rivière, then president of the "Association des Médecins Contre la Guerre," is a warm-hearted, open-minded physician with a large practice in the electrical treatment of nervous

[1] Now developed into the Institut International de la Paix.

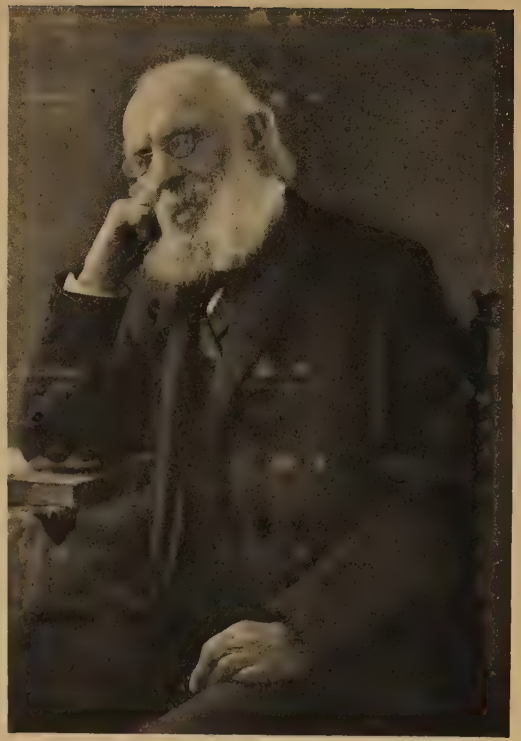
diseases. Following our first acquaintance, we became such good friends that in subsequent visits to Paris my family and I were personal guests at his spacious "Maison de Repos," No. 15, Boulevard de la Madeleine. Rivière never married, having devoted his life to his sister's children, born like himself in Mauritius.

Majérieux Joseph Majérieux, the eldest, was a remarkably brilliant youth of twenty, already graduated from the University of Paris and well along in his medical studies. At one time he went to England with me to perfect his English in the summer session at Oxford. When war broke out, he entered the army and we soon received a post card bearing the words, "*Blessé, à l'hôpital.*" But he recovered from the wound and survived the entire conflict.

Dumas Jacques Dumas, then city prosecuting attorney, was strongly interested in the peace movement. Keen, critical, impatient with pretense, he went directly to the heart of things. He belonged to the group of which Ruyssen was the leading spirit and which published an admirable monthly, "*La Paix par le Droit*" (Peace through Law). These men accepted the dictum of Léon Bourgeois that "peace is the duration of law." In connection with his translation of my booklets [1] already mentioned, Dumas gave me the following letter, dated February 19, 1911, from Auguste Fabre of Nîmes:

> L'article de Dr. Jordan est bien fait; largeur de vue, clarité dans l'exposition des faits, multiplicité des exemples, déductions d'une logique irréfutable, rien ne manque à son article. Au nom de tous mes amis qui l'ont lu vous pouvez l'en remercier.
>
> J'espère que la *Paix par le Droit* en tirera influence et profit. Votre part, non le moindre, servira l'honneur de l'avoir compris, choisi, et traduit.

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XXIV, note, page 619.



FRÉDÉRIC PASSY

ERNST HEINRICH HAECKEL

Passy

Accompanied by Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews I went to Neuilly-sur-Seine to see Frédéric Passy, the veteran pacifist who, with Randall Cramer of London, had founded the International Parliamentary Union after the Treaty of Frankfort in 1871. This body included representatives from all congresses, parliaments, and governing groups of the world, its purpose being to bring about rational relations among the great powers. The first meeting of the Union being called at Berlin, all but one of the deputies of France refused to attend; they would not go to Prussia to find themselves and their nation insulted! But Passy took a broader view; "I will go to Berlin," he said, "and I shall not be insulted." I remember viewing with emotion a photograph he showed us of the meeting, for there in the central seat, *the place of honor*, appeared the brave French delegate who went to do his part in the work for better understanding.

Scott and Upson

As we drove toward Neuilly I happened to notice on the sidewalk two Stanford students, Leland Stanford Scott and Burchill Upson, and invited them to get in with us, an invitation they promptly accepted. But that I, the president of their university, should recognize the youths and ask them to join me, greatly surprised Mrs. Andrews, who said that such a thing would be "impossible" with an Eastern university president. As to that, I thought it a matter of temperament, not at all of geography.

Buisson

In Paris a formal luncheon was given to Mrs. Andrews, as head of the American School Peace League, by a group of local teachers and pacifists of whom Ferdinand Buisson, the accomplished minister of education, was then a leader. This affair was of great interest to us as showing the point of view of

prominent French educators, women as well as men. In 1915 Buisson came to San Francisco as a delegate to the Panama-Pacific Exposition, at which time we became quite well acquainted. But of him and his delightful brother I shall again speak.

D'Estournelles de Constant

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant I visited at his home beside the ancient moated castle of Créans on the banks of the Loire near La Flèche, in the old province of Maine. This brilliant publicist was then as now a senator of France. He had served as judge in the Hague Court, was the leader of the peace movement in France, and one of the most prominent advocates of international good will in the world. My visit laid the foundation of a friendship which still endures. Madame d'Estournelles, an American woman by birth, presided graciously over her pleasant family, lodged in a recent structure, but guests are privileged to sleep in the modernized rooms of the tall old castle tower.

Hilton and Shelton

In 1909 D'Estournelles visited Stanford University, where he gave three addresses, awakening and sustaining interest in international problems. Two of our young men, John Hilton and Errett Shelton, were afterward guests at Créans, when their host called a public meeting in La Flèche at which he invited them both to speak on America's feeling toward France. The war and all its consequences brought him terrible disappointment, and he felt embittered by the fact that his varied efforts for conciliation between France and Germany had been rendered futile by the blind arrogance of the German government.

Seeck

On our way from France to Belgium I arranged with Dr. Otto Seeck, professor of Ancient History in

the University of Münster, to meet me at the Hôtel des Flandres in Brussels. In his extensive work, "The Downfall of the Ancient World,"[1] a weighty chapter is devoted to the main cause of that decline — namely, the extirpation of the best elements — "*die Ausrottung der Besten*" — through civil wars and wars of conquest. Being strongly impressed with these studies, I had quoted from the book in "The Human Harvest," and later in "War and the Breed." *Reversal of selection*

I found my guest a sturdy, straightforward scholar interested in biological matters as well as in History. But his nationalism was so strong that no act of the German government seemed to him open to criticism. Furthermore, although the author of a telling historical indictment against war, he appeared to have no moral abhorrence of its operations. If Europe should destroy herself through fratricidal conflict, it would be merely an event in history, which knows no right or wrong.

Together we motored to the field of Waterloo. There the old inns of Belle-Alliance, Vieux-Amis, and Mont Saint Jean still stand, as well as the chateau of Hougoumont, where the fiercest hand-to-hand fighting took place. The battle ground now seems very small, and the conflict as a whole hardly more than a skirmish compared with those being fought on the Somme and the Marne as these particular lines are written! *Waterloo*

In 1915 I received a long letter from Seeck setting forth "the great blunder made by England in bringing on the war"; for, still having faith in official Germany, he assumed that the "initial crime" lay mainly with Edward VII and his "lackey," Delcassé,

[1] "*Untergang der Antiken Welt.*"

thus wholly ignoring the persistent campaign of the Pangermanists carried on before his very eyes. Afterward he sent me an affecting extract (which I here translate) from the last letter of his son, who was killed in Poland:

> One who stands in the field so often face to face with death learns how to value life. But he loses also the fear of death, for he knows that the highest fortune is the forgetting of personality, the offering up of self. And this takes from death all terror.

La Fontaine

In Brussels I made several helpful acquaintances, among them Henri La Fontaine, secretary of the Senate and director of the National Library, a man of high character and large intellectual caliber, and a leader in conciliation. I subsequently met him several times under varied conditions — as president of the World Peace Congress at The Hague, director of the International Peace Bureau at Berne, Belgian refugee in London in 1914, and lecturer in behalf of peace and arbitration in America in 1915. La Fontaine is an author of note in international law, and the recipient (1913) of the Nobel Peace Prize.

Otlet, Lange, and Rossignol

Dr. Paul Otlet, La Fontaine's associate in the National Library, is the author of "La Charte Mondiale" and other important contributions to international law. Dr. Christian F. Lange, formerly professor in the University of Christiania, a quiet scholar whose judgment in public matters was of the highest order, had his office in Brussels as secretary of the Interparliamentary Union. Dr. Charles Rossignol, head of the Bureau of Public Instruction in Belgium, was a man of high ability and charming personality, who spoke English with perfect accent. His special interest lay in the introduction of demo-

THÉODORE RUYSSEN

HENRI LA FONTAINE

cratic American ideas into Belgian schools. Rossignol lost his life early in the German occupation of Brussels, but no details have ever reached me.

During our stay in the stately, historic city we visited the International Exposition, a not very successful effort to display the industrial achievements of Europe. There I first met Professor Patrick Geddes of the University of Edinburgh, who had made an exhibit of his plans and models for ideal town-building, a matter in which he took a prominent part. It was fine to see one ranking so high as a specialist in Biology also active in humanitarian work. By virtue of his keen, strong mind and abounding courage he well deserves the fine tribute paid him by Alfred G. Gardiner in "Pillars of Society." *Geddes*

3

In London I was again the guest of the Herbert Hoovers, this time at the Red House on Hornton Street, beloved of all Stanford men and women — indeed, of all Americans who passed that way. The use of an extra automobile now gave me a second opportunity for generous acquaintance with London as well as with rural England. One Sunday I remember with special pleasure as a red-letter day. In the morning I picked up Norman Angell and took him along to the South Place Church, at which John A. Hobson gave a scholarly discourse. Service over, we all three drove to Hobson's house, across in Surrey near Reigate, for luncheon, after which Angell and I had tea with Sir John Brunner at his stately mansion, "Silverlands," in Chertsey, fifteen miles farther on, finally ending the day at the home of Sir William Osler in Oxford! *The Red House, Hornton Street*

Hobson and Brunner

Hobson is one of the wisest, most clear-headed of British internationalists and thoroughly devoted to the cause of peace. In later visits I enjoyed his companionship, and in 1920 Mrs. Jordan and I had the pleasure of entertaining him and his wife in our home at Stanford. Sir John was a staunch, energetic business man, especially interested in the freedom of the seas and a leader in the campaign for the abolition of the so-called right of capture of merchant and passenger ships. A strong move in this direction had been made at the Hague Conference in 1907, but unfortunately the British vote was cast against abolition, favored by both Germany and America.

At another time my hosts took me on a long trip through central and western England. Whenever possible we ate our midday meal in a forest. One day we stopped on a wooded hill in Derbyshire about two miles from the city of Rocester, which lies across the river Trent in Staffordshire. Below on the slope rose the Abbotsholme School for boys, founded and conducted by Mr. Cecil Reddie, a man of advanced educational ideas who tried to escape the ruts into which the British so-called "Public Schools" have fallen. His pupils camp and tramp, and fish in the silvery Trent celebrated three centuries ago by Izaak Walton. Reddie I have since met at different times both in America and England, and in 1913 my family and I accepted his friendly hospitality for a night.

Abbotsholme

The Cotswolds

Our next lunch we ate on a forest-clad height of the Cotswolds overlooking a fair valley of Gloucestershire, a point which might well have been the one where Ralph Hodgson had his vision in "The Song of Honour Passing." Westward we tarried in the

shadow of Tintern Abbey on the banks of the Wye in Monmouthshire, a beautiful site honored in poetry if not famed in history. In Cardiff we visited W. Evans Hoyle, director of the museum and a helpful colleague of mine on the International Commission of Nomenclature. *Tintern Abbey*

Passing on to Swansea, we saw evidences of the visible decline of that center of the smelting industry, for which its position as a seaport and its nearness to mines of coal, iron, and other metals gave it great natural advantages. The essential cause of failure, I was told, lies in reluctance to adopt modern methods. The smelters were built most substantially as permanent structures. Each time before charging, a special trial load is made to fix the amounts of ore, coal, and limestone for slag necessary for the test. Similar establishments in Germany and America leave all this to the chemist, and the much cheaper buildings are seldom emptied during their lifetime. A former laborer in Swansea, revisiting old scenes, told of still finding his name on a smelter where he had written it some forty years before. Meanwhile he "had seen six generations of smelters in Butte, Montana, sent to the scrap-heap." *Swansea passes*

The night we had planned to spend at St. David's in the heart of Wales, but not liking the looks of the hotel, Hoover characteristically pushed on for another hundred miles till we came to Aberystwith by the Irish Sea. Another time, returning through County Montgomery, we took an enticing cross-road over the moorland hills, and followed it for some miles. But it finally grew so narrow that two vehicles could not pass between the bordering hedges. At last, to our driver's evident distaste, we were forced to enter *Hoover at the wheel*

private grounds and turn around. I am sure he never took a back track before!

Tring Museum

On a trip to Oxford, Stolz and I stopped at the little town of Tring, where Baron Walter Rothschild, the ornithologist, maintains a finely kept museum in which he and his colleagues, Dr. Ernst Hartert and Dr. Karl Jordan, have done admirable work on birds, mammals, and insects. Hartert I had met in Gratz, where I found him one of the most rational of taxonomists, and he as well as Karl Jordan became in due time a member of the Nomenclature Commission. Rothschild's monographs on the Birds of Laysan Island is one of the most complete as well as most beautiful treatises in the whole range of Ornithology. With this member of a famous house my acquaintance has been slight, but one must admire a man who puts his large fortune and his money-making power at the service of science.

Arrived at Oxford, we at once sought out the quarters assigned to Stolz in St. John's College. These were ample but a little bare and medieval, though satisfying in historic picturesqueness. The

With Osler

evening we spent with Dr. Osler, to whose incomparable care I consigned Stolz as a student in medicine. But having talked till after ten o'clock, we found the gates at St. John's closed for the night, which my companion perforce spent with me at the famous and venerable "Mitre."

The negro problem

While in London I was asked by the Eugenics Education Society to speak on the negro problem, a matter in which many people seemed deeply interested, a few regarding it as certain sooner or later to wreck the Republic because democratic equality involved the political and social parity of two races,

manifestly unequal as a whole in their social and political contributions. I attempted a quiet and unprejudiced statement of conditions as they are, with an expression of belief that time would bring slow betterment especially as vocational training raises the economic level of the negro and mulatto along lines laid down by Booker T. Washington. After the conclusion of the address I was encouraged by a brief speech from a gentleman who had been across Canada to Victoria, where he had spent some days studying American problems, and who assured the audience that my conclusions were sound! *My hopeful view*

From William T. Stead I one day received an invitation to call at his office and go with him for luncheon to the Savoy. He received me in very offhand fashion. I had taken some pains to array myself in top hat and frock coat, but apologized as soon as I saw my host, who wore a loose gray sack, by no means new, and a gray cap which he tucked into his pocket on entering the hotel. His conversation was immensely entertaining, everything he touched being picturesquely illuminated. Devoted to peace, after the Boer War he actively opposed all persons instrumental in bringing it on, finally driving every one of them from office; yet he did not seem wholly estranged from the idea of war as a noble sport. William Randolph Hearst interested him, and he said that if Hearst could be converted to a definite progressive policy he would be an immense power for good because of his journalistic skillfulness and his vivid ways of putting things. "If moral interest were added, what a man he would make!" But to my mind Hearst was past reclaiming; he never had and never could have any permanent *Stead*

devotion to a particular great or good cause. One element in his make-up is readiness to take any side of any question.

Stead's tragic death in the sinking of the *Titanic* removed one of the most notable figures in his profession, and if his life had been spared he would have become increasingly important in the calamitous years which followed. His two sons, excellent Liberal journalists, one in London, the other in Australia, were both connected with magazines called *Review of Reviews*, originally founded by their father.

Men worth knowing

Stead said to me that "in any country there are only half a dozen men worth knowing." I did not get his list for England, but I myself found there many men well worth knowing, — more in London than in any other city on earth, although Manchester, from her heights of Liberalism, is prone to look down on her sister as swayed by mediocre tradition.

The "Nation" staff

At one of the weekly luncheons of the *Nation* staff I met the accomplished editor, H. W. Massingham, and several of his associates, including Henry W. Nevinson, poet, and expert on Near East affairs. Hobson was also present on this occasion, and Francis W. Hirst, the clear-headed, scholarly editor of *The Economist*, who had lately published a remarkable book, "The Arbiter in Council." No one else, moreover, seems even yet to have so keen a vision of the economic dislocation and wreckage sure to be produced by war.

Besides myself the only other outsider at the luncheon was Dr. Josef Redlich, a professor in the University of Vienna, an accomplished scholar and one of the few intellectuals of his city not reduced to penury by the war.

Among the professors in the University of London was a close friend of Hoover, William Pember Reeves, director of the School of Economics, a man of marked ability both as economist and executive, sometime also prime minister of New Zealand. I once tried to induce him to come to Stanford as professor.

Weardale

On the invitation of Lord Weardale (Philip Stanhope) I spent a day at Weardale Manor near Seven Oaks, Kent. My intelligent and forceful host remained an ardent pacifist until the outbreak of war left no alternative. He said to me that among the five hundred or more members of the House of Lords were "forty men of good ability." I did not know whether this was praise or criticism. It is true, however, that most of the forty were not born to the purple. For certain of the older members in each party have been made peers, a sort of emeritus recognition of sheer ability; others buy their way by subscriptions to the party treasury, ranging (it is said) from sixteen thousand up to forty thousand pounds. This is not exactly a scandal, because the whole matter is publicly accepted! Yet there is a strong feeling against it, and part of the movement looking toward reform of the House of Lords is based on the fact that as a whole it represents not statesmanship, nor even time-honored aristocracy, but rather the so-called "Beerage" made up of wealthy brewers.

Reform of the Peerage

By way of relief from serious things, I may mention that about this time I happened to see a magazine account (signed Owen Hatteras) of a eugenic wedding in which bride and groom "pledged their troth by giving and receiving an aseptic ring. The

official thus addressed them: 'In the name of Mendel, Galton, Havelock Ellis, and David Starr Jordan, I pronounce you man and wife!'"

4

Arming for peace and war

During this general period the question of peace was steadily coming to the front, the world over, among people with intelligent interest in public affairs. Hoover said to me: "I have never before heard so much talk of peace, nor seen so many men buckling on their side arms." The two phenomena are of course naturally connected. To be prepared for war [1] is to threaten it, and its menace stirs the activity of those opposed to it on principle.

[1] THE GOD OF WAR

"To safeguard peace we must prepare for war"—
I know that maxim; it was forged in hell.
This wealth of ships and guns inflames the vulgar
And makes the very war it guards against.
The God of War is now a man of business,
With vested interests.
So much sunk Capital, such countless callings,
The Army, Navy, Medicine, the Church—
To bless and bury—Music, Engineering,
Red-tape Departments, Commissariats,
Stores, Transports, Ammunition, Coaling-stations,
Fortifications, Cannon-foundries, Shipyards,
Arsenals, Ranges, Drill-halls, Floating Docks,
War-loan Promoters, Military Tailors,
Camp-followers, Canteens, War Correspondents,
Horse-breeders, Armourers, Torpedo-builders,
Pipeclay and Medal Venders, Big Drum Makers,
Gold Lace Embroiderers, Opticians, Buglers,
Tent-makers, Banner-weavers, Powder-mixers,
Crutches and Cork Limb Manufacturers,
Balloonists, Mappists, Heliographers,
Inventors, Flying Men, and Diving Demons,
Beelzebub and all his hosts, who, whether
In Water, Earth, or Air, among them pocket
When Trade is brisk a million pounds a week!

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, 1912

It seemed to me that the idea of war was now regaining its lost repute, especially with the so-called upper classes. The reason for this apparently lay in their fear of the loss of power, the spirit of Treitschke's aphorism: "Foreign war is the swift remedy for internal unrest and failure of patriotism."

The root of war

Meanwhile some of us began to get busy. Oscar T. Crosby, a prominent engineer, supported by certain other pacifists, succeeded in inducing Congress to provide for a Peace Commission to visit Europe on an errand of conciliation, its personnel to be appointed by President Taft; ten thousand dollars was appropriated for expenses. Taft then turned the whole matter over to Secretary Knox, at whose request I furnished a list of suitable persons.[1] But Knox never made the appointments, preferring to let the commission lapse. To me he explained that he feared such a body might injure our interests in Europe by indiscreet conversations or promises, despite "the small size of the appropriation, which would fortunately prevent it from doing much

The commission lapses

[1] THE WHITE HOUSE
Washington

December 16, 1910

My dear Mr. Secretary:

This will introduce to you President David Starr Jordan, who is one of our Commissioners with Canada to settle the fisheries dispute, and who has been in Canada agreeing upon the final steps that we both have to take in order to carry out the treaty. Professor Jordan is especially interested in peace matters, and looks upon the proposed Arbitral Court of Justice as perhaps the most important step toward peace that is now contemplated. I wish you would talk with him and discuss with him the uses to which the Peace Commission might be put — I mean that instrument that Congress created without knowing exactly what to do with it.

Sincerely yours,
(*Signed*) Wm. H. Taft

Hon. P. C. Knox
Secretary of State

harm." Yet the project might possibly have served some useful purpose, and nothing could have been worse than the turn world affairs actually took.

Efforts for a world court

Knox showed me with some pride a pile of letters in which, as he said, every country except Germany was represented. These were in response to identical notes to all the great powers, "asking them to set up and support an international court of justice at The Hague, to have jurisdiction of practically all questions arising between countries." At that time he had great faith in the extension of arbitration as a means of preventing war. In the Secretary's judgment the establishment of an international court would reduce armaments, and "its decrees and provisions would be carried into effect merely by the force of the enlightened public opinion of the world." Such "a court would speedily build up a code of law applicable in all cases by its own decisions based on fundamental principles of international law and equity." For Knox, as Villard says, "believed in international justice and he wanted war outlawed now, and not a hundred years hence."

Practical arbitration

While we were in his office, he related an incident to illustrate the ease with which boundary and like disputes may be adjusted if both parties are willing to do what is fair. In Passamaquoddy Bay, to the east of the Maine coast, lie a number of islands the national ownership of which had never been clearly adjusted. So the representatives of Britain and the United States, Mr. Bryce and Knox himself, met to arrange for arbitration. After an examination of the map, one of the two remarked: "It looks as if the line ought to run here." Upon which his

colleague consented, and the international boundary was adopted without further ceremony.

A meeting of an arbitration society was held this December in Washington in the Pan-American Building. My advice having been asked as to securing a representative speaker from England, I recommended Hirst, who duly appeared, delivering an admirable and scholarly address. At the same gathering Root gave a remarkably clear and forceful exposition of the legal problems connected with international arbitration. Root is an unemotional man, but possessed of an incisive intellect and a rare power of concise and effective expression. To him all problems are of the head, not the heart. *Elihu Root*

My topic on this occasion was the effect of war on the breed, then already engaging my attention to a large extent. About this time, at the suggestion of a German friend, I sent a copy of "The Human Harvest" to the Emperor of Germany. In return I received the acknowledgment which follows, interesting because it perhaps shows the current official attitude toward the rapidly growing Pangermanist campaign. The note (in English) bore a date in January, 1911. *Wasted effort*

. . . Let me thank you very much for your most original and interesting work, "The Human Harvest" which I am going to submit to His Majesty the Emperor at the first opportunity.

Believe me, my dear Sir, we are a commercial and agricultural nation and we want peace and are peaceful notwithstanding the utterances of some irresponsible half-pay generals and admirals who want promotion for their relations and also for the unpardonable levity of the press who writes against better knowledge and only for sensation's sake! Alas! Our geographical position commands a large army for our protection and our

extensive trade a small but efficient navy in order not to be at the mercy of everybody! Why does one grudge us what one finds natural in other powers? Truth and fairness in the press would make things much easier and allow nations to understand each other.

Eugen H. A. von Roeder

James Brown Scott

One evening Christin and I dined with James Brown Scott, then Assistant Secretary of State in charge of peace and arbitration. He seemed very hopeful as to the outlook, and thought that the main obstacle to an International Court thus far encountered — failure to agree on the method of choice of permanent judges — was in a fair way to adjustment. Both Knox and Scott placed their dependence on public opinion for the enforcement of decrees, rather than on the employment of military means or even of the boycott, the latter a two-edged sword cutting first the hand that wields it. And I think that they were right, for, as our fathers recognized in 1776 "a decent regard for the opinions of mankind" is a vital necessity in any enterprise, personal or national.

After a time, for reasons not made public, Scott withdrew from the Department and the special position he held was not continued.

Endowment for peace

In December of this year also, Andrew Carnegie established the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, with a capital sum of $10,000,000. Among the trustees was Andrew D. White, who at once asked my advice as to the administration of the trust. I therefore venture to insert here, as giving my point of view, the following reply to White's letter:

29 Beacon St.,
Boston, Mass.,
Dec. 24, 1910

My dear President White:

In answer to your kind request as to suggestions regarding the best uses of the Carnegie Peace Endowment, permit me to say:

I think that large endowments should deal with large things, and especially the promotion of forceful work of virile men.

Such work may consist in (1) propaganda by speech and writing; (2) investigation into the nature, causes, and effects of war; (3) the development of international law; (4) the development of international congresses; (5) the promotion of international courts, — arbitral, judicial, or both, — with the insuring of their permanence and effectiveness; (6) publication of new material as well as the reprinting of the classics.

It is not well to scatter large funds among small objects. I do not think that much will be gained by offering prizes for orations, debates, or essays among university students or others. Such matters are best handled by local agencies. I do not think that the support of peace societies is a matter of first importance, although the gift to those which are alive of a sum equal to their collections affords a useful stimulus. In a general way the work of one strong man for a great cause counts for more than that of a hundred weak ones. It is well also to make use of established agencies where such are found effective.

1. *Propaganda.*

The spread of sound ideas and correct information is needed everywhere, and in each of the leading countries a tremendous advance could be made by using the services of the most effective speakers and writers for peace, at the same time relieving them from the necessity of bread-winning through other occupations. Outside certain routine secretaryships, there is practically but one man in Europe or America who devotes his whole energies to the work of peace — Alfred H. Fried of Vienna.

The men chosen for this purpose should be men of unquestioned reputation, professional and personal. They should be able and tactful as writers and speakers, and they should be students and investigators, adding constantly original material to the subject matter of their discourses.

The Case against War is an indictment as tremendous as can be made against any human institution. But this has never been fully studied out, and but a very small part of it has been used in the usual plea for peace. The propaganda should be international, each man chosen to take part working in his own way as best he can. The following names might well be considered among the possible workers in Europe:

Francis W. Hirst	London
G. H. Perris	London
J. A. Hobson	London
Christian F. Lange	Brussels
Henri La Fontaine	Brussels
Léon Bourgeois	Paris
Ralph Lane (Norman Angell)	Paris
Charles Richet	Paris
Théodore Ruyssen	Bordeaux
D'Estournelles de Constant	La Flèche
Walter Schücking	Marburg
Karl Lamprecht	Leipzig
Alfred H. Fried	Vienna
Halfdan Koht	Christiania
Jacques Novicow	Odessa
Jacques Dumas	Versailles

In the United States there are many men available for such work.

One phase of the propaganda should consist of courses of lectures in the chief universities on the Case against War and on the development of peace through law.

Another important line of work is that of the American School Peace League and affiliated associations in Europe, through which the ideas of peace and law are brought to the schools. The development of rational textbooks in history after the type of Green's History of the English People is a necessary part of this school work.

2. *The investigation of the nature, the causes, and the effects of war is one of the most important matters to be considered.*

This has several phases: (1) The historic use of war and war scares as a weapon against democracy. (2) The cost of war — a study begun by Jean de Bloch, whose work needs revision,

ALFRED H. FRIED

JOHN MEZ

NORMAN ANGELL

FRANCIS W. HIRST

extension, completion, and compacting. The civilized nations of today, except the United States and Canada and certain of the smaller nations of Europe, are virtually in the hands of their creditors. The interest on the war debt of Europe is annually scarcely less than the whole gold reserve of the world. This debt and its dues grow by leaps and bounds, as well as by compound interest. The story of its origin, the frauds, blunders, and crimes it covers, is almost unknown to the public. The criminal uses of the deferred payment and the indirect tax, the rise of the "Unseen Empire of Finance" and the crushing of the peasant under constantly growing war burdens, need to be fully studied and explained. Here, too, comes the final argument against war — (3) the reversal of selection due to the destruction of the young, the strong, the bold, the soldierly elements, the parentage of the nation being left to those war cannot use. The latest historian of Greece, Otto Seeck, discussing the end of the Peloponnesian Wars, says: "Only cowards remained, and from their blood arose the new generation." The same story in one form or another has been repeated by all the civilized nations. For two thousand years this has been the most terrible fact in the history of Europe, the hidden cause of the downfall of empires, the basis of the problems of the slums, the basal cause of apathy, inefficiency, sterility, and the "drooping spirit" of modern Europe. This matter needs most thorough and accurate investigation, and no scientific problem of the day surpasses it in interest and importance.

A minor study is that of the standing army, its relation to militarism, to education, and to the spread of venereal diseases. Other studies involve the moral evils of war, their effects on society, on politics, and on the individual life.

3. *The development and extension of the code of international law is a most useful line of possible work.*

Peace is the persistence of law, and bankruptcy armed to the teeth is not peace. I believe with Léon Bourgeois, that "*pour nous approcher de la paix, la route véritable n'est pas celle du désarmement qui semble courte, mais que barrent des infranchissables obstacles, mais bien celle du Droit, longue, aride et rude, mais qui seule peut conduire au but. Il y a dans le sentiment du droit, une force incalculable.*"

4. *Every year upward of two hundred world congresses of one*

sort or another are held, and each of these strengthens the bonds of peace. In fact, through these congresses, and through such forms of international coöperation as the Postal Union, a most significant form of world federation is already achieved. In the work called "La Vie Internationale" at Brussels, Henri La Fontaine, Alfred H. Fried, and Paul Otlet maintain a record or clearing house of these international movements — an admirable piece of work; thus far chiefly a labor of love, but which needs and deserves a permanent support.

The final end of all these efforts is the development and permanence of the work at The Hague, the spread of the idea of law and right, and the final elimination of "unreasoning anger from the councils of the world."

I hope that some, at least, of these suggestions may be helpful to you.

Sincerely yours,

David Starr Jordan

5

Champ Clark or Wilson

In the early spring of 1911 the recurrent problem of the presidential succession again came to the front. The insurgent reaction, to be later noticed, lent hope to Democratic politicians, some of whom looked beyond the popular idol, the amiable Champ Clark, to a new standard-bearer. Woodrow Wilson, having resigned the headship of Princeton University after a rather stormy incumbency marked by his effort to bridge differences between what one may call the aristocratic and the democratic factions in that once rigidly Presbyterian seat of learning, was making a record as governor of New Jersey in suppressing graft and promoting the interests of the people. Being associated with Wilson on the Carnegie board of trustees, I said to him once that I could conceive of circumstances under which I might vote the Democratic ticket at the next presidential election!!

Not long afterward a Princeton alumnus in San Francisco thought it a good stroke for his college to invite Wilson to speak to the university graduates in the city. But reaching San Francisco, Wilson discovered that those in charge of the affair were on the staff of a street railway system then in bad odor for wholesale bribery of the city council. In his address at the University Club he went into detail as to his fight with Senator Smith and other politicians of New Jersey; then in graceful language which cut like a knife, he concluded to the following effect:

A notable address

> It speaks most highly for your courtesy and tolerance that you should ask me to address you and listen so patiently to the exposure of corruption in New Jersey, while you are yourselves engaged in the same sort of operations here in San Francisco.

The meeting closed without incident, but afterward in the cloakroom there were some of the maddest men I ever beheld!

The first campaigns for equal suffrage in California were unsuccessful, largely through the querulous attitude adopted by leading speakers, who based their main argument on the fact, true enough, that women were still classed with "idiots, criminals, and Indians not taxed," and in general oppressed by "tyrant man." This was, however, not the whole truth, and did not appeal to the voter who had done the best he knew how and was personally inclined to give woman whatever she asked. In 1911 the question came up again under wiser direction and with more telling effect; tyrant man had meanwhile done some thinking and now voted for the State

Campaigns for equal suffrage

Amendment by a considerable majority. I myself spoke for it in two counties, San Francisco and Ventura, both of which we lost, the former because of its large foreign population, the latter because of the adverse vote of naturalized laborers employed in the bean industry.

Taking responsibility seriously

The measure having carried, a delegation came to me to ask what immediate results the women should attempt to secure with the new power. I then suggested that a study of the career of a certain well-known state senator reputed to be the trusted agent of corporations seeking "favor" or concessions, might lead to some useful constructive effort. The investigation over, they beat him at the polls — although his district was regarded as the "safest" in the city — and elected Edwin E. Grant, an admirable young man, known as a tireless worker for social sanitation.

But the matter did not end here. When all was quiet "the bunch" circulated a petition for Grant's recall on the ground that his recognized activities made him inacceptable to the district; and at the special election then ordered the original incumbent came out ahead because most of the women neglected to vote again.

The absentee vote

This circumstance indicates the chief argument against the extension of the franchise. The absentee vote, discouragingly large among men, is relatively much greater among women, and particularly so in "by-elections"; it takes popular agitation to bring out the body of the people. But this is not a conclusive argument against equal suffrage, though it may hold against the recall and special elections.

In its present form the recall is not a step forward.

Fixity of term of office is a fundamental policy of our government. By the British system the executive group are members of the law-making body and recall follows loss of confidence. There is much to be said for either plan, but the two cannot be effectively blended.

Open primary

The open primary, another piece of "progressive" legislation, does not as now adjusted yield the desired results, the great cost of candidacy closing the doors of office to all except those able and willing to spend large sums of their own money or that of their backers in self-advertisement.

In 1911 we inaugurated at Stanford a special course of religious lectures to be given at intervals as funds permitted. In 1906 one of the seniors in the University, Raymond Fred West, was drowned in the Eel River, Humboldt County. In his memory, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred West of Seattle, now established a permanent lectureship on the general topics of "immortality, human conduct, and human destiny."

Jefferson

The first West series was that by the Rev. Charles E. Jefferson of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York. His three lectures produced a very profound impression. Scarcely any one else who has ever spoken at Stanford on religious subjects has left an equal effect.

Subsequent courses were given by the Rev. Samuel M. Crothers of Cambridge, the Rev. Hastings Rashdall of the Cathedral of Hereford in England, formerly preacher at Oxford, the Rev. Charles Lewis Slattery of Grace Church, New York, Dr. John Dewey, the distinguished philosopher of Columbia

University, and the Rev. Henry Osborn Taylor of New York, student of medieval religion.

The conduct of life

Personally I have felt that talks to young people on the conduct of life formed an important part of my own duties. During the many years of my presidency I made to the graduating class a special address containing some lessons, moral, social, or political. Several of these talks I published in 1892, as already indicated, under the title, "The Care and Culture of Men." This book being favorably received, it met with a large sale. In 1905 other similar addresses were gathered together in a volume called "The Voice of the Scholar." But the entire unsold part of the edition, together with the plates, was burned in the earthquake-fire of 1906.

Beacon Booklets

Still other discourses of this kind, some on commencement days, but more of them on various occasions, were published as separate booklets by the Beacon Press in Boston. Most of these I gave first as extempore talks at different places in the East, writing them out on the train while on my way back. Their titles follow:

The Call of the Twentieth Century
The Religion of a Sensible American
Life's Enthusiasms
The Blood of the Nation
The Higher Sacrifice
The Philosophy of Hope
The Strength of Being Clean
The Innumerable Company
The Call of the Nation
Ulrich von Hutten
The Human Harvest
College and the Man
The Heredity of Richard Roe
The Story of a Good Woman
Unseen Empire
America's Conquest of Europe
War and the Breed

In one of my Commencement speeches never published I said:

Every robust human life is a life of faith. Not faith in what other men have said or thought or dreamed of Life or Death or Fate, not faith that some one afar off or long ago held a key to the riddle of existence which it is not ours likewise to make or hold. Let us rather say: Faith that there is something in the universe that transcends humanity; something of which the life of man is part but not the whole; something which so far as may be it is well for man to know, for such knowledge brings peace and helpfulness.

Encina conferences

For several years I gave a series of personal talks to the boys in Encina Hall on the conduct of life. These intimate conversations, first suggested by Albert Coyle, a senior student, since in the Red Cross service and later publicist for the Irish Republic, were much appreciated by the boys, and, I am told, of permanent help to many.

In 1913 I wrote at the request of the editor of *The Quad*, the Junior Year Book, "A Confession of Faith." This read as follows:

I am interested in a great many matters of good living and of good government. I do not believe in waste, either of men or money or health, and so I have used whatever influence I have in behalf of peace, in behalf of national economy and national conservation, and in behalf of clean and wholesome living among men. No man can accomplish much that is worth while if he burns his candle at both ends. And he must not burn it too long at either end if he expects it to last through the game of life.

And now, when my candle is fading a little, I am trying to use its light for those things which seem to me best worth while. Of those that come near me three stand out as all-important. These are clean living, sound education, and fair play between men and between nations. No one man can accomplish very much in the world. All that is worth while is the work of thousands, each generation entering into the efforts of the others. And no one can do anything worth while unless he does his best. And to do his best he must save all his strength. Every vile habit, great or small,

takes away so much of our forces for action. The worst enemies we have to fight are those within us. And there is no great victory so satisfying as a conquest of the evil within. To have the enemy all to ourselves, where we can get at him, fight him, jump on him, and throw him out, gives us every satisfaction if we succeed at last, and do not drift into the stream among the deadwood of nonentities, whose service to the world does not pay for their keep.

Because to be clean is to be strong, because every drug which touches the nervous system cuts the nerve power, I am profoundly interested in helping young men to be sober and pure. I believe in fair play among men, and hence in the endless struggle against precedence and privilege which we call democracy. This is the people's country, and it is for them to be wise enough and just enough to hold their own against all tyranny of organized interests or of organized ignorance. And the final outcome depends on the individual.

As the coat of mail vanished from European history almost over night, so will the soldier and the warship vanish when all men see clearly as you and I see now the wild, insensate folly of it all.

NOTE

Upon final re-reading of this chapter, already paged I see that by some oversight on my part I have omitted all mention (in the main text) of a delightful surprise arranged for January 19 of this year. On that occasion, my sixtieth birthday, the remaining members of the "Pioneer" faculty of Stanford presented me with a very handsome gold watch, and the accompanying memorial of appreciation lent even greater affectionate emphasis to the unexpected gift.[1]

[1] See Appendix A of the present volume (page 783).

CHAPTER THIRTY-EIGHT

I

EARLY in August, 1911, accompanied by my wife, I again set out for Japan, this time under the auspices of the World Peace Foundation, though in response to a semi-official suggestion from the other side. The primary mission of my trip, therefore, was to carry a message of neighborliness and good will. Secondarily, I wished to study the temper of the people, and to trace the current trend of Japanese politics. For it was generally reported that after the war with Russia the Japanese as a whole had grown very "cocky," regarding their nation as the equal of any on earth and decidedly superior to most, while at the same time the military group was pervaded by obsessions distinctly "made in Germany," in which country most of the higher army officers had been educated.

Off for Japan once more

In all this I found a certain amount of truth. In Japan, as elsewhere, those who expect to profit from violence can always sweep the mob with them, and the voice of moderation fails to carry far in critical times. But my experiences led me to conclude that no great change had taken place in the morale of Japan as a whole.

Leaving San Francisco on the *Chiyo Maru*, a comfortable boat of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha (Oceanic Shipping Company), afterward wrecked, we made the usual stop at Honolulu. Here we were met by Mrs. Abraham Lewis and her husband, a Stanford "Pioneer," now president of the principal local bank. Motoring up the long slopes with Mrs. Lewis, we

At Honolulu

visited the famous Pali, on the precipitous edge of what was once a vast crater, half of it now occupied by the sea.[1] That evening we were tendered a delightful dinner by the resident Stanford group, sitting down at a table splendidly decorated with tropical flowers of cardinal hue. Afterward I addressed a large audience on World Peace, the ship being meanwhile detained beyond its regular hour for sailing, by the courtesy of the local agents.

An international courtesy

Among our fellow passengers were a number of extremely agreeable people. With Mr. Nagai, the Japanese consul-general at San Francisco, an agreeable young man with a charming wife, we were already acquainted. At the captain's table also was Mr. E. A. Benians, a lecturer in History at St. John's College, Cambridge, then on a journey around the world on the Kahn traveling fellowship. Mr. Benians at our invitation accompanied us for the greater part of our trip through Japan and Korea. At Seoul he proceeded onward to Antung, Harbin, and Peking. This was the beginning of a very pleasant acquaintance, later agreeably renewed in Cambridge and London.

Eager reporters

Entering the harbor of Yokohama on the morning of August 23, the *Chiyo* was boarded by a boatload of about a hundred young reporters, all overflowing with eagerness and possessed of an open-eyed enthusiasm in strong contrast to the *blasé* cynicism often affected in America. Their questions ranged over the whole gamut of international politics, with side currents of Education and Natural History. Among other things, they asked for a sketch of a fish, to be reproduced in the daily press. For this purpose I chose a big ray or skate, the one I had used for the

[1] See Chapter XXVI, pages 5–6.

cartoon in "Eric's Book of Beasts," fitting the doggerel legend, "If I were born a fish."

Some who could not get at me in the rush turned to Mrs. Jordan with questions on matters presumably more in her line. "What are the subjects mainly under discussion in the women's clubs of California? Do not the slopes of Fujiyama (the mountain being clearly visible) symbolize for you the aspirations of Japan?"

Finally Fukukita, then (as already stated) serving as translator in the American Embassy, suggested that I write out a sort of advance message to the people of Tokyo. This greeting he turned into Japanese for all the papers alike, thus replacing and suppressing the many fragmentary interviews. The fish sketch was not censored and was duly printed, to be treasured, I presume, as a quaint example of American art.

A too generous program

During the hubbub some one handed me a printed schedule of eighty lectures I was expected to deliver during my relatively brief stay; these extended over the empire from Sendai in the north to Kagoshima in the south. I said I was willing to do my best, but I could not take any engagement which involved broken nights or nights in a Japanese sleeping-car. As a matter of fact, in the course of the summer I gave sixty lectures in Japan and five in Korea, thus falling short by only fifteen of the number so enthusiastically demanded.

Tea with the Asanos

Before leaving the boat all the cabin passengers were invited to a formal tea party in the afternoon at the sumptuous Tokyo residence of Mr. S. Asano, president of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha. This was an elegant and interesting affair with the usual accom-

paniment of geisha and jugglers. And if we were found wanting in some of the niceties of ceremonial tea-drinking, it was probably not the first time our host had been obliged to overlook international discrepancies.

Kuma

From California I had arranged with Dr. Toshiyasu Kuma to act as my secretary in Japan.[1] Kuma was an able graduate of Stanford and had held a fellowship at Clark University, where he took the degree of Ph.D. in Education. Later he served for a time as secretary of the Japan Society of California. Being thoroughly familiar with Japanese customs and etiquette and possessed of much practical sagacity, he proved equal to all occasions, steering us safely through every kind of social perplexity.

Katsura Cabinet

On reaching the capital one of my first duties, according to Kuma, was to call on the various members of the Katsura Cabinet. This was largely composed of reactionary bureaucrats, more or less controlled by military influences. Baron Hayashi seemed an interesting exception, a bold, outspoken, apparently sincere man. I was much impressed by his frankness of speech regarding foreign affairs and his criticisms of Japan's "vigorous foreign policy." I was the less surprised, however, when I found the same ideas already printed by him in English. After his death the publication of his memoirs threw much light on modern Japanese politics.

Soon after my arrival the Katsura ministry fell,[2]

[1] See Chapter xxx, page 153.

[2] Katsura and his Cabinet had tried to restrict freedom of speech and the teaching of "dangerous doctrines," Socialism especially. Their efforts at repression had the usual result of spreading the cult far and wide. When Katsura came again into power a few years later, the Cabinet was driven out by the Tokyo mob, which made use of cobblestones from the street as a political argument.

to be succeeded by the more liberal Saionji group. This made necessary a second round of official visits, and most of the new cabinet I later came to know in less formal fashion. *Saionji Ministry*

The months of July and August being always very hot in Tokyo — July wet as well — all who can get away leave the city for a more comfortable environment, and functions are mainly suspended until about the 10th of September. Our first few days in Japan were therefore more or less at our own disposal. Making headquarters at the Imperial Hotel, we early visited by automobile Kamakura with its great Buddha, and the enchanted island of Enoshima. The following day the Stanford Club entertained us delightfully at a dinner in the Seiyoken Hotel, a Japanese establishment conducted in Western fashion. At this function there were present twenty-three out of forty-three Stanford graduates then in Japan. *A Stanford dinner*

Among them were several already prominent in educational or other circles. Dr. Shinkai Kuwana, '99, president of the club, once instructor in Entomology at Stanford, is now chief entomologist of the Empire. Zentaro Morikubo, '04, a graduate in History, was a successful business man, and Kambë, '99, was chief engineer in an electric light company.

Two of the most interesting members of our dinner group were Hyozo Omori and his wife. Mrs. Omori, a New England woman by birth, was an artist by profession before her marriage. In Omori's delicate refinement, high idealism, and scholarly outlook, she found all the essential elements of happiness. While carrying on his studies at an Eastern university her husband had become deeply interested in welfare work, particularly in the betterment of the poor. *The Omoris*

In Tokyo this devoted pair were giving themselves up to the service of others. Unfortunately their establishment, the "Yurin En" (House of the Friendly Neighbor), found at first a hostile environment. The fact that Omori was a Christian and also that he asked nothing for his efforts aroused suspicion. This was intensified by the adoption of coeducation and by the teaching of children to act plays, a function reserved in Japan to professionals. The country, moreover, is still caste-ridden, a condition which makes it very hard "to get different sets to meet together." But in spite of opposition, the Omoris continued their work, developing in the "Yurin En" admirably equipped and managed playgrounds, classes in cooking, sewing, flower arrangements, and numerous other handicrafts, besides athletics and dramatics, with "mothers' meetings," a "Good Time Club" for conversation in English, and similar efforts to bring light into the lives of submerged people.

"Yurin En"

In 1911, when the great Yoshiwara (red-light district—literally, "bulrush-field") of Tokyo was burned, Omori took the lead in an effort to prevent rebuilding. At his request, therefore, I wrote an article to be published in Japanese, describing the disastrous failure elsewhere of attempts at licensing or segregation to abate the social evil. Omori died in 1913, but the work of the "Yurin En" is ably continued by his widow.

Huggins

Among our Stanford hosts was Harold Huggins, from the American Embassy. To him (and other members of the same *ménage*) we were particularly indebted for the good Tomi, daughter of their house steward, who faithfully served Mrs. Jordan on an arduous tour.

2

My first lecture engagement was at Karuisawa, a mountain resort frequented in summer by American missionaries from Tokyo and Yokohama. Ignorant of the presence of the Russian Ambassador to Japan as one of my audience, I spoke with undiplomatic freedom, casually quoting President White's description of the Tsar as having the "brains of a haberdasher's clerk." His envoy at once appealed to the American Embassy at Tokyo to know if my utterance had been made at its instigation or with its approval; the Embassy officials naturally disclaimed all knowledge of the matter. For their relief I explained that the offending quotation was not an integral part of my discourse and that I had no intention of wounding Russian sensibilities. This explanation proved satisfactory. A little effort to start a sensation at home was attempted by an American correspondent, but the Japanese journalists frowned upon it, and nothing more came of the affair. In the lectures which followed I made no more breaks, though sometimes skating over thin ice.

An embarrassing situation

On my return from Karuisawa, Mrs. Jordan, Benians, and I made a trip to Nikko, already visited by me on my previous journey to Japan. From there we went on horseback up along the raging Daiya to the somber falls of Kegon, then across the famous "Moor of the Red Sedges" to the charming mountain lakes of Chusenji and Yumoto.[1] On the banks of the Daiya, not far above Nikko, stands a row of about fifty ancient "enchanted statues of Jizo, Lord Nourisher of little children." But no one can be quite sure

Nikko revisited

[1] See Chapter XXVII, pages 68–71.

Jizos hard to count

as to their exact number because of the reputed spell by which he who counts never gets the same result twice. The explanation is simple. Several of the images are so badly broken that it is impossible to tell whether they are merely rock fragments or were once part of the sacred series.

Near by on an inaccessible cliff above the boiling stream is engraved the Sanskrit word *Kamman*, said to have been made by a noted poet, Kobo Kaishi, who repeatedly threw his pen across at the face of the rock until the inscription was completed.

At Chusenji we passed the night. The next day we had luncheon at Yumoto, at the head of its exquisite lake, passing on the way the cheerful Falls of Yu, a sliding cascade overshadowed by the reddening maples. The horses we rode had served in the Manchurian campaign. On making their acquaintance we could well understand why the Japanese cavalry failed to pursue the fleeing Russians after the battles about Mukden. Their gaits were indescribable, and when my wife's mount discovered that we had really turned toward Nikko, he made such a bolt for home that she could no longer maintain her seat and was thrown violently to the ground, the only unpleasant incident in an otherwise delightful trip.

Campaign horses

Returning to Nikko, I learned that Count (now Marquis) Shigenobu Okuma, as president of the Japanese Peace Party, had in preparation an elaborate lawn party at which he expected me to develop the whole program of World Peace. So leaving Mrs. Jordan with Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Hinckley, newly made friends, the former then judge in the United States Court at Shanghai, I returned alone to Tokyo. But the Count's secretary insisted that the meeting

JIZOS AT GAMMAN, NEAR NIKKO

would not be complete unless Mrs. Jordan also were present, as the Countess had promised to help receive and many ladies had been invited to listen to the discourse. I was thus led to summon my wife back from the mountains to the still sweltering town.

The spacious Okuma garden was provided with chairs to accommodate the large audience, which included a number of foreign residents and visitors. Professor Ishikawa of the Higher Normal School had kindly consented to serve as interpreter, though the length of the program made his task somewhat onerous. The day being very hot, the speakers were provided with an abundant supply of the excellent Hirano Water, a comfort not shared by our listeners. After an eloquent and friendly preliminary address in Japanese by our host, followed by a rendering into English, I began my discourse. This at the best would not have been short because of the Count's expressed wish that I should cover the whole case against war, with the general argument for peace and arbitration. And as a Japanese translation demands about twice as many syllables as the original English, it was a long-drawn-out affair. Some of my audience at least must have been as much bored as edified. Nevertheless, they did not show it, and the elegant collation served afterward no doubt helped to make the meeting a marked success.

Twice-told tales

Okuma, president of Waseda University, had already been prime minister and was later to occupy that position for a second time. He is a man of power, originality, initiative, wide information, and versatile interests. His strong emotional bent, suggesting certain Rooseveltian traits, has sometimes laid him open to the charge of being erratic. Cer-

Count Okuma

tainly his reactions cannot always be foretold in advance. The Countess we found altogether charming, a typical Japanese lady of cultivation and decided artistic talent. Later we had the pleasure of meeting them both somewhat more intimately in their own home.

The Countess

For the day following the garden party, our Stanford friends arranged a repetition of a delightful entertainment given to me in 1900. This was a picnic to the Tamagawa (Jewel River), with a luncheon of *ayu* caught on the spot by the trained cormorants previously described. Several other guests were included, five of these being, as before, my colleagues in Zoölogy at the Imperial University of Tokyo. Another was Dr. Merriman C. Harris, Methodist Episcopal bishop for Japan and Korea. Bishop Harris — very lately deceased — was a silver-haired gentleman with the face and heart of a saint and a patient tact any diplomatist might well envy.

Bishop Harris

Lectures in Tokyo

Between September 4, the date of the Okuma lawn party, and the 19th of the same month, when we left Tokyo, I gave a number of formal addresses. One of these was before the Imperial Education Association of the city. On this occasion the teachers presented me with a generous gold medal in recognition of what I had done for education in Japan. I also spoke in the Imperial University and in the two great privately endowed institutions, Keio (Keiojijuku) and Waseda, as well as in the Woman's University which I had helped to dedicate in 1900, Mr. Jinzo Naruse being still its president. The morning at Waseda in the walled college garden was the hottest of the season. As somebody phrased it, we were under the domination of Kagu-tsuchi-no-

mikato, "the god of summer heat." In the College of Commerce, founded to train men in the business ways and traditions of Europe and America,[1] and directed by the scholarly Baron Kanda, I also gave a talk, in English without interpreter, as well as one in the choice school of Miss Umë Tsuda, a Bryn Mawr graduate who has been singularly successful in fitting girls for advanced studies in Europe and America.

Umē Tsuda

Other addresses more or less formal were given at different places, the most important being one under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, one in the Aoyama Girls' School (Methodist), one in the Unitarian Mission of the Rev. Clay MacCauley, and one (on the Fur Seal) at the Imperial College of Fisheries.

After a time I began to repeat myself. Fukukita then warned me that in each case the reporters from the principal papers — *Hoshi*, *Asahi*, and others — faithfully turned in whatever I offered of new material, but that when old ideas reappeared they merely remarked that "the rest of the address was identical with part of the one already given at Count Okuma's." After this notice, I was careful not to traverse the same road twice.

A useful warning

Nearly all of my lectures were necessarily translated, paragraph by paragraph, into Japanese. In Tokyo my principal translators were Professor Ishikawa[2] and Dr. Kuma. In Osaka they furnished a Congregationalist minister, Mr. Kato, a man with a fine resonant voice and attractive manner, who was especially effective.

Some curious stories are told of valiant efforts

[1] See Chapter XXVII, page 75.

[2] Again not to be confounded with the naturalist of the same name.

Misfits in interpretation

along this line. At the Aoyama School a distinguished American professor of Psychology began: "I am to speak to you about truth. Truth may be either objective or subjective — the truth as it is outside us or the truth as it appears to us from within." These remarks were rendered as follows: "I am delighted to see you looking so bright and fresh this morning."

An American Sunday School worker once gave an address on "the pronoun I," his first sentence being, "I is the shortest word in the language; it has but one letter, and yet how great its significance!" This simple statement staggered the interpreter, for "I" in Japanese is *watakushi*, certainly not very short; the Japanese language, moreover, has no letters at all, but uses the Chinese ideographs, a system derived from the simplification of condensed and conventionalized pictures.

"Chosen is the hermit country of Asia," began a lecturer in Korea; "Korea stands alone by herself," said the translator. But the experience of speaking through an interpreter is perhaps wholesome, as it leads one to use the simplest language, to avoid rhetorical flourishes, and to make no play upon words. At the Unitarian Mission in Tokyo I ventured to quote from Emerson, but my interpreter, Professor Gunzo from Keio, warned me against the use of jewels of speech of that type. Real humor, on the contrary, is much appreciated, for the Japanese people are extremely quick to catch a joke, and their sense of humorous incongruity runs parallel with our own.

Quick to catch a joke

In my experience I had but two misadventures, both of slight importance, and both at Kobe. In the one case the interpreter asked me to go through the

whole address, which he meanwhile took down in shorthand, afterward reading Japanese notes to the audience in a most unimpressive fashion. The other time Mochizuki, a bright youth recently graduated from Stanford, volunteered to serve. Having taken the joint course of Dr. Krehbiel and myself on the history of International Conciliation, he felt very much at his ease. After my preliminary paragraph, therefore, he ran on for ten or fifteen minutes, when Professor Kokubo, an old Stanford man, came forward, saying that I must stop the boy. "The people came to hear you," said Kokubo, "and he is giving your speech himself." My eager double was accordingly brought back to earth.

Unfair advantage

Japan has two clever comic papers, the Tokyo *Puck* and the Osaka *Puck*, imitations in their way of our own *Puck* in the days of its political influence. These two weeklies constitute a mouthpiece of the common people and are often unsparing or even brutal in their criticism of public men and policies. As a matter of fact, however, the bark of the Japanese journalist is said to be worse than his bite, and he often prints attacks he would never think of making privately. This I judged to be distinctly true on meeting the amiable editor of the vitriolic Tokyo *Puck*.

The two "Pucks"

Each number of both weeklies contained a full-page colored cartoon of artistic merit — numerous smaller sketches, also, most of them stupid and some slovenly, suggesting the worst monstrosities of American comic supplements. In the Osaka sheet, the brighter of the two, I was occasionally figured but without malice. One full-page picture represented me as red in the face, declaiming vociferously against

Not unfriendly cartoons

militarism, while near by, paying no attention to my protests, a representative of "Big Money" in European dress was busy riveting armor on a huge blind figure of War. A sketch in another issue showed me attired as an itinerant healer addressing the populace and handing out bottles labeled "Peace Medicine," while the people crowded about, reaching out with their hands and shouting, "We want one peace." Below the legend read, "Medicine Man Very Happy."

"Peace Medicine"

In Japan (as in France) the provincial press is too largely ignored; public opinion practically means Tokyo. It is usually quite well-poised but prone to lose its head where newspapers shriek of national honor. And the man on the street cannot understand why other nations are so much interested in China, a country which as a whole fails to show effective interest in its own affairs. "What should you folks care about China when she cares nothing for herself?"

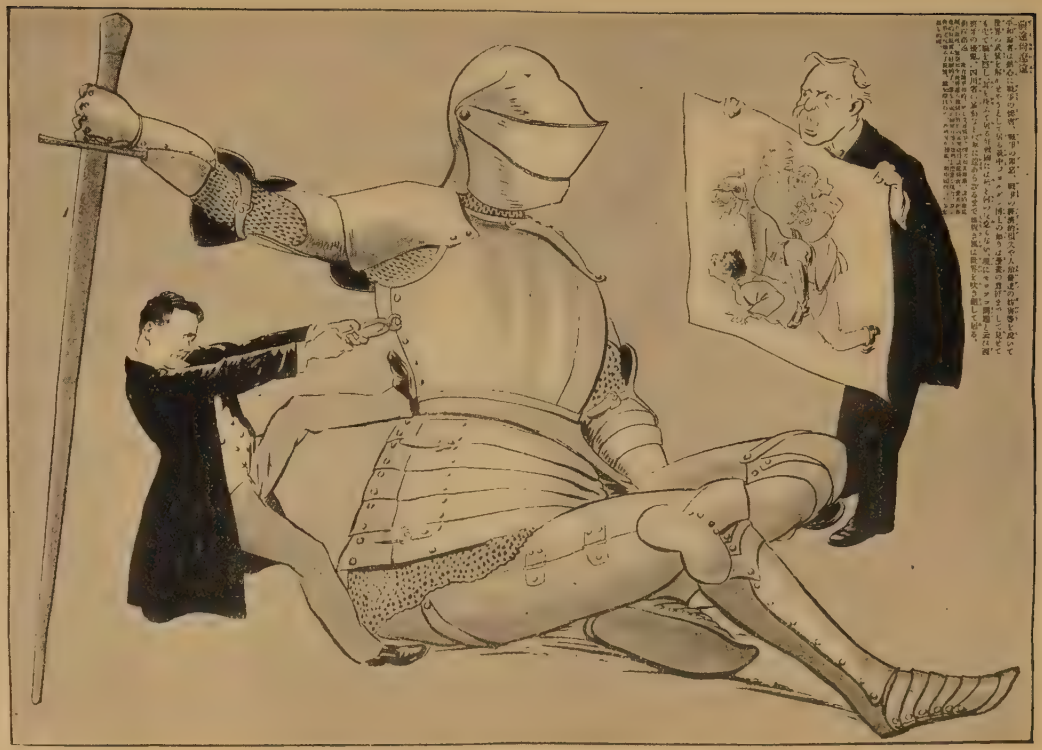
3

Sendai for a second time

Being invited to speak in Sendai, I now revisited that fine northern city after a lapse of eleven years, the guest (as before) of Dr. Schneder. There I also met many other old acquaintances, among them Hayakawa, the venerable former mayor of the town, who had spoken so feelingly at my conference with the Council in 1900.[1]

Four talks had been arranged in as many different schools, with a formal luncheon by Mayor Endo at noon. But the chief event was the elaborate old-time dinner given for me by Mr. Terada, governor

[1] See Chapter XXVII, page 64.



CARTOON IN OSAKA "PUCK," 1911

of Miyagi-Ken, which corresponds to the province of Rikuzen. At this meal all the bygone customs, including ancient music exquisitely rendered by Miss Terada and her gifted tutor, were carried out to perfection.

Hospitality without stint

The governor, much disappointed that I had left Mrs. Jordan in Tokyo, proposed to send a trustworthy lady at once to the capital to bring her up. But as this would involve a ride of twelve hours each way, in cars none too comfortable, I was obliged to decline in my wife's behalf. Indeed, before we left for home, the unstinted hospitality of our good friends brought both of us near to the limit of our endurance, as the reader may well imagine.

Upon my return from Sendai, there followed a busy week of dinners, luncheons, and lectures, the general note being that of international friendliness. Of the social affairs, nearly all of which were formally elegant, two dinners were also semi-official. That given for us by Mr. and Mrs. Yukio Ozaki in the name of the municipality of Tokyo (of which Ozaki was then mayor) was an elaborately beautiful and expensive function in Japanese style. Here I was at somewhat of a disadvantage, in one respect at least. Most if not all the other foreign guests had been long enough in the country to keep their places on the elegant floor cushions, and to acquit themselves creditably with chopsticks. My bulk disposed itself as usual with difficulty; Mrs. Jordan, being somewhat partial to a nest on the floor, was in her element.

The Ozaki dinner

The many and varied courses served in fine lacquer dishes were brought in by butterfly-clad maidens and placed upon individual raised trays, also of lacquer, set before each of the guests. Of these there

were thirty-seven besides our host and ourselves, two of them ladies — in all a group fairly representative of the leading interests of Tokyo, including the American Embassy and the Consulate-general. No pains had been spared to make the function a notable one. Statuesque ancient dances by artists in magnificent old robes gave the final touch of distinction. My wife was afterward told that the Ozakis had outdone themselves on that occasion. Certainly we could imagine nothing more interesting.

The Ozakis themselves

My acquaintance with Ozaki dates from a meeting in London in 1910, after which I crossed the Atlantic on the same boat with him and talented Madame Ozaki, author of stories in Japanese and English. A man of keen intellect and a broad understanding of current affairs, he is perhaps more than any one else the leader of democratic movements in Japan, and a pronounced opponent of bureaucracy and militarism. Some years ago, while in the Cabinet, he began a speech before Parliament with the words, "Now if Japan were a republic." But he never finished the sentence, being hooted down and afterward practically forced to resign. Times are changing, however; a recent book of his contains a most effective assault on bureaucracy, while at the same time voicing entire loyalty to the office of the Mikado.

Madame Ozaki was one of the social leaders of Tokyo. Her father, Baron Ozaki, while serving as minister at the Court of St. James, took an English lady to wife; their daughter has thus the blended charm of the fine blood of two races.[1]

The second more or less official affair (and rep-

[1] The custom by which a man at marriage assumes his wife's surname is not uncommon in Japan. In cases of adoption, also, the surname is usually changed.

resenting in some sense a government welcome) was that given by the Baron and Baroness Ishii at the Foreign Office. This was also an elaborate and delightful banquet, attended by a distinguished group of guests, but in the Western manner and carried out with a perfection of detail nowhere surpassed. Indeed, I am told that the exigencies of modern social life in Japan are very onerous, as many households in the higher circles are obliged to maintain practically two establishments, the intimate home *ménage* being purely Japanese, while the extra rooms, equipment, and wardrobe for official intercourse are all along European lines. *The Ishii banquet*

At the Ishii dinner special stress was laid on the need of sympathetic understanding between the intellectual classes of America and Japan. If I remember rightly, it was here that we first met Viscount Kentaro Kaneko, prominent in influential circles and president of the Association of Friends of America. Kaneko is a graduate of Harvard, a polished speaker in English as well as in his native tongue, and a man of the world, with wide experience and charming manners. Another conspicuous guest was Baron Kato, afterward a leading member of the recent Okuma ministry. Mr. Zumoto, able editor of the Japan *Times*, the organ in English of Japanese officialism, was also present. *Kaneko, Kato, and Zumoto*

One of our most interesting days in Tokyo was that wholly devoted to us by Baron (now Viscount) Eiichi Shibusawa, the great leader in business enterprise, remarkably amiable as well as energetic and the most widely known of all Japanese men of affairs. As he speaks no English, our conversations were then, as *Shibusawa*

always, partly carried on through interpreters, partly in the French language, which as a page in the Japanese Embassy at Paris he had learned in his youth.

For me and our host the day began at nine in the morning with a breezy drive to a boys' school in which he is personally interested. At eleven o'clock, Mrs. Jordan having joined us, we proceeded to the beautiful Shibusawa home, set in a fine, large garden through which we were conducted by our host and his good wife. At noon we sat down to a formal luncheon. Among the invited guests were two or three Cabinet officials and other leading citizens, besides several interesting members of the Shibusawa family itself, though one of the distinguished sons-in-law, the Baron Sakatani (afterward mayor of Tokyo), was then absent on a mission in England. At the close of the meal the gentlemen all went into the garden, Mrs. Jordan meanwhile remaining inside with Madame Shibusawa and her daughters, who had arranged a most interesting program of classical Japanese music by highly trained performers.

The Shibusawa luncheon

The Baron now asked me to have a "heart-to-heart talk" (so his secretary phrased it), first with Ishii[1] and next with Baron Takahashi, the then Minister of Finance. Ishii discussed mainly the question of the Japanese in California and "the gentlemen's agreement" of 1907. Personally he believed that it was adverse to the interest of Japan to let her unskilled laborers go to America, for not only were they ignorant and strange to our ways, but they also gave the American people a wrong

An interesting conference

[1] Both Ishii and Takahashi as well as Shibusawa now (1920) hold the title of viscount.

impression as to Japanese in general. As a matter of fact, most of those who have come to California since 1900 were formerly laborers on the sugar plantations of Hawaii. Drawn away from their native land while still young and before the establishment of compulsory education there, they knew nothing at all of Japanese culture and gained nothing of American culture as serfs or half-slaves in Hawaii. Practically all were from the neighborhood of Okayama, Hiroshima, and Yamaguchi along the Inland Sea, homeless "farm hands" without land or inheritance.

Uneducated emigrants an obstacle

The baron illustrated his point of view by a story. An American lady, arriving, was much surprised to find tall pines in Japan, and giant cryptomerias. Japanese forests, she had thought, were made up of those remarkable dwarfed trees a foot or two high such as the Japanese affect both at home and abroad. In much the same way Americans who do not know Japan judge the nation by the Japanese they have seen, illiterate people by no means typical of the race as a whole.

Baron Takahashi is a well-known banker, a substantial gentleman with a high reputation for skill in the floating of national loans. My talk with him chiefly concerned the financial outlook, a discussion in which he naturally took the lead.

Shibusawa himself was not worrying about immigration or finance, but seemed disturbed over a suggestion then lately made by Secretary Knox, that the Chinese might borrow money in America to purchase the Manchurian railway from Antung to Harbin, the lease of which (running until 1923) Japan had taken over from Russia. The chief product of the region

Manchurian railway

along this railway is the soya bean, the monopoly of which article had been sublet to the two rich Barons Mitsui. Permanent control of the road, with that of the belt of land through which it runs, was regarded as of first importance to Japan. Its government therefore took the matter seriously, although in America Knox's suggestion was regarded as an offhand opinion and not an indication of national policy.

Press perversions

The Baron was especially perplexed by the freedom with which American papers published gross falsehoods about Japan. It was suggested that something might be done to avert that sort of perversion, from which the press of no country is exempt. It seemed to me, however, that great as were the evils of international misrepresentation, those of government censorship were still greater, and a press could be made clean only if left free.

Terauchi

General Terauchi, then governor of Korea, later prime minister, was present on that and several other social occasions. Interested in our proposed visit to his district, he promised to instruct all the Fishery assistants there to make collections for me. This they did faithfully, furnishing material for a considerable memoir on the local ichthyology.

Terauchi spoke French fairly well, but was a reticent man of much the same type as I imagine Lord Kitchener to have been. Nevertheless, he seemed genial and kindly under his military crust, and our impressions of him were entirely pleasant. Some five years later we were indebted to him for a couple of superb illustrated volumes dealing with the antiquities of Korea, and published by the Japanese government.

Music and conversation being over, Mrs. Jordan and I were next conveyed to the spacious Imperial Theater built by Shibusawa, where we were comfortably installed as his guests for both the afternoon (four o'clock) and evening performances. At one side of the building a restaurant supplies food for those who prefer to remain, as many do, during the interim. We ourselves chose to dine at the hotel as usual, and my wife, to the Baron's evident surprise, found herself too weary to return.

Austerity and mirth

Two plays were presented in the afternoon — the first an austere war tragedy of very early Japan, the second a laughable modern comedy, "The New Old Man," in which the central figure is a Japanese youth, "very high-collar," just returned from Europe and full of notions most upsetting to his untraveled papa. The latter, however, falls a ready victim to the charms and progressive ideas of "Mrs. Jordan," an American widow, mother of the young man's *inamorata*, and at the final curtain one almost hears the joyful wedding bells of double marriage. The author of this play is Mr. Taro Masuda, nephew of Countess Uriu,[1] long known and beloved in America by her former associates at Vassar, of which she is an honored graduate. The evening performance was a tragedy of the early nineteenth century, giving a characteristic display of feudal customs against a background of somber forest, mountain torrents, and scarlet maples.

A feudal tragedy

Thus was passed what I presume would be regarded as an ordinary day by our generous and indefatigable host. In any case he himself seems to pass triumphantly through many similar ones. And we have

[1] Wife of Admiral Uriu.

since had occasion to thank him for other generosities, particularly a splendid gift when he took luncheon with us at Stanford in 1916. This consisted of three beautiful "picture rolls" (reproductions of the originals by the great artist Kano Morinobu), illustrating the life of Tokugawa Iyeyasu, and until the Restoration in 1868 jealously guarded at Nikko from all eyes except those of the successive shoguns. Now registered amoung the national treasures, they were copied in connection with the celebration of the tercentenary of Iyeyasu's death. Baron Shibusawa's connection with the Tokugawa family was, it appears, a very intimate one. I understand, moreover, that the biography of the last shogun, published by him, is a monumental piece of Japanese history.

Morinobu's life of Iyeyasu

The Okuma luncheon

On the 15th of September Count and Countess Okuma gave a formal luncheon for us. Many interesting people were present—among them General Terauchi, Baron Iwasaki, Mr. T. Watase, a prominent manufacturer and brother of Professor Watase, also business secretary of the Japan Peace Society, Mr. Gilbert Bowles of the Society of Friends, Mr. Miyaoka, correspondent of the Carnegie Endowment, Mr. Juichi Soyeda, a well-known journalist, and Mr. Shiburo Shimada, a Liberal member of Parliament, as well as several most agreeable ladies. My right-hand neighbor, for instance, was the versatile Madame Miyaoka. She explained to me that her name was really "Churchill" (*miya*, temple; *oka*, hill), and that while she could not yet vote, she expected to do so before long.

Iwasaki

Iwasaki, a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and head of the shipbuilding firm of Mitsu

VISCOUNT EIICHI SHIBUSAWA

VISCOUNTESS SHIBUSAWA

Bishi ("three lotus leaves"), was then reputed to be the richest man in Japan. Certainly he was one of the most attractive in personality. "The people love Iwasaki," I was told; "*he* was rich before the war." It was also often said that "one cannot tell where the Mitsu Bishi Company leaves off and the Government begins." Iwasaki himself assured me that this was literally true so far as governmental use of the company's plant was concerned. The training in America of promising Japanese youths has long interested him, and the considerable number personally aided by him (of whom Kuma was one) form the so-called "Mitsu Bishi Club," an affectionate recognition of his generosity.

Mitsu Bishi Club

After luncheon our hostess conducted the ladies over the fine grounds and into the conservatory, where she grows her scores of tiny dwarfed plants in little blue and white porcelain pots. Of these she kindly presented several to Mrs. Jordan, one of them a maple. Unfortunately, however, our lack of proper care or the change to California proved disastrous, and the little things died shortly after our return home. In the art of dwarfing Madame Okuma was said to be unusually successful. This was only one of her many talents, evidences of which were numerous in the home. And among the treasures we brought back, my wife prizes a beautiful cardcase and purse of gold tissue carrying a delicate design in blue, woven by the Countess.

A talented hostess

Everything else being now over, Okuma brought in a photographer who took a group picture of the Count, his wife, myself, and Mrs. Jordan. This was reproduced in several Japanese newspapers.

In 1900, the time of my previous visit, women

Improved status of women

practically never attended formal luncheons and dinners. One of the ladies present at Count Okuma's said that they were now having a far better time than before, when they had to pass many lonesome days and evenings with nothing particular to do. In 1911 also I noticed that many more women were seen on the trains. In the cities social customs were rapidly approaching those of Europe, though old Japan still lingered in the country, where a *samurai* with braided queue cut short and turned forward on the top of his head could still be occasionally encountered.

4

Following the Okuma luncheon, I was granted audiences with the Emperor and the Empress, the latter of whom also received Mrs. Jordan. This interesting experience, arranged by our Japanese friends, we regarded as simply a matter of international courtesy. The presentations were made by Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery Schuyler, Jr., from the American Embassy. Concerning our conduct in the imperial presences, we were given the usual instructions to leave the initiative wholly to their Majesties, respond to what they said, and not turn our backs upon them.

The Emperor

Mutsuhito was a plain, direct, sagacious old gentleman who shook hands with me cordially, retaining his gloves, however. Through an interpreter he explained that his position did not permit him to discuss national affairs with foreigners, for which reason he could not speak of my special mission. He then asked if I had visited the universities, and if I were acquainted with the fine scenery at Nikko and else-

where. I replied that as a naturalist I had formerly traversed all parts of Japan and was therefore quite familiar with the beauty of its landscapes — that I was also acquainted with the universities, having spoken in all of them, and that the late Dean Mitsukuri of the Imperial University was one of my valued friends.

The Empress

The short interview over, I was next conducted to the reception room of the Empress, a tiny but dignified figure in white satin, to whom Mrs. Jordan had in the meantime been presented. Here, however, I had a distinct impression that my untoward size was slightly intimidating to the little lady. As we passed out through the court, the Crown Prince, now the Mikado, Yoshihito, entered in a carriage. An eager-looking youth, he glanced at us with a sort of bird-like curiosity.

A beautiful bauble

After our return home the Emperor sent me a decoration, the Second Class of the Order of the Sacred Treasure of the Meiji, or Era of Enlightenment, that being the designation of Mutsuhito's long reign. This was presented through Mr. Numano, the excellent successor of Nagai as Consul-general in San Francisco. The ornament consists of a silver chrysanthemum with thirty-two ray flowers, the imperial form, and a center of rubies. My personal interest in official decoration, I may add, is very slight, but I value the gift as a symbol of friendly respect.

A variety of other courtesies were now extended to us; of these, the first in order — a luncheon given by Mr. and Mrs. Asano — led to an interesting result. On that occasion, a discussion having arisen as to how to make things Japanese better understood in

America, I ventured the suggestion that one way would be to furnish to some American university a competent professor to give instruction in Japanese history and politics. After considerable conversation among ourselves, Mr. Shiraishi, Asano's right-hand man, announced that the gentlemen present were willing to set aside a moderate sum for such a purpose, but thought it better to wait until they could get together an amount sufficient to maintain the chair for a period of years. Stanford University, moreover, would be their choice.

Fruitful discussions

The postponement I took as a form of polite withdrawal. A year or so later, however, Shiraishi and his associates, through our friend Numano, brought up the matter again, offering to endow a Japanese professorship at Stanford, perhaps permanently. The proposal was gratefully accepted, and one of our own graduates, Dr. Yamato Ichihashi, who had just received the degree of Ph.D. at Harvard, was chosen by me for the position. In this he has now been maintained for seven years with entire satisfaction to the University as a whole, as well as to his supporters in Japan. Proving to be an able teacher of Economics, as well as interpreter of "things Japanese," he also gives certain courses in that department in addition to those on Japan.

Ichihashi returns to Stanford

An interesting affair for Mrs. Jordan alone was the tea arranged by Madame Tatsuo Yamamoto, wife of the newly appointed Minister of Finance, who gathered in her hospitable home a fine and representative group of women. This included a number of teachers who had led or were leading in the modern education of girls; several, though of advanced age, were still active heads of private institutions. A

The Yamamoto tea

delightful feature of the afternoon was the opportunity given my wife to go over practically the whole house, a privilege she greatly appreciated.

At Zojoji temple

I myself received one day an invitation to dinner with the priests of the Buddhist temple of Zojoji at Shiba, Tokyo, where (I was told) no outsider had ever dined before, the compliment being a special recognition of my message of peace. My hosts conducted me first to a school for children maintained by them near by. Here for my edification a hundred or more little Japanese sang "America"—

> Land where my fathers died,
> Land of the pilgrims' pride.

Frederick Starr

Present in the audience and dressed apparently as a Buddhist priest was an unusual-looking gentleman who did not seem Japanese and who listened intelligently to my remarks before they were translated. He proved to be Professor Frederick Starr of the University of Chicago, a man of cosmopolitan experience who has made special studies of native peoples the world over.

The elaborate meal, served by some of the priests themselves, consisted of upwards of fifty different vegetable dishes representing nearly every kind of Japanese leaf, stem, root, or fruit which could be dried, preserved in sugar, or pickled in vinegar.

Prince Tokugawa

Somewhat earlier the aristocratic Doki Club, composed in part of titled men of rank and in part of financial leaders, arranged for a dinner at which I was asked to make a formal address. On this occasion I met Prince Tokugawa, son of the last shogun, a man of dignity and high character, in entire harmony with the movement which fifty years ago abolished the

feudal régime of which he is the hereditary representative.

Academic dinners

I was also the guest of honor at a dinner of the faculty of the Imperial University, a group in which I had several friends, notably Iijima and Watase. Another was Dr. Nitobë, distinguished as a student of English Literature and author of the well-known book on Japanese ideals, "Bushido" (The Warrior's Way). Mrs. Nitobe is a highly cultivated American woman, a member of the Society of Friends.

A dinner was given me by President Kamada of the Keio University, together with Ichitaro Fukuzawa, son of the noted founder of the institution, which is a stronghold of Liberalism. This was attended by about fifty of the alumni and faculty, and by special request I spoke in English without interpreter on "Japanese Imitation of Germany." For the belief that German methods had been carried too far was already spreading in university circles. I argued that the use of military force by land or sea to gain national prestige or to further foreign exploitation was opposed to the best welfare of Japan. "The state is the people's, not the government's. . . . There is no national glory or prosperity that does not begin with the welfare of the common people. The state can have no prosperity or security apart from the well-being of the whole nation." I also thought that in the universities, imitating those of Germany, there was far too much teaching by lectures, especially in the sciences and arts where proficiency is attained only through actual laboratory work.

A bad exemplar

My wife meanwhile was taking advantage of every vacant hour to see what she could of museums, parks,

temples, and gardens, with fleeting glimpses of characteristic city life by day and by night. Occasionally I was able to accompany her. One afternoon we went by special invitation to drink tea with Mr. (now Baron) Okura and view his fine private collection (since presented to the nation) of antiquities and works of art in general. Referring to his enormous array of Buddhas of every size and description, he graciously remarked: "Ten thousand images of Buddha rejoice in your message." This compliment I modestly accepted for what it was worth. At another time we were invited to inspect the large Mitsukoshi dry-goods store. There also we were served with the delicate tea of the country and had our pictures taken in company with several agreeable members of the establishment's directing personnel.

Tea with Okura

Unfortunately our entire stay in Japan fell between two flower festivals; when we arrived the lotus blooms were all but gone, when we left the chrysanthemums were only just beginning to open. But by the courtesy of Mr. Hayashi, the progressive manager of the Imperial Hotel, and his gentle wife, we witnessed the fête of the full moon of September. In their garden, decorated for the occasion, we walked about with much pleasure, delighting like the others in the mellow beauty of the orb seen through the pines.

Moon fête

Leaving Tokyo on September 19, I spoke at an informal dinner of the Bankers' Association at Yokohama, a large number of English and American business men being present at table. The mayor, who presided, assured us that the "true grandeur of nations is not in the glory of war but in the maintenance of peace." Mr. Sammons, then United

Bankers' Association dinner

States Consul-general at Yokohama, Mr. Frazer, and other American and British residents spoke most cordially of their relations with the people among whom they lived.

Mrs. Apcar

Mrs. Diana Agabeg Apcar, an Armenian woman living in Yokohama, came to me after the lecture to urge that I take up the cause of her unfortunate country. "The Armenians would like to come under Russian rule," said she; "there are degrees even in Hell! But Russia will not interfere till Armenia reaches the lowest depths of misery and suffering." Mrs. Apcar later wrote in letters to various journals and to private individuals many touching appeals in behalf of Armenia, indicating the responsibility of all the Great Powers of Europe for the crushing out of her country, and insisting that no lasting peace was possible until justice was done in the Near East. To me it then seemed that Armenia was too far away to be reached by any influence of mine. This was perhaps true, but we see now, better than in 1911, that the civilized world is a unit, and that suffering and injustice to any people must in a degree affect all others.

Owston the naturalist

In Yokohama I renewed my acquaintance with the late Alan Owston, a fine-spirited English naturalist forty years resident in Japan, who had married a Japanese wife and gone into business in Yokohama. Interest in the fishes of that region had led him to make large collections which were of great value to us both in 1900 and 1911. His steam yacht, the *Golden Hind*, equipped with apparatus for dredging, furnished many of our new species.

I found Owston much distressed over the financial outlook. Steadily increasing military expenditures,

crushing taxes, the accumulating wealth of the "*narikin*,"[1] and the growing unrest of the people made the prospect anything but hopeful. With him, as with other foreign importers, things went financially from bad to worse. Shortly before his death in 1915 his valuable collections were bought, at my suggestion, by the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh.

One of the leading purposes of my first trip to Japan had been to put the study of the native fishes in such shape that local naturalists could themselves continue it by means of bibliography and new descriptions. Mitsukuri (who passed away in 1909) was much interested in this plan, and arranged to have systematic work undertaken by the College of Science in the Imperial University, Dr. Shigeho Tanaka, a young naturalist, being accordingly appointed ichthyologist. The various reviews of different groups of Japanese forms, some ninety-five memoirs in all, published from 1901 to 1913 by my Stanford colleagues and myself, gave Tanaka the necessary clues, and he has since carried on the work with industry and accuracy. In 1913 the Imperial government put out a "Catalogue of the Fishes of Japan,"[2] recording the 1237 species known at that time. To this list Tanaka has made many important additions, and quite recently (1919) a wealthy patron provided a large sum for continuance of the work.

Tanaka

The first native naturalist to interest himself seriously in the ichthyology of Japan was Ishikawa. In 1910, when Norway celebrated at Bergen the birthday of her most eminent zoölogist, Michel Sars,

Ishikawa at Bergen

[1] "New rich" — literally, "become kings," thus compared to the queening of pawns in chess.

[2] By Jordan, Tanaka, and Snyder; see Chapter XLI, page 445.

Ishikawa went over as representative of the Imperial University of Tokyo. Referring to the Norwegian navy, which took part in the celebration, some one observed to Ishikawa that their fleet must seem very small compared with the powerful navy of his country. "Not so," replied Ishikawa; "Japan's humiliation is that she has a great navy, but no Michel Sars whose birthday she can celebrate!"

No Michel Sars

CHAPTER THIRTY-NINE

I

My engagement at Yokohama being over, we left for the provinces, accompanied on our trip southward by Mr. Watase. S. Tomiyama, secretary of the Peace Society, and some others also went with us as far as Osaka and Kobe. Tomiyama afterward entered Stanford University to continue his studies in international relations.

Japanese railways

The Japanese railways are still very inadequate, being narrow-gauge, the coaches fitted with a long seat on either side as in old-fashioned trams. The sleeping-cars, of the same type, are intolerable for their cramped arrangements and the constant smoking — one of the besetting sins of the Japanese as of some other races.

In 1911 I saw no evidence of any improvement in railways or highways since 1900, the army road from Kobe to Shimonoseki excepted. Military necessity will put through what civil exigency tries in vain to accomplish. To widen the Japanese railways is a very pressing need, but their many tunnels would make the task a costly one. In this connection, however, I am reminded of one comfortable factor of travel in Japan — we always felt perfectly safe as to our belongings. In addition to the usual pieces of hand luggage we were everywhere loaded with presents of varying value and utility. These we could leave on the platform or on the table in the waiting room with absolute certainty that nothing would be disturbed. For even the worst Japanese regard it as

Comfortable security

bad form to steal by day. Thieves work at night to some extent, but then it is your own fault if you leave the *shoji* or screen open after dark, and one who does so may be himself punished for misdemeanor.

Nagoya

In Nagoya, a handsome city of growing importance, I gave talks in two schools — the principal of one of which, Mr. Kingsbury from California, set his boys to fishing for me — besides an evening address at a meeting called by the Peace Society. The luncheon tendered by Mr. Ito in his department store was an interesting affair, enlivened by skillful *geisha* dancing, a specialty of the town. Ito is a progressive young man who had recently visited America with Baron Shibusawa and made a study of our department-store system. His establishment was, I believe, the first of its kind in Japan. The very friendly dinner preceding my formal lecture at night was given under the direction of the mayor, Sakamoto, and attended by leading citizens.

Between times I visited the splendid ancient castle above the town, with its five-storied "flounced" donjon and many beautifully decorated apartments. I was also taken to the great Buddhist temple, Higashi Hongwanji, which, like the castle, is reckoned among the wonders of Japan.

The "H.C.L."

In the town I found a former Stanford student, Nohichiro Saito, occupying a unique scientific position, that of "city economist." Already the high cost of living due to excessive taxation and inflated currency was making itself felt among the common people. Before I left, a journalist came up from Osaka, 120 miles distant, to ask why in my opinion the farmers could no longer afford to eat their own rice, but must sell it to the rich and buy for them-

selves the cheaper and poorer product of Siam. The same untoward influences which have been so aggravated in later years had begun to work in Japan as elsewhere in the world. The answer to my Osaka questioner is succinctly given in the following words of Lafcadio Hearn:

> The Japanese farmers wade knee deep in mud to produce the rice they cannot eat themselves, in order to buy poorer rice and let their government build battleships to show that Japan has a place among the great powers.

In the same connection I quote a paragraph by one Ryutaro, translated from the magazine, *Shin Nihon:*

> Thousands upon thousands of our compatriots are on the verge of starvation. What little value is set on human life! Mencius once asked King Yeh of Liang (China): "Is there any difference between killing men by the sword and by means of government?" "None," replied the king. If future historians accuse modern statesmen of the slaughter of people by maladministration, what grounds will there be to deny the charge? I appeal on behalf of those who are unable to appeal.

A great compliment

In Nagoya I had an interesting personal experience. Mr. Goro Noguchi, a teacher in Gifu, had come the whole distance, about twenty-eight miles, on foot "to present to me his respectful adoration." In some way he had read extracts from my address, "The Call of the Twentieth Century," which seemed to him "inspired."

Meanwhile Mrs. Jordan, kindly escorted by Benians, had gone directly on to Nara without stopping at Nagoya, that being her only chance to see the noble monuments and superb forest of the most ancient capital of Japan. Had she known of the special attentions awaiting her at Nagoya, including

a beautiful gift from the two local educational associations, she would have chosen to accompany me.

At Kyoto

In Kyoto my first lecture was at the newly established Imperial University; this was preceded by a faculty dinner given by its president, my old friend Kikuchi. The next morning I spoke at the "Doshisha," a private college founded in 1875 by the noted Joseph Niijima, under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions. Besides making the acquaintance of Dr. Harada, the president, we met also Dr. Sidney L. Gulick, since prominent in America as a warm friend of Japan, and Miss Mary Denton, the excellent preceptress. Miss Denton's generous interest added greatly to our pleasure both at that time and during our later hurried visit when we returned from Korea. In the evening Dr. Harada was host at another academic dinner.

Kyoto's glories

During the two days then allotted to Kyoto, we did the best we could to secure some idea, however meager, of the beauty and glory of that famous old seat of the Mikados, for more than a thousand years the capital of Japan. At the Nishi Hongwanji temple with its magnificently decorated apartments tea was served, and we were given a fine album filled with reproductions of the famous ancient paintings. At this time also, or during our second stay, we visited the singularly chaste Gosho Palace of the Mikados, the Nijo Castle of the Shogun Iyeyasu, a riot of golden adornment, and the wonderful Chion-in temple, and had fleeting views of various other places of interest. But both our visits were regrettably brief.

Our next stop was at the great manufacturing city of Osaka, where I spoke in the big city hall before the

largest of all my audiences, with Mayor Muyemura in the chair. A dinner of welcome by the local Peace Society preceded the public meeting. The night was very hot. The hall was filled with three thousand or more laborers from the factories, all sitting patiently on the floor, where they had placed themselves as soon as the doors were opened. But their native good humor and forbearance were even more patently displayed later on. For before entering the hall each one had (according to universal custom) slipped on a pair of sandals, placing his street clogs (*geta*) in the open racks which stand by scores at the entrances to public halls. Each knew where he had deposited his own *geta*, but had to wait his proper turn to get them. The affair ended about ten o'clock. From then on until midnight people were still busy changing sandals for clogs, and for some time afterward one heard along the pavements the clatter so characteristic of Japanese street life.

Good humor

On my way to the hotel after this lecture, I was confronted by a young man who in loud, emphatic tones declared: "I AM A CHRISTIAN!" This announced, we each moved on.

In the neighboring seaport of Kobe, I gave four addresses: one at the Higher Commercial College, one before the Methodist College, one at a preparatory school for girls, and one at a mass meeting following a dinner by the Peace Society at the Hotel Tor. Living in the city were a number of Stanford graduates, two of them, Kokubo and Menabe, being college teachers. Mr. Otto H. Hahn[1] (Stanford '00) was prominent in local business circles. Sindo, my

At Kobe

[1] Later changed to Henry Ogden Hereford, other family names being substituted for the ones originally borne.

scientific assistant in Samoa and elsewhere, then had charge of Japanese emigration enterprises in South America, a brief discussion of which may not be out of place.

Not pioneers

Japanese laborers in general are very gregarious, preferring to live close together and at home, "where their customs fit them like a garment." Furthermore, they have little taste for frontier life; they do not readily move even into the extensive unoccupied tracts of northern Japan and Korea. About 1909, large subsidies were paid to induce immigrants to settle on farms in the north of the main island and in Hokkaido. But the newcomers generally insisted on planting rice, the usual crop, which will not thrive in cold climates, and in 1911 large districts were threatened with famine. As a matter of fact such northern lands are suited mainly for grazing, hardy fruits, and grains, and these demand actual capital.

Only traders, students, tourists, and the homeless poor willingly leave their native haunts; the farmer owning two or three acres of rice land will not budge. To Peru few would go because of the low wages paid the native laborers with whom immigrants would be forced to compete. In Brazil, however, Sindo was more successful, and made arrangements for a considerable number of his countrymen.

Robert Young

In Kobe I now met the British Liberal journalist, Robert Young, whom I afterward came to know well in London. Young is the editor of the Japan *Chronicle*, a daily of high character, somewhat censorious as to Japanese affairs and furnishing an often needed corrective to official optimism. During our stay the local Stanford group chartered a steamer to take us on an interesting excursion to the Island of Awaji in

the Inland Sea. Awaji, according to a very early legend, was the first fruit of the marriage which gave birth to all the various islands of Japan.

2

The Land of Morning Calm

From Kobe we moved via Shimonoseki to Korea (Chosen), "the Land of Morning Calm," in search of new scenes and looking forward, at the same time, to a temporary suspension of speech making. Reaching Fusan about daylight, we were welcomed by the mayor, Mr. Awaya, and Eitaro Iijima,[1] now a customs official, flanked by a line of jinrikishas, each provided with a leopard-skin lap-robe. Iijima announced that he had been deputed by Governor-general Terauchi to serve as our escort. A Pullman car with buffet was also placed at our disposal for the length of our stay.

A tour of the interesting city, Korea's open door from Japan, included a visit to certain progressive schools. In one of these we saw a vigorous Japanese girl teaching European dances to the children, while she counted in Chinese: "*Yip, ni, sam, si, gor, dok.*"

Seoul

Time being limited, we went directly to the capital, the old city of Seoul. The way lies among rounded heights long since denuded and gashed by the wash of rain. In the narrow valleys appear little villages of mud and stone huts clinging like gigantic scale insects to gray slopes. Seoul itself (Japanese, Keijo) lies in a picturesque situation in the midst of a group of low, rolling hills by the side of a considerable river. To the east rises a splendid mountain range of red rock covered with green pines, over which clambers

[1] One of the three students who came back with me to Stanford in 1900.

the old city wall which kept out brigands, tigers, and leopards alike. The general physical surroundings bear some resemblance to those of Prescott, Arizona, but the human adjustments are very different. In climate, however, the difference is not so great, except that the Korean winter is much the colder, with an abundance of snow.

Seoul Y.M.C.A.

My principal address was given in the great hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. On the stage sat three young Koreans wearing Phi Beta Kappa pins from American colleges. Hugh Cynn, who acted as translator and possessed an excellent voice and manner, is a graduate of the University of Southern California. The room was crowded with youths, all sitting on the floor in the fashion of the majority of the world's population, while a line extended far out into the street. After the address the chairman, also a Korean, asked me to go down into the audience that a flashlight picture might be taken. To me there was nothing extraordinary in the request, but Bishop Harris said afterward that such a meeting and such freedom of action among the people would have been totally impossible before the annexation.

The Korean tongue

With the sonorous quality of the Korean language, so different from the vowel-laden Japanese, I was much impressed. It seemed to me, as Japanese scholars themselves admit, far better suited for public speaking than their own tongue. Korean words are largely of one syllable, with a surprising number ending in "n" or "ng," terminations which conduce to resonance.

On Sunday morning I spoke in the Methodist Episcopal Chong Dong Church, Bishop Harris being

in charge of the service. I also addressed a gathering of Japanese officials and army officers on the subject of international conciliation.

The Yamagata dinner

The chief social event of our stay in Korea was an elaborate dinner given by Vice-Governor and Madame Yamagata, Governor Terauchi being temporarily absent. We were also invited to luncheon at the delightful home of George H. Scidmore, then American Consul-general at Seoul, where his brilliant mother presided over his establishment. Eliza R. Scidmore, his sister, the well-known writer and traveler, we did not have the pleasure of meeting, as she was not in Seoul. Many of my readers will recall that Miss Scidmore proved to be the author of "As the Hague Ordains," a strong story published anonymously and dealing with certain phases of the Russo-Japanese War.

Supper in native style

Iijima arranged an interesting supper in Korean style at the "Meigetsuro," the best and cleanest of the native restaurants. The food was well cooked and unusually varied, but the remarkable feature of the meal was the arrangement of the table with a central revolving disk about three feet in diameter. This was provided with several metallic divisions in which the viands were placed, while underneath each compartment a little fire of charcoal kept the food warm. At the time of our visit the persimmon, the chief fruit of Korea, was especially excellent, and always acceptable though appearing at nearly every meal.

Katharine Wambold

One of our pleasant new acquaintances in Seoul was Miss Katharine Wambold, a missionary whose devoted and practical service to women and children often took her on long and difficult excursions into

the remote parts of the country. Outside the city she always wore a native costume of white. Any one wearing blue, the color of both the Japanese uniform and the coarse garb of the Japanese laborer, was liable to be shot from ambush. This condition was an inevitable result of the military domination which followed the murder of Prince Ito, a wise man whose plans for the reconciliation of Korea have been totally frustrated by the Japanese militarists.

The quaint old city

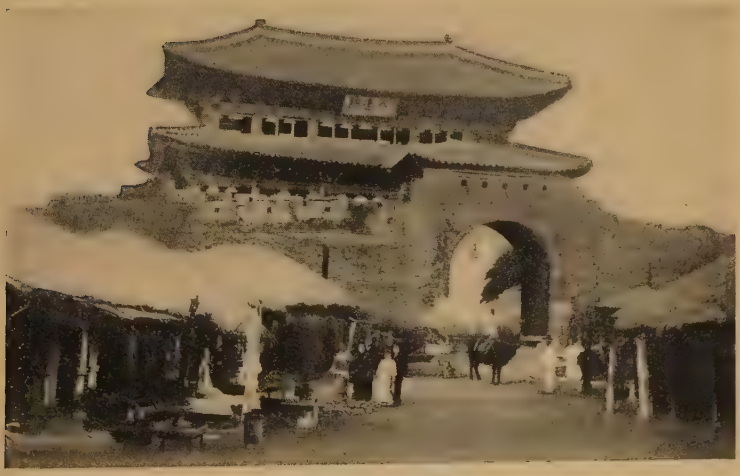
Our time for sightseeing was as usual limited, but we found it possible to visit certain places of historic and æsthetic interest, while the life of the city itself, quaint, conservative, and largely dirty, afforded continual diversion. Here we seemed to catch a breath of "the unmitigated East." Through the imposing city gates, locked at night, poured by day a constant stream of foot passengers in white, porters bent low with burdens — some of which were incredibly large — laden ponies and bullocks. Along the main streets stalked the Yang Ban[1] or native noblemen in characteristic pale-blue, pink, or light-green gauze robes, white, pointed shoes, and narrow, high, black-lacquered "stovepipe" hats made of mohair. A thin, long-stemmed, ornamental pipe usually completed the costume.

Yang Ban

As we visited the old palaces and temples in Seoul, we were constantly reminded of the well-known fact that Japanese architecture as a whole was Korean in immediate origin, though back of Korea stood China. At the same time I found, I think, the solution of a problem that had previously puzzled me. In many ancient paintings in Japan appear Korean tigers and

[1] Meaning "two divisions" — that is, the two noble classes, civil and military; usually written "Yung Ban."

KOREANS WITH LOADED OX, SEOUL



SUIGEN GATE

leopards with inordinately large blue eyes. This is undoubtedly due to the fact that the artists worked only from skins in which the orbits are necessarily unduly stretched. The eyes, moreover, are colored light blue, instead of yellowish green, their natural shade. The explanation of this may be that in Japanese the word *ao*, blue, serves also at times for green. *Leopard eyes in Japanese art*

Besides visits to the various local places of interest, we made two outside excursions, one to Chemulpo, the seaport, with its long, flat stretches of tideland, and one to the government agricultural station at Suigen. At this institution we were greatly impressed with the conscientious and intelligent work of the director, Dr. Honda, and his associates. In the dormitory, for instance, the rooms were planned as in Korean homes, the stone floors being heated by fires underneath. In the station itself, trees and plants of the whole temperate zone were being tried out and improvements being made in the breed of native species. Rice yielding a third more than the ordinary had already been introduced. With the wild silkworm and the dwarf oak on which it feeds, special experiments were then in progress. The head forester, Mr. Saito, spoke of his work in forest restoration as "a religion," and the fisheries director, Mr. Ihara, held a similar lofty view of his duty.

During my stay in Seoul I myself made a considerable collection of fishes, in addition to those secured by Ihara under instructions from General Terauchi. The whole lot filled seventeen tanks and formed the basis of a report on the Fishes of Korea.[1] *Fishes of Korea*

[1] By Jordan and Thompson (Will F.), published (1913) by the Carnegie Museum, in which institution a full series is deposited.

Curious reasoning

Some time before my arrival a petition had been presented to Ihara by fishermen from the east side of the peninsula. This was a curious freak of reasoning. The petitioners asked to have the clams removed from their shores in order that the herring which once abounded might return. To their minds the clams had driven the fish away. As a matter of fact, the destruction of the hill forests had caused an immense wash of red soil to cover the rocks on which the herring had formerly cast their spawn. Under such conditions clams thrive and multiply while herring disappear.

Now without entering on any recital of the monotonous and bloody history of Korea, or any discussion of the methods by which Japan obtained control of the country, I venture to record briefly some of the impressions acquired during my stay.

Good and bad in Japanese occupation

By a curious anomaly, in her relations to Korea Japan appears both at her best and her worst. Civil Japan wisely undertook to give the new ward the benefit of modern advance in science, invention, and education. Military Japan sought to keep order in Korea by sheer force of terrorism. The Japanese administration abolished many gross evils of the former Korean régime, especially all legal distinctions of class and caste. They had also suppressed brigandage, substituted orderly taxation for the "squeeze," begun to clean up the cities, introduced railways with good stations and handsome gardens, and deprived the Yang Ban of all power and authority. An equitable code of law was promulgated, and a notably wise judge, Watanabë, put in charge. Excellent schools were established, experiment stations, forestry, and

fish commissions as well — everything wholly admirable in all but one respect. Far too many soldiers were employed and order was kept by military force, leaving the people with no apparent stake in their own affairs.

Meanwhile the Yang Ban, deprived of their chief means of support, had no function save to walk the streets by day and conspire at night. For centuries they had lived as parasites, with the right to extort from the peasantry all money or portable goods; concealment of property by the common man was regarded as a crime. One who had money hidden wore dirty clothes in self-defense. As a matter of fact, the cheap white cotton garments[1] universal among the common people were rarely clean. A farmer who allowed a pine or oak to grow about his place — or any tree other than the indispensable chestnut and persimmon — was subject to penalty. For it was argued that without money hidden away he would have been obliged to cut the tree for firewood. The children were kept busy gathering weeds, bushes, and hay to serve as fuel. The native mouse-colored cattle were used, like the ponies, mainly as beasts of burden.

The "squeeze"

On the way to Suigen, passing through Gondoro, a village located in a region of fertile soil but abject poverty, I went into the native school. This was held in a room eight feet square. On the floor, at noon, stretched diagonally across, lay the owner of the house fast asleep. On one side of him squatted six children reading their lessons in chorus. On the other sat the schoolmaster writing the task on a

A Korean school

[1] Seldom stitched, but usually completed by sticking the various parts together with paste.

square foot of blackboard; for his services he received $7.50 a month. Outside, half a dozen girls were manipulating a clumsy machine for threshing rice.

Korean temperament

The Korean peasant is a person of amazing patience, seemingly affected little by the incidents of life. Good luck he never knew, and misfortune seems a matter of course. To show something of the serenity — even in squalor and misery — which pervades the "Land of Morning Calm," Esson Third, a Korean scholar, tells an odd little story.

Among his neighbors was a man named Chew who maintained about his house seventeen quarreling dogs. "How could he and the wife stand the noise?" asked Esson Third. Both marveled at the question; what had "dog-noises" to do with them? "The Chews were at peace in unbroken face and with no unstrung harp or loose strings in their souls."

The intelligent Korean would not deny the advantages of Japanese rule, nor minimize the grotesque badness of the native régime. The usual point of view, however, might be expressed as follows:

> The old government was cruel and brutal, unjust and inefficient — but it was ours. We are not fit to govern ourselves; we never were, but we may learn by trying. It is our country, and no one else can take our place to make it good.

Said Esson Third:

> The Korean Emperor has no confidence in his people. His people have no use for the Japanese and the Japanese have no faith in the Emperor. Reverse this and it is still correct. The Emperor mistrusts the Japanese, the Japanese have no confidence in the people, and the people despise the Emperor.

A prominent Yang Ban by the name of Kim stated his position as follows:

We have no king. The one we had was a poor makeshift, but anything is better than no king. He would never take a reprimand. The number of heads of chief officers that dropped in his reign was astonishing. He was mighty in having his own way and keeping the people under. He used to say: "Don't make a noise; don't talk about the government; don't fight each other; don't send petitions to the Palace; just eat your rice, do your work, and be good!" When the people tried to carry on the "Independence Club," His Majesty put up a notice in the Bell Kiosk: "Let there be no meeting nor shout-talk of any kind in the street. You are commanded, every man, to stay at home and mind your own business!"

He handcuffed us, he robbed us, he paddled us, he hanged and quartered us; he lived for himself alone and for his outworn superstitions. But it was better than no king, so deeply is the patriarchal thought written in the heart. Bees could as easily swarm without a queen bee as Korea lift up her head without a ruler. . . . This is the tragedy of Korea; she went down without saving her face. . . . Face is lost and eternal shame is my portion forever.[1]

After the annexation, Japan confined the Emperor in his palace within a high-walled enclosure. According to my informant, a sum about equivalent to a million dollars a year was then allotted him "to be expended under Japanese advice," and mainly utilized to make the city of Seoul sanitary and habitable.

Dejected nobility

Meanwhile the dejected nobility with their troop of sorcerers, three thousand of whom, it was said, remained in Seoul alone, saw "no longer any poetry in millet and rice" and dropped lower and lower in poverty and disgust.[2]

Taking the Koreans of the middle class as indi-

[1] As translated by James G. Gale.

[2] Statistics for 1910 show 54,000 Yang Ban heads of families, forbidden by former law and present custom to engage in any but official service, and deprived of the right of "squeeze." Only 17,000 offices being open to natives under the Japanese régime, the majority of the Korean nobility are necessarily dependent on their relations in office.

viduals, they appear intelligent and energetic. Many of those trained in mission schools are excellent scholars, especially in languages and mathematics, though backward in experimental and inductive science. But while individually fairly able, collectively they rarely accomplish much. In team work, a strong feature of the Japanese, they have little genius.

Biological cause of Korea's failure as a nation

For the failure of Korean leadership through the ages there seems to be a valid and adequate reason; the national history is one long record of elimination of men with initiative.[1] The Korean court, with its motley array of king, Yang Ban, concubines, eunuchs, and sorcerers, punished all insurgency with death. Thousands on thousands were beheaded merely to save annoyance to some ruler or courtesan. General Kim, who drove back the Japanese soldiers of Hideyoshi in 1698, was beheaded; Admiral Yi, who scattered and sank the Japanese fleet, met some similar fate. By a law of biology the man who is left determines the future of the race, for "like begets like" and each generation repeats the qualities of its actual ancestry. Long-continued extirpation of courage leaves a spineless residue, which fact to my mind illuminates Korean history.

3

At Seoul we parted from Benians with regret, both because we should miss him and because we looked longingly toward the road over which he was bound through Manchuria to Peking. But having turned our faces eastward, we first stopped at Okayama, a large city, interesting as being less influenced by

[1] It is stated by Professor Ladd that the late queen caused 2867 persons to be beheaded before she was herself assassinated in 1909 in the palace at Seoul.

foreign customs and ideas than are the more sophisticated seaports and university centers. There we were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Pettee, American missionaries, in whose hospitable home we passed the night. My address in the evening was presided over by the mayor, Mr. Okamoto.

At Kyoto we again made a brief visit, grateful for the stolen opportunity to see somewhat more of its treasures. Uji came next, with its marvelous though faded "Phœnix Hall" and its busy plantations for the growing of choice teas; then Otsu on Lake Biwa, where we climbed to the noted temple of Miidera, and afterward crossed the double "long bridge of Seta," *Seta no magahashi*, one of "the seven wonders of Omi" as distinguished from the "eight beauties" of the same picturesque province.

Uji and Otsu

Arriving after nightfall at Hikone, farther down the lake, we put up at the Raku-raku-en, "garden of rest," my fishing headquarters in 1900.[1] On an open balcony by the light of a superbly full moon, we were served with a good supper in native fashion. This was Mrs. Jordan's only experience in a purely Japanese hostelry, and one more pleasing could hardly have been found. There is a satisfying beauty about all typically Japanese interiors. Within, Raku-raku-en has a special charm of age and old-time elegance, while its exterior setting of gardens, forested slope, and dominating white-walled donjon tower made it seem like an enchanted retreat. It is true that during the night the rats were noisy between ceiling and roof. Some even invaded our sleeping apartments, tempted by sweetmeats placed on the floor beside the *futon* on which we slept. For those incur-

Delightful haven

[1] See Chapter XXVI, page 42.

sions, however, we had only ourselves to blame, having left open a certain section of the house-wall for purposes of ventilation. But our American partiality for fresh air was most disturbing to the town watchman, and at four in the morning sleep was broken by a loud, prolonged clatter of his fiendish wooden device. If anything went wrong, he did not intend to be held responsible!

While preparing to leave after breakfast, my wife — not understanding the inviolability of Japanese dinner sets — asked if she might purchase one of the charming lacquer dishes from which we had eaten the night before, to be treasured as a memento of a delightful experience. Her request was received with some perturbation. The service, it appeared, consisted of twenty complete individual sets. To break one was to spoil all. But if Madame cared for it, a beautiful old service in Nara red which had belonged to the Lord Ii could be had for a moderate sum. Mrs. Jordan hesitated to take so fine a treasure from its historic setting, but as Dr. Kuma assured her that the landlord could not afford to keep it and had decided to sell at the first opportunity, we accepted the offer with enthusiasm. To the purchase was then generously added a couple of small blue and white covered dishes said to be at least 150 years old.

Lord Ii's dinner service

On our way northward from Hikone, I stopped for a moment at the junction station of Maibara to meet Hamilton Holt, my colleague in the World Peace Foundation, then recently arrived in Japan on a similar mission of good will. Reaching Yokohama toward evening, we were met by the local branch of Boy Scouts, who had asked the privilege of escorting us from the station. After a studied welcome in

Yokohama Boy Scouts

GARDEN OF RAKU-RAKU-EN

RAKU-RAKU-EN

English by their young leader, they marched in front of the carriage the whole way. Arrived at the hotel, I tried to do my best in the way of entertainment, but failing to secure ice cream, oranges, or sweetmeats, I was obliged to send them away with nothing but bananas and best wishes.

The next two days were spent at Tokyo again, largely in farewells. At the hotel we were visited by many of our friends. Among them came Kumakichi Aoki, the veteran collector for the Marine Station at Misaki, who had been so very helpful in 1900. During my stay Aoki had given me nearly two weeks of active service, securing many specimens of value, for all of which he was much averse to accepting the payment upon which I insisted. As a souvenir he then quaintly presented me with a diary of his fishing trips in my interest, a booklet which, being wholly in Japanese, I am unable to read.

Farewell functions

Three pleasant social affairs had meanwhile been scheduled. At the luncheon and "farewell reception" given by the Peace Society, I made my last address. In the evening followed a dinner arranged for us by Baron Shibusawa at the Imperial Hotel. As usual the guests were all interesting people, most of whom have been previously mentioned. But the table was further honored by the presence of the late Henry Willard Denison, a scholarly, self-effacing American gentleman of great wisdom and efficiency, for thirty-three years legal adviser to the Japanese government.

Denison

Here, as on previous occasions, many references were made to Japan's sincere appreciation of the helping hand extended by America in the early diffi-

cult years of contact with the West. It was Kaneko, I believe, who said that "the ocean no longer divides, it binds us together."

More intimate courtesies

Luncheon next day at the fine half-Japanese, half-European home of Baron and Baroness Rempei Kondo was a delightfully intimate affair. There we felt peculiarly at ease, as certain members of the family have been educated in America and are perfectly familiar with the American background. This was, of course, by no means an isolated case so far as knowledge of America and Europe is concerned, for nearly two thousand Japanese are graduates of American and British universities. Those who have studied in Germany are, as elsewhere implied, largely of the militaristic class, and of them we met very few.

Perhaps the strongest impression we received in our varied experiences was that of the basic unity of Japanese psychology with our own in spite of the differences in historic background. The social structure of old Japan, however, was conditioned partly on isolation and partly on concepts of honor and service quite unlike those developed in the feudal system of Europe. Fundamentally the Japanese, perhaps primitively of the Aryan race, with large admixtures of Chinese, Malay, and Manchu blood, are not so different from the Western peoples.

Generous friendliness

Dinner with the Asano family on our last evening in Tokyo completed a busy round of international amenities, pervaded by a spirit of generous friendliness and hospitality. For whatever the surface eddies of Japanese politics, the people themselves are sound at heart, kind, helpful, and hopeful. And it would be quite impossible to enumerate the multitude of courtesies large and small extended to us, often by

strangers, common laborers as well as members of the well-to-do classes. The many souvenirs presented in accordance with the open-hearted Japanese custom naturally varied much in character and value, but we prized them all for the engaging spirit of which they were everywhere the expression.

Soothsayer Takashima

A final and interesting episode occurred as we were waiting for the boat. This was a visit to the famous philosopher and soothsayer, Kayemon Takashima, a very wise old man with ideas of his own, locally known as a wizard. Cabinet ministers, I was told, were accustomed to seek his advice at critical times, and Prince Ito once said to him: "As a prophet you are an old humbug, but you have a long head."

During a seven years' imprisonment for the legalistic crime of selling Japanese gold to foreigners he wrote the six volumes of "Takashima's Wisdom." A copy of this voluminous work, presented to me by the author, rests in the library of Stanford University, available to Japanese students.

4

On leaving Japan I was asked to give to the papers what they called "a valedictory address." In this I set forth our thanks for the courtesies and friendly services we had received, expressing my kindly feeling for the people and adding, by request, a little political advice. The substance of the latter may be implied in the following quotation:

> No nation was ever able to maintain at the same time a great army, a great navy, a vigorous foreign policy, a great debt, and the prosperity of the people. Two of the five may be held for the time and occasionally three, never more.

I further wrote:

> The currents of world life flow through Japan, and Japan's response to truth and justice is not unlike that of other nations.

Dark regions unexplored

Such was my message. It had reference only to international affairs, not to matters of internal administration, nor to the lingering evils of the feudal system of caste. The purpose of our visit naturally brought us into contact mainly with the more prominent people — officials, business men, and scholars — so that little of the seamy side of Japanese life revealed itself to my eyes. In 1900 I had an almost unrivaled opportunity to observe rural Japan. But in neither sojourn did I learn much of the grinding poverty of unskilled urban workmen, the long hours of factory hands, both women and men, and the treadmill of child labor, by all of which the nation is still burdened and impoverished. Still less did I come into touch with the squalid wretchedness of the *eta*, or social outcasts, human beings without comfort or hope.

The investigation and exposure of the dark phases of city life were no part of my mission. That is not a work for which I feel personally fitted, and the discussion of such matters must be left to others, especially to those enlightened Japanese who realize that a nation's glory depends upon the opportunities for personal growth granted to all the people alike.

"Heiwa's" account

In *Heiwa* (Peace), the organ of the Japan Peace Society, appeared a full account of my various addresses and other public functions. Concluding, the article sums up "the reasons why Dr. Jordan was warmly welcome" — in brief, as follows:

JAPANESE BOY SCOUTS, YOKOHAMA

1. He is an American representing a great and friendly nation.
2. Some fifty Japanese graduates of Stanford University are to be found in our leading cities.
3. He comes with a message of peace.

Here my readers will perhaps allow me to make a few observations on the current international politics of Japan. In general and to an increasing degree each event in the Far East is obscured by the smoke of partisanship, for almost every foreign resident of Eastern Asia seems to be either pro-Japanese or anti-Japanese, and impatient of any intermediate position. As a consequence, fulsome praise and biting criticism are equally common.

Pro-Japanese

According to the pro-Japanese point of view the busy people of the islands are human beings like the rest of us — sincere, lovable, courteous, simple-hearted, idealistic, acutely patriotic, sensitive to praise or blame, very hospitable and fond of companionship, prone to make judgments gregariously, and having a genius for coöperation and adaptation; politically they do the best they can under changing conditions, for the traditions and conciliations of two thousand years cannot be obliterated in a half-century.

Anti-Japanese

The prevalent critical view indicts the whole race:

> The Japanese know that Western civilization cannot be escaped, but they despise and fear it. They imitate what they do not understand, therefore undertake what they cannot carry through. Being extremely clannish, they are bad neighbors to outsiders. Militarism they cherish because it has brought them world notoriety, formerly lacking; the ruling powers therefore follow German models. The government is a close corporation or bureaucracy, directed by the *Genro* — "Elder Statesmen" — a clique of leaders of the three fighting clans,

Satsuma, Choshu, and Settsu. Exploiters, militarists, and bureaucrats direct the foreign policy. The populace clamors for war because only war yields livable wages. The *gono* or village "boss" controls the rural population. Only fear of revolution gives the people any voice and that is mostly still and small. The prophets cry in the wilderness, most earnestly no doubt, but largely unheeded by the two chief political parties.

Centralized power obstructive

For each point of view there is a certain degree of warrant. The first arises from acquaintance with the student class and a knowledge of the provincial towns. The second pictures some phases of the political life of the capital. Government, as I have long insisted, is the most backward of all human enterprises. Just in proportion as its power is centralized, it becomes obstructive and oppressive. The remedy for these evils lies in the extension of democracy and allowing the people to decide for themselves the lines of their own welfare.

Minhon

The guiding spirit of the Japanese government is officially expressed in the word *minhon*[1] — that is, "general well-being." It involves on the part of those in power a paternal regard for the common good. In this scheme, as education spreads, the representatives of the people insist upon a larger and larger part. Now that Japan has adopted compulsory education, and the English language is required in all the middle and higher schools, a rapid advance is imminent. Mutsuhito's reign is fairly called the "Era of Enlightenment." In it democratic principles began to bud, to bear fruit later — and let us trust without subjecting the people to the strain of revolution.

The hope of Japan, as of every other country, it seems to me, is found in its democratic element; these

[1] Sometimes defined as "the effort to keep the people busy and poor."

Direction, not status

are in line with liberal opinion elsewhere. The true attitude of a nation, moreover, is determined not by its actual status, but by the direction in which it moves. A little more than half a century ago Japan was a closed feudal state in which the many existed solely for the benefit of the few. It will soon be fully abreast of the current of modern civilization. And the final summing up is yet to come.

On October 12 we left Yokohama bound for home by the large and commodious Pacific Mail liner, *Mongolia*. Many friends had come to see us off. Mrs. Jordan and Tomi now bade each other a tearful farewell, not fully covered by the conventional "*Sayonara*" (If it must be).

China again in convulsion

On the boat, returning from China, were several missionaries who said that the country was again on the verge of a great upheaval. Arrived at Honolulu, we learned that this had already come, Sun Yat Sen having been chosen temporary president of the new republic. The news caused great excitement among our Chinese table boys, and on reaching San Francisco they cut off their queues and threw them into the bay.

Wilder's gift

In Honolulu we again enjoyed the town's famous hospitality, one evidence of which was a great basket of alligator pears which followed us aboard the steamer. This noble fruit, finest of all salads, has been much improved by crossing and selection by Mr. Garrett P. Wilder.

In the exquisite aquarium out at Moana I renewed acquaintance with many of my old friends among the fishes. I also found one beautiful little angel-fish, new to science, obtained from the coral reefs. Having

persuaded the curator, Mr. Potter, to give it to me, I afterward named it *Holacanthus potteri.*

At the San Francisco customs

Upon our arrival at San Francisco, an amusing incident occurred in the customs office. In one trunk we had placed all the gifts received in Japan; I found myself wholly unable to set a valuation on these, as for the most part I could not remember what they were nor could I indicate the worth of each. I therefore asked the inspector — Everett, a Stanford man by the way — to make his own estimates. Fixing upon one particular package as a sample, he uncovered a wooden box about five inches square. Within this appeared a similar smaller one which in turn contained a third still smaller, while at the center rested a tiny black and gold lacquer chest or casket filled with infinitesimal bonbons, a souvenir secured by Mr. Huggins at the Empress' garden party. The customs official, like myself, was puzzled, and to this day neither of us knows whether his valuation of the whole lot was just or not.

CHAPTER FORTY

I

Our return to America was hastened by my engagement to speak before the teachers of Wisconsin on international peace and the war scares which evil spirits in various countries were active in promoting. While in Milwaukee I was the guest of Emmett L. Richardson, Stanford, '92, then president of the city school board. One of the keenest pleasures of my trips over the country comes from finding everywhere forward-looking and influential men who have been my students. Emmett Richardson is the son of one of the much-respected trustees of Indiana University, and went with me to Stanford, where for a time he was instructor in French. In Milwaukee I also met again an old friend, Dr. Ernest R. Copeland, now a prominent surgeon.

Pleasant reunions

On one of my tours I returned through the South, stopping on the way to speak at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, and at Tulane University in New Orleans. At Tuskegee I was the guest of Booker T. Washington, the sagacious and devoted founder of the establishment. I had already met both him and his distinguished contemporary, Professor Burghardt Du Bois of Atlanta. Washington had once visited Stanford, where he set forth plans for the elevation of his race through vocational training, asserting that the colored man would be respected to the degree that he proved trustworthy and helpful. This straightforward and practical apostle presented a strong contrast to Du Bois, a fine, artistic spirit

Booker Washington and Du Bois

interested in "The Souls of Black Folk" rather than in their material progress.

At a dinner in Boston, Washington (who had just been abroad) maintained that "for the common peasant in most parts of the continent of Europe there was less outlook, less hope, and less chance of personal development, than for the negroes of Alabama."

Tuskegee Institute

The Institute work in the mechanical departments seemed to me more effective than the literary instruction. I was especially impressed by the rich melodies of the Tuskegee choir, never having elsewhere heard so fine a rendering of the primitive but delightful negro "spirituals."

At Tulane

Tulane University, a well-endowed institution, has long maintained a high reputation for scholarship. Dr. Brandt Van Blarcom Dixon, an old Cornell friend, is the honored president emeritus of the neighboring Newcomb College for women, and with him I was glad to renew acquaintance. At dinner I met many of the leading people of the city, among them Miss Grace King, historian of old Louisiana, a woman of clear mind and attractive personality.

[I should here explain that the Stanford trustees, in accordance with the custom adopted from the beginning,[1] had now at my request granted me a long-delayed sabbatical year of absence on half pay. This, however, I divided, postponing the second half until August, 1912.]

In the course of the winter of 1911-12 I published under the title of "War and Waste"[2] a number of

[1] An arrangement by which each professor was entitled to every seventh year, on half pay, for study, travel, or rest.

[2] Doubleday, Page & Co.

essays, part of which had been previously printed in *The World's Work* and *The Atlantic Monthly*. In this book I discussed war with its accompanying waste of human life and of property, which again involves waste of life, because every dollar of war debt and of interest on war debt adds to the effort and anguish of workers, the incidence of all taxation at last striking the producer.

Magdalena Bay scare

I also dealt with a remarkable war scare resting on imagined efforts of Japan to secure Magdalena Bay as a naval base. This remarkably fine landlocked harbor lies in a rainless and uninhabited region on the west coast of Lower California, and the only water within scores of miles comes from a small spring on a neighboring island, which would supply a population of about 500 people. The little village contains 160 Mexicans, formerly engaged in gathering *orchil*, a lichen used to make a valuable yellow dye before its displacement by aniline products. On Santa Margarita, a near-by island bearing ores of magnesite, live (off and on) about 150 more Mexicans.

In 1912 the only industry at Magdalena Bay was a crab and turtle cannery, the property of a Los Angeles acquaintance of mine, Mr. Aurelio Sandoval, who then held a concession from the Diaz government, afterward canceled during the Revolution. Sandoval's establishment employed about a dozen Japanese and Chinese, besides about 100 Mexicans. The foreman was a Japanese brought over, as I understand, from the cannery at Sakai near Osaka, an enterprise said to have been killed by Japan's high tariff on tin.

These facts were amazingly expanded by the Hearst journals in order to make an acrimonious attack on Japan. According to the story, upward of

60,000 Japanese had already arrived at Magdalena Bay, and more were coming "on every ship," a situation which "constituted a menace alike to California and to the Panama Canal." But no passenger boat has ever touched at the bay, which is as far from the Panama Canal as it is from New York, and the Japanese government had no more relation to the local cannery than to any other factory in America where a few Japanese may be employed.

Lodge Resolution

But Senator Henry Cabot Lodge now found an opportunity to proclaim the Monroe Doctrine anew, and at his urgent insistence the Senate passed the "Lodge Resolution" warning Japan that the United States would look with disfavor on any effort to establish a foreign naval station at Magdalena Bay. This absurd and irrelevant document was never signed by President Taft, however, and is therefore null and void. In a personal letter Mr. Taft assured me that he had accurate knowledge of the situation, explaining that Lodge's move was based on erroneous information and adding, "I believe that I also am part of the United States government."

A slander revived

Unfortunately a bubble, though once pricked, can still be reinflated. In 1917 "an intelligent shipbuilder who does not want his name mentioned reported that he had been there and seen thousands of Japanese, fishing all the morning in Magdalena Bay, and drilling all the afternoon, and such wonderful drilling as you never saw in all your life, perfect, and they had modern rifles." These statements appeared in a circular headed "Fish, Broomsticks, and Rifles" sent to members of the Sixty-fifth Congress under date of April 21, 1917, by Dr. A. L. Boyce of New York. In his communication Boyce complains that while

the Magdalena Japanese have modern rifles, he is compelled to buy broomsticks for the use of boys drilled by him. He closes with the remark, "In view of all this, how can any one fail to realize the importance of Congress passing the Chamberlain Bill without emasculation?" *War scares and conscription*

The modest shipbuilder referred to above further explained to one of my own correspondents "in the most emphatic way that, in company with a retired naval officer, he saw a considerable number of Japanese, he thought between three and four thousand, training. They were armed and had, he believed, Krag-Jorgensen guns. They plied the trade of fishing in the morning and did this drilling in the afternoon." He also added that he had "never seen finer drilling anywhere."

Wishing to get at whatever truth lay behind these assertions, I wrote to Esteban Cantú, then governor of Lower California. From Enseñada, May 21, 1917, Cantú assured me "that the majority of the fishermen who operate in Magdalena Bay have their homes in San Diego, California."

Mr. Sandoval wrote from Los Angeles on the 5th of the same month: *Sandoval's statement*

> [I] gave up canning in Magdalena Bay when the Revolution started, as under those conditions it is not possible to run anything on business bases, but taking advantage of these unsettled conditions, some American capitalists under arrangements with the revolutionary leaders who have dispossessed me of my rights have started a floating cannery in Magdalena Bay with about ten fishing boats manned by Japanese fishermen, which might be fifty in all. . . . Surely the shipbuilder who made the assertion that he saw thousands of Japanese fishing in the morning and drilling in the afternoon must have been drinking something very injurious and should be taken to

a doctor. . . . The conditions about Magdalena Bay as far as I have heard — about three weeks ago — are the same as for the last ten or fifteen years. I most emphatically deny the assertion of the shipbuilder who visited the West Coast of Mexico, and authorize you to do it in my name.

I have treated this matter somewhat fully, as it illustrates the use of certain methods in breeding suspicion of our neighbors for ulterior ends. My readers will perhaps recall that one of the leading questions asked at Baron Shibusawa's lawn party in 1911 related to American yellow journalism and its disregard for truth in dealing with foreign affairs.

In the spring of 1912 the University was visited by several unusual persons almost at the same time — a brilliant period in that academic year.

D'Estournelles de Constant

Baron d'Estournelles de Constant [1] came under the auspices of the American Association for International Conciliation, and his several admirable lectures in favor of peace and arbitration aroused the keen attention of the students. He had been a member of the Hague tribunal which decided the much-disputed Casa Blanca case in 1909, and said that a month after the verdict, quietly accepted, no one remembered what the contest was about.

Macdonald

Soon after we welcomed Dr. James A. Macdonald, editor of the Toronto *Globe*, a most vigorous and enthusiastic speaker, a thorough democrat, and an eloquent advocate of the principles of international conciliation. He made a great impression; students followed him about, even to the railway station, where (his train being late) he gave a short talk in favor of a civil tongue in foreign affairs and in opposition to the bristling attitude taken by diplomatists

[1] See Chapter XXXVII, page 324.

JESSIE KNIGHT JORDAN, 1911

in France and England as well as in Germany, which came near provoking general war over the Morocco question.

Ida Tarbell

Early in the year Miss Ida M. Tarbell spent several weeks at the University studying international relations and other similar matters. She and I then planned to work together on a book entitled "The Case against War"; but crowding events permitted war to frame its own case, and Miss Tarbell has since devoted her high talent to methods of conciliation between capital and labor as distinguished from international struggles.

Blanchard

A notable visitor of about the same date was the late Dr. Raphael Blanchard, then dean of the medical school of the University of Paris.[1] Like most professors from Europe, Blanchard seemed especially interested in the sororities, the charm and independence of those groups of young women who plan their homes, borrow the money necessary to build, run their own establishments, and take care of themselves. At one of the houses he photographed University girls at work in the garden. When we went to the train he said he preferred not to leave then, as I was obliged to do, but would like to be driven back to the campus that he might make further studies and more photographs! A young German professor who visited Stanford during the same period remarked that I "could not understand how strongly these educated young American women appeal to us German professors!"

Lutoslavski

Professor Lutoslavski from the University of Cracow in Galicia gave a number of interesting talks before varied audiences. He bore a sheaf of original opinions

[1] See Chapter XXXIV, page 247.

as to personal liberty, diet, and methods of studying literature, and his many eccentricities were effective in impressing his ideas. It seems that he had been granted an undesired "leave of absence" from Cracow because of his freedom of speech. In the stormy days which followed he took refuge in Savoy, whence he sent me his book on "The Meaning of Freedom," and where later, as I learned through the Polish Relief Committee, he was on the verge of starvation. We then forwarded a little money from Stanford, but I have since heard nothing of his fate.

The Bahai Another visitor of the same year was the Bahai, Abdul Bahas, son of Baha O'llah, the famous Persian devotee, founder and head of a widespread religious sect holding as its chief tenet the Brotherhood of Man, with all that this implies of personal friendliness and international peace. Through an interpreter the kindly apostle expressed with convincing force a message accepted, in name at least, by good men and women all through the ages. He asked for some of my own essays to be translated into Persian and cordially invited me to his abode of peace in the hills of Damascus.

Grenfell Still another apostle of good will, who came to us not long after, was Sir Wilfred Grenfell, the missionary physician of the bleak shores of Labrador. The story of his noble work has been so well told that I need only express my own appreciation of the man and my pleasure in presenting him to the students of the University.

2

On June 5, 1912, on the invitation of the German consul, Von Bopp, I heard an address at the Fair-

mont Hotel, San Francisco, by General Friedrich von Bernhardi, a retired officer of cavalry who had attracted some attention in Germany — and considerably more outside — by his frank, logical, and medievally brutal exposition of the German military theory in "*Deutschland und der Nächste Krieg.*"[1] Except for a reporter or two, Dr. Wheeler and I were the only persons present not German, at least in origin — I being no doubt included in the usual perfunctory way as head of Stanford, while Wheeler had served for a year as exchange professor in Berlin.

Germany and the next war

Bernhardi was a tall, spare, soldierly man, very erect and stiff, and with head scarcely developed back of the ears, a mark by which the Prussian may always be known. He read his address sitting down and in a monotonous tone, no part of it being eloquent or calculated to awaken enthusiasm. He began with the statement that

people who do not defend by force of arms their own spiritual and political rights are slipping backward. The development of life is a warfare and the individual who gives up struggling for what he regards as holiest will cease to develop. Universal peace is impossible; moreover, a peace tribunal cannot be maintained because the conscience to back up such a tribunal does not exist, and there would be no power to enforce the decisions of a world court except by the establishment of a world state — likewise an impossibility.

America inclines toward a universal Peace Tribunal, but not being ringed by enemies she is not forced to recognize the need for national solidarity. Germany is surrounded and she must fight; because the Germans are so crowded, war is a necessity.[2] This she knows. America too must fight, but does not know it. For us there are two alternatives only, dominion or downfall, "*Weltmacht oder Niedergang.*"

[1] "Germany and the Next War."

[2] "*Die Deutschen sind so beschränkt, sie müssen Ausgang haben; so stammt die Notwendigkeit des Krieges.*"

As to England, he said she had prevented Germany from establishing due trade relations; and the idea that English would become the world language of commerce he strongly resented.

Der Staat

As a theoretical basis for his general thesis, he expounded the German theory of "*der Staat*," the State,

> as a spiritual collective personality living a life of its own above and beyond that of its subjects. Law governs the individual, but the State is above all law, knowing for its acts no sanction save its own. Law is only a makeshift, the reality is force; law is a device of the weak for their own protection, force is the right of the strong. [1]

From this main premise is easily derived the idea that a state can do no wrong, that might creates need and need creates right, and that there exists no power either outside or within the consciousness of man which can sit in judgment on the state. To be simple, weak, peace-loving, or backward constitutes the "unpardonable sin" of a state.

Three fallacies

Bernhardi rested his whole case for war on three basic propositions which he termed, respectively, the historical, the psychological, and the biological argument. First, there have always been wars, and as human nature does not change, wars will always be. Second, the desire for conflict is ingrained in man's being, and war develops the highest discipline.[2] Thirdly, war is a biological necessity,[3] the one agency for the survival of the fittest in the struggle of existence — a process as vital to human advancement as to the evolution of animals and plants.

[1] "*Das Gesetz ist nur ein Versuch, der Krieg ist die Wirklichkeit; das Gesetz ist nur für die Schwachen, der Krieg für die Starken.*"

[2] "*Die höchste Kultur findet sich in dem Kriege.*"

[3] "*Der Krieg ist eine biologische Notwendigkeit.*"

But not one of these alleged principles has scientific validity. As concerns the first, while human nature changes slowly, the angle of vision may alter suddenly; and in those phases of public opinion often mistaken for "human nature," education plays a dominant part. Secondly, clashes in views or interests unavoidable in human society do not necessarily, or naturally, lead to the impersonal machine-made coöperative manslaughter of modern war. Finally, natural selection means the survival of those individuals fitted to their surroundings and the persistence through heredity of their traits. The dogma of "Social Darwinism" which would apply this principle to international or inter-racial rivalries has no foundation in the theories or discoveries of Darwin. The "struggle for existence," properly understood, is primarily the tendency or effort towards self-maintenance amid more or less adverse conditions of life; and mutual aid is a factor as necessary as any of the varied forms of competition.[1]

Social Darwinism not Darwinian

I was told that the lecturer had been making a tour around the world, speaking at different places to Germans in order to bring them into harmony with Pangermanist plans.[2] But among those present with whom I spoke I found no sympathy with his point of view. Had he shown more fire and personal force he might perhaps have made a deeper impression. As it was, the address seemed mainly a matter of military and political theory, not apparently a call to arms, although war between Germany and England would be certain to follow its general acceptance by either.

[1] For fuller discussion of this matter see "Democracy and World Relations," Chapter IV.

[2] See Chapter XLV, page 554.

Concerning Bernhardi's utterances, I made at the time the following notes:

According to the Hegelian view of the State, as expressed by Bernhardi, this spiritual collective personality exists in a moral vacuum, having the right to control the conscience and acts of individuals, thus occupying the exact position once held by the medieval Church. In so far as this philosophy is accepted, the Reformation of Luther and his contemporaries merely transferred spiritual control from the infallible Church to the infallible State.

The essence of tyranny, under whatever name it be known — paternalism, ecclesiasticism, autocracy, oligarchy — is the forcible suppression of the individual and the control of his acts and opinions by some power outside himself which promotes efficiency through enforced coöperation. Some day a reformation as radical as that which freed men from the tyranny of the Church will release them from the tyranny of the State. As the terrible wars for religion in the seventeenth century took from ecclesiasticism the power to make war, it may be that some future holocaust will be needed to divest the State of its most dangerous attribute.

3

A toast to Roosevelt

At a banquet given to Roosevelt in San Francisco in 1912, responding to a toast to the honored guest, I jocosely compared him with Thomas Jefferson, "the Theodore Roosevelt of a hundred years ago," to whose eager interest in the great West we owed the explorations of Lewis and Clark. I also likened him to Arthur Young, the noted traveler who in the eighteenth century gave such a vivid picture of feudal France. "Were it in my power," exclaimed Young, "I would make those great lords skip again!" Roosevelt had tried to do the same with certain lords of American finance, I said, and with such

success that they frothed at the mouth whenever they spoke of "that man." Our guest evidently enjoyed my characterization, remarking that he "would like to have it engraved on his tombstone."

Progressive revolt

During the same year certain Republican Congressmen, mostly from the West, rose in revolt against the arbitrary domination of the Speaker of the House, Joseph G. Cannon,[1] and of the "standpatters" who backed him up. Like-minded Senators supported the movement, as did also numerous influential journalists East and West. These "insurgents" determined to pit a candidate of their own against Taft, whom they described as a "political island entirely surrounded by men who knew just what they wanted." The "Progressive" group was accordingly organized, and, as a result of many conferences and consultations, it chose Robert M. La Follette, Senator from Wisconsin, for standard bearer. This decision was made with the endorsement and encouragement of Roosevelt, who, however, "carefully refrained from written commitment." And the insurgents somehow felt certain that "always in the back of his head there rested the belief that none other than he should be chosen leader of the liberal movement, and no other was as well fitted for the presidential office."

La Follette

La Follette, a fearless and hard-headed political leader, had a long record of efficient and aggressive public service. But he was scornful of the press and skillful in making enemies as well as friends. His liking for "lone-hand leadership" also offered difficulties from a party standpoint. Of Roosevelt's attitude and animus he was from the first suspicious, and all

[1] Familiarly "Uncle Joe."

attempts to bring the two together on a definite stand resulted in failure. Moreover, an episode with which I was in a slight degree connected seemed to render his candidacy impracticable, so that his backers found themselves obliged to look elsewhere. It happened that I had been invited by Melville E. Stone, general manager of the Associated Press, to deliver the annual address before the Press Association in convention at Philadelphia, an honor I felt obliged to decline for lack of time. La Follette was then selected for the occasion. Being in a state of nervous fatigue, he lost control of himself and spoke far too long, besides using the opportunity to tell the American press what he thought of it! His strictures may have been justified, but they did not advance his political fortunes — at least not along the line his friends had contemplated.

An honor declined

Roosevelt now rushed into the breach, and many of La Follette's ardent followers felt it to be their duty to fall in behind. Among these were Gifford and Amos Pinchot, Congressmen Irvine L. Lenroot and William Kent, besides Gilson Gardner and other newspaper men. Charles R. Crane, who zealously backed and endorsed La Follette, shifted his allegiance, however, to Mr. Wilson, and many other La Follette supporters did the same.

Roosevelt's candidacy

During the campaign which followed, Roosevelt lost ground so far as the West was concerned, largely through certain ill-considered attacks on Taft, for while people may have shared his views, the general verdict was that the rôle of common scold did not befit an ex-President. His statement that Taft had "bitten the hand that fed him" laid undue emphasis on the well-known fact that he had

himself chosen Taft as his successor.[1] The editor of *Life* voiced a popular question as to what he had been feeding Taft. Had he been feeding *us*, the American people? And were we his to feed?

In Africa and Europe

Concerning Roosevelt's famous and successful tour as a naturalist hunter in Africa in 1909,[2] it was reported that he left the country to be "out of the way so as not to embarrass Taft." Later it was said that he stayed away "so that Taft would not embarrass him"! Be this as it may, Taft's administration soon diverged from that of his predecessor both in purpose and method. Presumably, in his efforts to promote good will, the new President found himself blocked at every angle by his astute supporters in the Senate, for not a single cherished purpose of his own was he ever permitted fully to carry out — not even the one on which he had set his heart, the maintenance of the "Open Door" in China. Meanwhile, the public addresses of Roosevelt in Egypt, Germany, and England on his return from Africa were most disappointing to his "liberal" admirers abroad. From the first he fell in with conservative reactionaries who saw no remedy for political unrest save armed compulsion. The sight of big armies, splendidly maneuvered, seemed to strengthen his own militaristic tendencies. His unconcealed admiration for the Kaiser appeared to survive the beginning of the war, though it ceased abruptly soon after the burning of Louvain.

Military pomp

The principles of the Progressive party were to me,

[1] A friend of Roosevelt said to me in regard to this selection: "Taft is as devoted to his principles as Roosevelt himself, being besides a most genial and lovable fellow."

[2] On this trip a Stanford man, Edmund Heller, then lately returned from the Hopkins Expedition to the Galapagos, served as assistant naturalist.

as to Roosevelt, entirely wholesome. But in accepting its Presidential nomination he apparently violated his own canon to work always "inside the party." In view of previous experiences, however, it was natural for him to suppose that the party would rally about him with colors flying. He failed to estimate the power of the soulless machine with its secret control of the springs of publicity and therefore of popularity. The "steam-roller" methods of the Chicago Convention of 1916 took him unawares. He had no ambition to lead again a forlorn hope, and at the end he threw down his supporters, urging them with sublime cynicism to accept as leader the one member of the United States Senate to whom they were most consistently opposed. He now resumed and henceforth retained his chastened place as a "regular."

The steam roller

A political handicap

The popular tradition of his magical power stood in the way of his practical success as a politician among politicians, notwithstanding his personal popularity and the general excellence of his administration.

That in most regards his career as President was salutary and successful cannot be denied. From the New York group out of which he emerged and to which toward the end of his career he returned, he long received unrelenting criticism. But the people at large felt in him a continuous faith well justified. In my judgment, however, his administration was marred by two incidents,[1] both undertaken apparently on the spur of the moment, and both readily condoned by the American public. These were the

[1] "I determined on the move [of the Fleet] without consulting the Cabinet, precisely as I took Panama without consulting the Cabinet. A Council of War never fights."

"Seizure of the Canal Zone," without consideration of International Law, and the theatrical world cruise of the American navy. The latter was far from harmless, the Japanese interpreting it as a half-veiled threat;[1] the former implanted more deeply the seeds of suspicion in Latin America.

It is true that Roosevelt was often called an adroit politician. Perhaps he came near believing himself to be such. Certainly he touched with sure finger the pulse of the people, yet not through special skill or subtlety, rather by a frank, buoyant temperament easily understood. When, after his return from Europe, he "cast his hat into the ring" of New York politics, assured that he would "beat to a frazzle" his opponents, his adversaries joined to "give him a lesson." This they did effectively. Calling on him at the *Outlook* office soon after the election, I found him cast down and angrily bitter. He had apparently no stomach for a losing fight in which immediate certain defeat should mean ultimate victory for the cause, whatever the fate of its original upholders.[2]

Bitter defeat

4

Under the auspices of the World Peace Foundation I devoted the summer of 1912 to a study of the biological effects of the Civil War in our Southern states.

A eugenic survey

[1] "Nor was our confidence in American love of peace and justice in any way strengthened by the sight of the American Armada in the Bay of Tokyo fifteen years ago; for we suspected then and we now know that the spectacular cruise of that colossal fleet was undertaken with a view to producing a certain kind of impression upon the upstart nation of Japan." MOTOSADA ZUMOTO, 1921

[2] Says Mr. Dooley: "We build our triumphal arches of loose bricks in order that we may have something to throw at the hero after he passes through." See also Vol. I, Chapter XIII, pages 305–312, and Vol. II, Chapter XXIX, page 126.

It was evident, of course, that the passage of half a century would have obscured or obliterated most of them, but something should be attempted, I thought — the sooner the better, for every year's delay meant the loss of records.

Krehbiel and Hill in Georgia

The economic side of the problem I entrusted to Dr. Edward Krehbiel of the chair of European History at Stanford, assisted by Laurence L. Hill, one of his students. Their exhaustive survey of Cobb County in northern Georgia, a region desolated by the war, brought interesting facts to light; but as only one section could be thoroughly covered because of limited time, the report has never been published.

On the completion of Krehbiel's work in Georgia, I joined the two men in Fredericksburg, Virginia, where we began a thorough canvass of the harassed county of Spottsylvania (the center of three of the most devastating campaigns) with a view to finding out whatever possible of the effects of the war on the population. We were now ably assisted by Dr. Harvey Ernest Jordan, professor of Anatomy in the University of Virginia, a high authority on Eugenics and probably a distant cousin of mine. Being in doubt as to the reception my studies might meet in Virginia, and thinking that a member of the State University staff would perhaps open doors otherwise closed, I had asked his collaboration. I may say that my fears were groundless; everywhere we met with perfect courtesy and coöperation.

Harvey Jordan

From our studies in different districts we framed certain tentative generalizations. These we referred for judgment to all surviving officers of the Confederate Army with whom we were able to enter into correspondence. From fifty-five of them we received

careful and intelligently written answers. The conclusions reached were published in 1913 by "Cousin Harvey" and myself under the title of "War's Aftermath."[1]

The nature of our investigation was set forth in the preface as follows:

> It will be freely admitted that all conclusions must be tentative, and that no mathematical accuracy in the statement of the eugenic loss of the Civil War is possible. But, on the other hand, the evidence of the magnitude of such loss grows, in cumulating degree, with every additional survey of the facts concerned. The writers are under special obligation to hundreds of veterans of the Confederate Army in Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina, and other states for frank and friendly discussion of the questions involved, and to about one hundred others, not personally known to us, who have sympathetically answered our letters of inquiry.

Battle of Fredericksburg

Commencing, as I have said, at Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock River, we were especially impressed with the physical conditions surrounding the futile attack made there in 1863 by General Burnside. In assaulting Marye's Heights, a fortified hill, his men were forced into a narrow sunken street crossed by a ditch, being meanwhile swept by cannon from the elevation at its end — a terribly disastrous adventure which cost 13,000 Union lives. But this ill-conceived move was almost forced on Burnside by the Northern press, which demanded an immediate "on to Richmond" campaign against obstacles which made success impossible. To attack the capital of the Confederacy through the swamps of the Chickahominy to the east or the tangled woodlands of "the Wilderness" of Spottsylvania was alike impossible,

[1] Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

as the generals who attempted it — McClellan, Burnside, and Hooker — found to their discomfiture. There was but one vulnerable gate to Richmond; that led from the southeast through Petersburg and Dinwiddie County, source of the city's food supply.

Desolation of the plantation counties

In the old plantation counties lying east of the Blue Ridge, the stately homes were virtually all destroyed and the hospitable aristocracy was reduced to penury. The proud array of "F. F. V.," "first families of Virginia," was decimated by the war. When it ended they had only the bare land — no houses, no slaves. The young men who survived fell naturally into two groups, some extricating themselves through energy and intelligence, others giving up the struggle, "spending their time drinking whisky and sitting on the courthouse steps cursing the Yankees." Alcoholism and war combined to wreck the upper caste. But thousands of the humble also fell in battle, and universal bereavement and poverty placed all on an equal footing. To hustle is to grow strong. Many of the more forceful, both men and women, went West; the final status of the others depended on their own exertions, not on their ancestry. Yet in Virginia this counts more than anywhere else in America, and every one knows the pedigrees of all his neighbors.

Conway

In Fredericksburg I spent an afternoon and evening with Peter Vivian B. Conway, brother of the late Rev. Moncure D. Conway of London, a man of intelligence and character who gave us much information as to Spottsylvania County and the battle of Fredericksburg, in which he took part, being one of the gunners stationed on the hill at the head of the street.

While at dinner we received news of Woodrow Wilson's nomination at Baltimore. Conway declared it "too good to be true," the general feeling of the thinking people of the South, who were heartily tired of the professional politician. My later slight acquaintance with Champ Clark, Wilson's chief competitor, a man of statesmanlike common sense and good-humored tolerance, suggested to me that we had perhaps overvalued the difference between him and his scholarly rival.

From other Fredericksburg citizens besides Conway we obtained interesting points of view.

The Ku Klux Klan with all its cruelties was merely a natural result of the use of troops for the "pacification" of the South after the war.

[This policy, which followed the murder of Lincoln, was wholly at variance with his ideas and placed in the saddle the apostles of hate, to the long-standing disadvantage of both North and South.[1] Andrew Johnson, who succeeded Lincoln, was ruthlessly harassed by those partisan leaders because of his efforts to heal the wounds of war. Though an erratic man who made blunders of one sort or another, he was far more worthy and honorable than most of his detractors, or those who vainly tried to remove him from office by impeachment.] *Andrew Johnson*

Many children born in luxury grew up illiterate in their desolated counties, for the war practically closed all schools in the state. Even the University was barely able to maintain itself, and "Dr. McGuffey's class in Ethics dwindled from eighty down to two." The third generation, however, having the advantage of free schools, often regained their natural status. But "the war destroyed the cream of Virginia society and stirred up

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter II, page 34.

the dregs. . . ." As it drew near the close, desertions were more and more frequent. . . . After Lee's last victory at Gaines' Mill he wrote three letters to President Davis, urging that peace be made at once and on the best terms possible, for the cause was already lost.

The downfall of the upper caste meant opportunity to the middle class. High-born girls married foremen on the farms, and social distinctions were lessened — aristocracy being still recognized, however, though no longer at its former valuation. . . . Marriage of cousins, one of the evils of old Virginia in all ranks of life, ceased with the war. . . . Emigration from the North was rarely welcomed before 1900. In time it justified itself; a good farmer would buy "the tail end of a played-out plantation," put it into alfalfa (lucerne), and soon pay for his investment. And, with the years, hostility has vanished except in a few of the old soldiers and women who do not forget.

Salem Church

Leaving Fredericksburg, accompanied by a Confederate officer, we drove about ten miles to Salem Church. On the old battleground in the forest near this lone chapel, the men of the 23d New Jersey afterward set up a monument bearing two inscriptions, one on each side:

TO THE MEMORY OF OUR HEROIC COMRADES WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR THEIR COUNTRY'S UNITY ON THIS BATTLEFIELD, THIS TABLET IS DEDICATED

TO THE BRAVE ALABAMA BOYS, OUR OPPONENTS ON THIS FIELD OF BATTLE, WHOSE MEMORY WE HONOR, THIS TABLET IS DEDICATED

Chancellorsville

"Chancellorsville" not far beyond is merely a brick wayside inn on the old stage road from Richmond to Washington, at the entrance of the great forest of "the Wilderness." In 1863 General Hooker used this house as headquarters. There, having failed to provide adequate outposts — for in spite of the warnings of General Carl Schurz he insisted

that "Stonewall" Jackson was still in Richmond — he was taken by surprise when the latter, marching by night some forty miles around and through the woods past Wilderness Church, fell upon and decimated his army. Thus he was forced to fall back northward across the Rappahannock, leaving the field behind "so covered with dead men that a horse could not pick its way across."

Death of Jackson

Hooker might even have been driven out of Virginia except for a combination of circumstances which led to the death of his pursuer, Jackson having been accidentally shot in the arm by one of his own men in a hollow in the woods of Wilderness Creek beyond Chancellorsville, and then dropped by a wounded soldier, trying to carry him to safety, on a sharp point of steel which pierced his lungs. A strategist of rare ability, as teacher of Mathematics in the Virginia Military College at Lexington before the war Jackson had nevertheless been "a very poor one, with no control at all over the students."

Mr. White, pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Lexington of which the great general was a sternly religious member, told me that just after the battle of Manassas, fought on a Sunday, he received a letter from Jackson. The people were naturally eager for news, but the writer had simply said:

> It occurs to me that you are taking up a collection for foreign missions today. Please find enclosed my check for ten dollars.

Spottsylvania Court House

From Chancellorsville we drove through the eastern part of the Wilderness to Spottsylvania Court House, only a little cross-roads village, for often in Virginia the county seat is located near the center far from any town. At this point and in the neighbor-

ing hamlet of Sunlight some of the fiercest fighting of the Civil War took place when in 1864 General Grant attempted to force his way to Richmond, after Hooker had failed at Chancellorsville.

The Bloody Angle

McCool's fine clear Spring stands near the noted "Bloody Angle" in the "Poisoned Woods." According to our guide, once when a number of Union soldiers were eating supper by the spring, a group of starved Southerners attacked and drove them off, to be themselves driven back in turn. Meanwhile, however, slaughter was temporarily interrupted. Two Northern men had been hiding behind a log at which the Southerners directed their fire; one having pushed his companion out into the open, the two rose and began to fight. The soldiers on both sides then ceased firing and made a ring about the combatants, forgetting everything else for the time being. In the savage onslaught at the "Bloody Angle" only 100 out of 592 men of the 15th New Jersey escaped unscathed.

Seven miles of wounded

After the battle of Spottsylvania Court House a seven-mile column of ambulances, wagons, and wounded on foot passed down to Fredericksburg.

This tragic procession conveyed over 7000 maimed and suffering men. What an argument for peace would be a moving picture of the column as it dragged along the Fredericksburg pike that day! If the reader turns to the surgical records he goes back to a distant age, and might imagine himself reading of the surgery of the early Egyptians.[1]

The citizens tell many stories of heart-breaking experiences. The whole town became an operating shambles, for the art of surgery was then in its infancy, and every piano, table, bench, or place to lay

[1] Captain Louis C. Duncan in "The Military Surgeon."

planks was demanded for the thousands of wounded. This continued for days as they straggled in from the Court House, twelve miles away, until people became callous to pain and death. "Women even forgot whether their own children were alive or dead!" *A week of horror*

From a private letter of George W. Stone, mayor of Santa Cruz, a chaplain in the United States Army stationed at Fortress Monroe in 1864, I make the following extracts:

The battles of the Wilderness were the most horrible in every respect of any that took place in the war. The public has never known and never will know the full details of these bloody battles. No person can adequately describe them. . . . No list of casualties can possibly include the sufferings of those who participated in these dreadful conflicts. The very flower of the nation, seasoned soldiers of both North and South, brave, desperate, blood-mad, closed in a death grapple that only ended when exhaustion of numbers and physical strength found their limit. . . .

Wounded men were brought down the Potomac in river steamboats, which were held back in order to arrive under cover of darkness to avoid the notice of newspaper men. From Fortress Monroe they were transferred on flat cars to Camp Hamilton, where the hospitals, under direction of the remarkably able surgeon, Ely McClellan, were located. . . . I shall never forget the look on McClellan's face as I sat by his side one evening — not merely of exhaustion but of indescribable sadness. I once saw the same look on the face of Abraham Lincoln at four o'clock one morning as he was returning from the War Department, where he had spent the night waiting for news from the front. . . .

McClellan said: "I must get away from the operating room. I am sick of blood." In the camp chapel boards had been laid across the backs of the pews, and the five surgeons stood around those improvised tables with sleeves rolled up, covered with blood, and worn to the point of falling through sheer exhaustion. Scant examinations only could be made, and most of the men died under the knife.

The doctor closed his tale of horrors with the remark, "If the North knew what is going on here, it would stop enlistments immediately."

That building, erected for worship by a Christian people, was surely a strange place for offering sacrifices of war. . . . It should be remembered also that the number there, large as it was, represented only a small fraction of the total cases of wounded in the slaughter pens of the Wilderness.

It has often been said, and apparently with justice, that the war between the States was the most humane ever recorded in history. If so, it turns a ghastly light on the efficacy of the so-called "Laws of War."

My Phi Beta Kappa poem, read at the annual meeting of the Stanford Chapter in May, 1913, was entitled "In the Wilderness." [1]

5

At Staunton

From Spottsylvania I crossed the Blue Ridge to meet my daughter Edith at Staunton in the Shenandoah Valley, the birthplace of President Wilson, while Cousin Harvey, Krehbiel, and Hill went directly to Lexington to begin our detailed investigation of Rockbridge County — a hilly region about the famous Natural Bridge — of which Lexington is the chief town.[2] A veteran journalist of Staunton, Colonel Rudolph S. Turk, now vividly described to me the desolation of the Valley where "a crow could not fly over unless he carried his rations with him." The Northern soldiers, said Turk, a boy at the time, made the impression of a splendid, well-fed army. But witnessing a little fight near home, he was

[1] See Appendix D of the present volume (page 794).

[2] Here was located the Virginia Military Institute, in which Lee as well as Jackson taught, and here grew up Washington and Lee University, an excellent institution of which Lee became president after the war was over.

astounded to hear from both sides alike the vilest and most persistent profanity, a continuous ripping of obscene and fiendish oaths.

Shortly before my arrival at Lexington Krehbiel left, being due at Columbia University to deliver a course of lectures, but the rest of us continued the survey of Rockbridge. This district was not overrun during the war, contrasting sharply in that regard with Spottsylvania, almost every house of which was burned. We had an interesting interview with General William A. Anderson of Lexington. Said he: *General Anderson*

In 1861 Rockbridge County had 16,000 people, white and black. 2400 men voted to remain in the Union and only 94 for secession, as they realized that war meant ruin, above all to Virginia. Only a few held extreme views, and public opinion was wholly against the conduct of South Carolina. But when Lincoln called for soldiers to coerce the refractory commonwealth, the situation abruptly changed. People who would have been glad to abandon slavery, if possible, would not fight against a sister state. All of Lincoln's Cabinet except Chase and Stanton were opposed to coercion, and those two favored reinforcement of Fort Sumter only. War could have been averted by patience. Good families of the old days remain in Virginia, though sadly thinned out. We should have done far better could we have had the men who fell in the war, and we still feel the loss of our best.[1] At the end the South was starved rather than beaten.

John A. McNeal, an original Union man bitterly opposed to the war, stated that he went into the Confederate Army with all the rest from Rockbridge: *McNeal*

When war starts, it is like a great rush of water; it carries everything with it, all in the army together. The strong men fell in battle, the weak died in camp. There was some gain in the

[1] Concerning this, Anderson gave several illustrations, lamenting especially Mr. Thomas K. Watkins, a man of supreme intelligence and energy, killed at Spottsylvania Court House in 1864.

democratic equality of man and man. Hardships strengthened the pampered; contact with good manners helped the ignorant.

Passing through Lexington in 1888, I heard there the college boys of Washington and Lee sing:

> John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
> His soul goes marching on.

A great change since the terrible days of the '60's!

From Lexington we went to Lynchburg, whence we drove across the red hills and scant oak forest to Appomattox Court House, where Lee surrendered to Grant and the war came at last to its end. Appomattox is a straggling village of a few rather large houses, the whole having a neglected appearance. It lies on a slight elevation above a ford in the little river for which it is named. Across the stream is a forlorn old orchard of apple trees, under one of which, now entirely whittled away as souvenirs, the great general of the South finally gave up the unequal fight. The capture of Petersburg, the real key to Richmond, so many times vainly attacked from the north, left Lee no recourse but to retreat westward — in defeat. The ultimate shot from Lee's forces mortally wounded a Union soldier named Wilson. His last pathetic words, "It's hard to die now the war is over," ought to interest the poets.

Appomattox Court House

The last shot

Most of the Southern soldiers now pulled off their gray coats — the only coats they had — brought out their horses, and went to work. "Go home and be good citizens" had been Lee's last appeal, and Grant let the men keep their mounts. The patriotic advice of the one equaled the chivalrous generosity of the other; of both all Americans may well be proud!

Our next stop was Richmond. From there we

visited the battlefields of Fair Oaks and Seven Pines, picturesque suburbs of the capital. At Seven Pines I was shown a lower jaw with false teeth, shot away in battle, a slight detail in the harvest of death but giving a touch of personal tragedy which haunts the memory.

The Chickahominy

We also motored northward to the fatal Chickahominy, a small, sluggish river flowing through alternations of soft sand and fever-laden swamps beset by mosquitoes which took heavier toll from General McClellan than the fierce conflicts about its banks. Indeed, more were killed by mosquitoes than by bullets. One third of both armies were afflicted with ague, and 80,000 out of 143,000 of McClellan's men were down with fever, scattered all the way from Cold Harbor to Harrison's Landing on the Potomac. But nobody then knew that the malady was borne by mosquitoes, or that petroleum poured upon the little stream and its swamps would have abated the scourge.

Cold Harbor

Leaving the Chickahominy, we pushed through loose, soft sand — which nearly smothered the wheels of our automobile — to Cold Harbor, the scene of two bloody battles in both of which Lee was successful. Victory for him was in fact almost a foregone conclusion because of the mile of knee-deep sand over which the Union soldiers had to march to attack their opponents ranged in the woody borders of the Chickahominy. General Grant, who commanded during the second battle of Cold Harbor, spoke of it as his one great strategic mistake. But the Chickahominy battles should never have been fought at all, for on that side Richmond was defended by swamps and mosquitoes, while on the south lay the open

country toward Petersburg, from which alone, as I have said, the city drew its supplies.

Cold Harbor, by the way, is not a harbor at all; the hamlet gets its name from Cold Harbor on the hills of Surrey in England; and that is no harbor either. In all probability the name was originally Cool Arbor.

We next drove to Gaines' Mill, a battlefield farther up the river, then back to Richmond where I obtained several interesting interviews. These all agreed on a few main points; and Captain Gordon McCabe, a well-known teacher, added certain things out of his special experience:

Captain McCabe

> Education in the city was rather trivial when the war broke out. The intellectual tone of the men was light and clubwomen who read a little called themselves literary. His own mother, however, knew French and Italian, and read not books about books, but books themselves. In the exclusive classes of the town, a man of good bearing and real education was at once received, even in the "best families." As a lad in college, though always opposed to slavery, he enlisted at the outset of the war. Yet slavery, like every other human institution, had two sides, he admitted. Over the grave of a favorite negro housekeeper his mother, who owned sixty slaves, placed a fine tombstone bearing the following inscription:
>
> IN LOVING MEMORY OF PATSY VALE, FAITHFUL SERVANT OF THE McCABE AND CARY FAMILIES, AN HONORED MEMBER OF THE FAMILY FOR THREE GENERATIONS
>
> But once she said to him: "My dear boy, slavery is all wrong, for the reason that it is a system capable of abuse."

Petersburg

From Richmond we moved southward to Petersburg, Dinwiddie County, visiting the famous "crater" battlefield, a huge cavity made by the partly successful explosion of a great mine set off by the Union forces. This became the theater of a fierce hand-to-

hand conflict. Petersburg had fed Richmond during the war, and its fall, as already noticed, marked the end of the struggle.

At Petersburg some one told us about a negro who rather resented a respectful question from a Northern visitor who called him "Mister." But a Southerner, coming along, said: "Hello, niggah, what you all doin' hyah?" This delighted him. Some one asked: "Would you let a Northerner talk to you that way?" "No," he promptly replied; "You'se my folks!"

At Raleigh

At Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, we were treated with unusual courtesy, being invited to leave the second-best hotel we had inadvertently selected, and accept a choice of rooms in the finest one at the city's expense. This change, I understood, was made at the suggestion of the editor of the Raleigh *Observer*, Hon. Josephus Daniels, since a national figure.

Judge Clark

We now met Hon. Walter Clark, chief justice of the state, a man with keen, critical mind and very definite opinions. Judge Clark strongly insisted that Petersburg, though the sole key to Richmond, was finally hit upon only by accident. And he said that if the Northern army had come by sea to Petersburg, Richmond would have fallen at once. He also laid special stress on the abuses of the national pension system; according to his calculation the whole adjustment is unfair to the already impoverished South, and excessive pensions are used by politicians to justify the high protective tariff.

Tait

From Raleigh on our way homeward we passed by my old fishing grounds on the rapid Holston River. At Knoxville, Tennessee, we met William K. Tait, superintendent of rural schools in South

Carolina, who in answer to my question as to war selection in his state declared that the loss of the best in war explained why such a man as was then in office could be chosen governor, the country aristocracy having faded away.

In the blue-grass region

In Kentucky my daughter and I spent a couple of days with a Stanford classmate of hers, May Gresham, now the wife of David Prewett, a wealthy farmer at Winchester, Clark County, the heart of the "blue-grass region" and the center of horse and cattle industry. This section suffered relatively little from the war in spite of the fact that both armies were recruited from its population.

Certain generalizations to which most of our correspondents gave at least partial assent are summed up below:

Of the states of the Union, Virginia and North Carolina probably suffered most in the Civil War. Virginia furnished 165,000 soldiers out of a population (excluding West Virginia) of 1,154,304. North Carolina gave 133,905, of which number 42,000 were killed or wounded. The number of voters in North Carolina in 1861 was only 115,000, the population 992,622. In each case about 14 per cent of the population, first and last, went to war. The University of Virginia enlisted almost as a body and suffered accordingly. Of the students in the University of North Carolina from 1850 to 1862, 842 or 57 per cent enlisted in the Confederate Army; 312 of them (34 per cent) fell in service.

The Union Army contained 296,597 white and 137,676 colored soldiers from the South, besides about 200,000 others who had enlisted in Northern regiments.

The leading men of the South were part of select companies of militia; these were first to enlist. The flower of the people went into the war at the beginning, and a large part of them (20 to 40 per cent) died before the end. War took chiefly the

physically fit. Conscripts, though in many cases the equal of volunteers, were on the average inferior to the latter in moral and physical qualities, making poorer soldiers. A certain rather small number ("bushmen") fled to the hills and woodlands to avoid conscription. Others deserted from the ranks and joined them. Deserters suffered much inconvenience but little loss of life.

The volunteer militia companies, having enlisted at the beginning, lost more heavily than the conscript companies who entered later. "Those who fought most survived least." The result was that the men of highest character and quality bore largely the brunt of the war. Thus was produced a change in the balance of society by reducing the percentage of the best types without a corresponding reduction of the less desirable ones, a condition which was projected into the next generation because the inferior lived to have progeny and the others did not.

"The curse of the war was heavier than its blessing." "It is not right that war be classed with pestilence and famine in our prayers. It should have an hour, a daily hour to itself alone."

Eighty per cent of the "best blood" of Spottsylvania County fell in the war.[1] "Of course, in any estimation of quality, we can judge of those who died only by the subsequent success of their fellows who survived. We should have accomplished a great deal more in these fifty years if we could have had the help of those who fell in the war." Widows of soldiers suffered great hardships; most of them never remarried; the death rate among them was high for the first ten or fifteen years after the war. The sweethearts of many victims never married. With the lack of men of their own class some girls of the aristocracy married below their previous social station.

"War is not survival of the fittest; it is the survival of those who never 'fit.'" The public men of the South as a whole do not measure up to those old times. "The men who got themselves killed" were on the whole the better men. The energetic fell first in battle; the weaker died in camp. The very weakest were left behind from the beginning.

Emigration (mostly westward) has weakened the South, in some parts as much as war.

[1] I may note that "best blood" must be interpreted in terms of racial, not social, standards. That stock is best which holds most potentiality of physical and moral advance.

Results of the Civil War

The Civil War was followed by the extinction of slavery, the maintenance of democracy, and the spread of the free-school system of the Union throughout the rural districts of the South. That all these results were most desirable, even vital to the extension of civilization in the New World, none may now deny. But one may hesitate to ascribe any of them directly to the war, for sooner or later they were inevitable. The exhaustion of the South of course opened the way, yet their final permanent establishment is due to their inherent righteousness.

Sherman

On May 21, 1865, General William T. Sherman, one of the most successful soldiers of the nineteenth century, wrote to James L. Yeatman:

> I confess without shame that I am tired and sick of war. Its glory is all moonshine. Even success the most brilliant is over dead and mangled bodies, the anguish and lamentations of distant families appealing to me for missing sons, husbands, and fathers. It is only those who have not heard a shot, nor the shrieks and groans of the wounded, friend or foe, who cry aloud for more blood, more vengeance, more desolation.

Summing up

The following words of General Anderson fitly sum up the whole matter:

> The South is the better by far for the spread of education, the willingness to work, the loss of slavery, the maintenance of the Union, and the development of business. But for war as war, there is no redeeming feature, no benefit to any one, not one word to be said.

CHAPTER FORTY-ONE

I

After my return from the South, I spoke to a large audience in the Harvard Union on "War and Manhood." In those days it was easy to hold the audience with me, for, treated from the purely intellectual side, the theory and practice of war are wholly indefensible, and in time of peace the heart is with the brain. Delay and publicity during international crises are the best antidotes to the war spirit. If any League of Nations can secure these, progressive international disarmament will follow and the world may look for relief from its greatest curse. *At Harvard*

While in Washington I was invited to dine privately with Senator Theodore E. Burton of Ohio. A wise and scholarly jurist with some of the traits our fathers expected would characterize the upper house of Congress, Burton is one of the few statesmanlike figures in that august assemblage. He was then active in the campaign for international arbitration. I remember one saying of his: "The difference between a 'progressive' and a 'standpatter' is merely a matter of age; past sixty, one takes things as they come." *Burton*

Not long after, I met for the first time William E. Borah, Senator from Idaho, a striking figure in American politics. Besides being a constitutional lawyer of high ability and a man of fine presence, Borah is an eloquent and forcible speaker, so that his words usually carry weight. As an effective "tribune of the people," opposed to war, to waste, *Borah*

and to traditional diplomatic methods, he is often at variance with his fellows, though not always (I think) in the right. It would appear, however, that he never wanders so far "from the reservation" as to be outside his party — nor to such a distance that his party cannot catch up with him.

In the course of this year the editor of *The Christian Expositor*, a religious journal published in Cleveland, asked me what he should say in regard to three matters currently discussed at that time. I gave him the best answers I could, later publishing them in *The Atlantic Monthly* under the title, "What Shall We Say?" Afterward I replied to similar questions in mimeograph copies or in letters which were subsequently printed. Different people now sent sums of money, unasked, to help on the series. By 1916, when it was discontinued, it had risen to about ninety leaflets with 1900 subscribers. These sheets went all over the world, and were copied or translated in various journals of England, Germany, France, Poland, Switzerland, China, and Italy. In my "War and Waste" (printed in 1912) I included a number of "What Shall We Say?" articles.

"What Shall We Say?"

At Ciudad Juarez

After the outbreak of the Mexican revolution and soon after the battle at Juarez, I visited that city from El Paso in the company of two Stanford engineers, Willis Jourdan and Edward Scheibley. Traces of the conflict were numerous; the big standpipe of the waterworks was shot full of bullet holes, the larger buildings — hotels, post office, and the like — had been burned, and in the basement of several houses one could see the wounded being cared for by the

"Cruz Blanca" (White Cross), the Mexican relief organization.

A squalid conflict

Photographers had made snapshots of various scenes — pictures which gave a peculiarly sordid and repulsive impression of the "Battle of Juarez." One showed a long line of freight cars drawn up on the American side of the river, and covered with hundreds of men and boys watching the fight. Naturally a bullet had occasionally crossed the line. As a result some of our ardent war-spirits favored an instant declaration of war against Mexico.

In the station at El Paso I met President Francisco Madero and staff, then about to leave through Texas via Laredo for the City of Mexico, the direct road by Torreon and Chihuahua being interrupted. Madero was a short, stoutish man of the "sawed-off" type, looking very much like General Grant. Modest in demeanor and quiet in speech, he seemed distinctly different from the military hero of Spanish America as traditionally presented. He told me that he had been a student in the University of California in the Department of Agriculture, adopting meanwhile that curious half-apologetic air with which some graduates of our sister institution explain why they went there instead of to Stanford! He made on me a favorable personal impression; nevertheless, his character and experience scarcely fitted him to ride safely over the stormy seas of revolution, beset by foreign exploiters, dissatisfied clericals, and his own greedy followers and relatives.

An impossible task

Accompanying Madero were Generals Huerta and Blanquet — burly, brigand-like fellows soon to play false toward their leader. With him also was an ambitious young man, Colonel Hay, who had lost

an eye in Juarez, and the wives of several of the others, one of the ladies being head of the Cruz Blanca.

Mexicali

Returning from El Paso, I halted at Calexico in the Imperial Valley, California, and from there crossed the line into Mexicali. This hamlet, since expanded to become the capital of Lower California, consisted of two rows of about twenty houses each, back to back, the street on the north being separated from Calexico by only a barbed-wire fence. The latter was already a dry town and inhabited by decent people. Mexicali was then composed entirely of criminals, all the houses being saloons, gambling dens, or brothels. Some sixty so-called Madero soldiers occupied it as a sort of garrison, though they were mainly drunken hoboes from California and Texas. Madero finally sent $10.00 to each man and so disbanded his pretended army, after which they moved northward through the Valley, being passed from place to place as vagrants.

A gracious memorial

On January 19, 1913, I received the following gracious memorial from *The Christian Endeavor World:*

> On your sixty-second birthday, President Jordan, the Endeavorers of this country wish to congratulate you, and we pray for you many auspicious birthday anniversaries to come. By your distinguished educational services, you unite the East and the West. By your studies of natural history, and especially your contributions to the knowledge of fishes, you have made the world your debtor. The world is also your debtor, in at least equal degree, for your splendid services in behalf of universal peace.
>
> Your eloquent words, both spoken and written, have done much to make evident the cruelty and folly of war and the sanity and righteousness of peace. But above all else, we Endeavorers, as young people, wish to thank you for the many wise

books in which you have appealed for a clean and manly life, and your earnest exhortations to high thinking and noble action. May your pen be increasingly active during the years that are to come, and may God fill your life with the best success.

During the spring Jordan, Tanaka, and Snyder issued an extensive catalogue of the fishes of Japan,[1] 1237 species — arranged in about 600 genera — being therein enumerated. The same year, assisted by Will F. Thompson, I wrote two elaborate papers on the fishes obtained by me in Japan and Korea in 1911. The results of this general study made a considerable volume with which I intended to close my scientific labors, afterward devoting myself to the promotion of international understanding. Toward the end of Linnæus' work on plants he is reported to have said "good night" to Botany by naming his final species "*Convolvulus bona-nox.*" Remembering the incident, I called the last of my Japanese fishes, a "rat-tail" or grenadier, "*Coryphænoides bona-nox.*" It was not, however, a final good night, as the onset of war rendered further peace work futile, and I turned back with genuine pleasure to the study of material realities, my first considerable production being a review of the Silversides or atherine fishes of the world, written in collaboration with Carl L. Hubbs, one of my students.

Return to first love

2

During the early part of 1913 the anti-Japanese agitation came to a head in California. This whole matter is badly complicated by racial prejudice, economic rivalry, political opportunism, and ignorance

Anti-Japanese agitation

[1] Published by the Imperial University of Tokyo. See Chapter XXXVIII, page 379.

of the facts, added to some substantial grounds for dissatisfaction on the part of our own population. I shall try, therefore, to give my readers an idea of the situation as it appeared to me, but in so doing must repeat myself a little.[1]

Japanese in Hawaii

For several years previous to the annexation of Hawaii by the United States in 1900 and for seven years afterward, steamship companies were very active in securing Japanese laborers for the sugar plantations of the Islands. These men came from the ranks of floating laborers about the Inland Sea, notably from Yamaguchi, Hiroshima, and Okayama, and were held in a kind of semi-slavery. Emigrating before the day of free schools, compulsory attendance, and the obligatory study of English in Japan, they had had no education, and so possessed neither Japanese nor American culture. Annexation set them free to go whither they pleased. Many now settled in Honolulu and Hilo, engaging in new forms of labor; still others moved on to California, where, as they discovered, wages were still higher, and their inrush from 1904 to 1906 locally attracted general attention.

Most Californians hope to avoid a racial stratification of any sort in the state. Least of all do we look with favor on any large body of underpaid laborers. Meanwhile, however, notwithstanding the contrary statement, the Japanese government has never favored the emigration of rice-field hands to regions where they are unwelcome and their presence produces economic disturbances — or anywhere in such numbers that untraveled people judge all Japan by them.

For these several reasons Root and Takahira, representing the two nations, adopted in 1907 the "gentle-

[1] See Chapter XXVI, page 5, footnote, and Chapter XXVIII, page 95.

men's agreement." This provided, first, that no Japanese laborers should be granted passports for America, and, second, that legislation humiliating to Japan should not be favorably considered at Washington. The agreement has been rigidly kept by the Japanese foreign office, which furthermore construes "America" in a broad sense; for since 1907 it has debarred laborers from emigrating to Canada and Mexico as well as to the Pacific States and Hawaii. There is accordingly no real *Japanese immigration* problem at present, nor will there be any so long as the Root-Takahira agreement remains in force. This should stand, moreover, until we are prepared to deal with the whole matter of immigration not in "shreds and patches," but on broad principles of justice toward ourselves and the rest of the world.

The gentlemen's agreement

The local problem having become critical in the spring of 1913, several bills were then introduced into the legislature of California to limit landholding by "aliens," though the primary purpose was to keep the Japanese from buying farms. As agriculturists, by reason of both greater thrift and un-American standards of living, they are often successful competitors of their white rivals, and their low social status frequently makes them undesirable neighbors. Certain Japanese from Hawaii had taken up poor or sandy land about the hamlets of Florin, Elk Grove, and other places in the Sacramento Valley, manured it heavily, and worked it persistently and intensively — the whole family busy and for long hours each day — so that with the culture of strawberries, celery, and similar crops they had sometimes been able to pay for the land in a single season. Occasional cases of sharp practice were also charged against them, and to

Florin

their presence many of their neighbors strenuously objected, for good reasons or bad.

Bryan at Sacramento

The statute finally enacted limited land ownership in California to persons "eligible to become citizens of the United States."[1] Meanwhile, Bryan, as Secretary of State, had been asked by President Wilson to go to Sacramento and protest against the passage of the bill. At Bryan's request I met him at the state capital, where I found that he especially wanted to see me in regard to Fur Seal matters. But the alien law seemed more pressing, and we both were formally elected by the lobbyists of Sacramento as members of "the third house."

Actions of an individual state, if not in violation of a treaty or the Constitution, lie outside the federal jurisdiction. Whether the statute in question conflicts with national authority no one can tell until it is tested in the courts. At Sacramento Bryan made an able appeal against a state's tampering with international affairs, the introduction of further complications into relations already difficult; he moreover placed the administration fairly on record as friendly towards Japan. But Governor Hiram W. Johnson (whose hold over the legislature was complete) forced the bill through.

Effect on Japanese politics

The immediate result was to aggravate the internal politics of Japan, because the people of that country naturally feel sore over every discrimination against them. Agitators at home attacked the Japanese government for not being more firm in its dealings with the United States, and for not making sharper

[1] By an act of Congress framed to exclude the Chinese from citizenship many years before the Japanese had appeared in numbers, eligibility was limited to persons of American, European, or African origin, unless born in this country.

protests. Matters were of course worsened on both sides by undiscriminating indignation. A well-deserved reprimand to local agitators was nevertheless voiced by Zumoto, then editor of the Japan *Times*, the English mouthpiece of the government. Said he: *Zumoto's reprimand*

> The cries of war raised as a demonstration against the land-ownership legislation in California are ill-advised. No amount of local anti-Japanese agitation would have had any serious effect on the Japanese interests but for the circumstance that the Japanese are barred from naturalization by the Federal laws. The Japanese nation has not yet made any serious effort to obtain the right, and if we did, even at the present, we would have a fair chance of success. Those who talk war are injuring the cause of Japan. America is a democratic country, and has the right to refuse citizenship to a people who have shown themselves incompetent to carry out a democratic government. The first necessary qualification of the people for the task is that they should be able to discuss national or international questions in a calm, dispassionate way. The people who easily get hysterical, lose their reason in passion, and are inclined to decide by force those questions that can be decided by discussion lack the political self-restraint without which a democratic government is impossible.

The practical importance of the measure was not great. Land could still be bought in the name of Japanese and Chinese children born in this country and thus eligible for citizenship under the Federal Constitution, as well as by corporations in which Japanese or Chinese are stockholders.

I questioned the legal right of a state to provoke an international problem. In any event it seemed to me that two things needed to be done:

> 1. So to amend the Constitution that matters pertaining to all aliens whose rights are assured by international treaties shall rest with the central government.

2. So to amend the statutes concerning naturalization as to allow any permanent resident to become a citizen without regard to race or nationality — this for our own protection as well as for that of the alien. Otherwise he is continuously subject to the jurisdiction of the consul of his home government.

Guarding the frontier

In support of anti-alien legislation it was urged that "California guards the frontier of Caucasian civilization." Yet the Golden Gate leads to the nation, not alone to California, and the methods adopted should have national approval. Furthermore, as Japan and China must be our neighbors for the next thousand years, it is above all vital that the frontier be guarded with courtesy and friendship.

The New York *World* observed at the time:

Nothing can be so ironical as history. In 1853 it took a few shiploads of American sailors under Commodore Perry to force Japan out of 200 years of hermitage into civilized intercourse with the rest of the world. In 1913 it takes a few shiploads of Japanese farmers under Governor Johnson to force California out of a lifetime of civilized intercourse with the rest of the world into the exclusions and discriminations of a hermit state. Californian civilization has reached the same crisis in 1913 that Japanese civilization had reached in 1853. Only it is traveling in the opposite direction.

This was of course a clever bit of satire, but, as Roosevelt observed, the statute in question represents "the maximum of irritation with the minimum of efficiency."

3

From Sacramento I went directly to St. Louis, where the American Peace Society was in session.

There I gave two or three addresses and made a number of new acquaintances and friends. Not long afterward in New York I also met Atherton Brownell, a young journalist, author of a drama concerning which he asked advice. This having been in a way inspired by my "Unseen Empire," with my permission the play was later named "The Unseen Empire." Its action centers around the inheritance by a young German woman of a gigantic ammunition plant. But reacting to the wholesome influence of a sagacious American minister and a forthright young electrical engineer, she came to believe that war is essentially wicked. Consequently, upon the declaration of war by Germany against Britain, she refused to allow the use of her establishment, and when it was seized by the government, touched a secret spring prepared by the engineer, which exploded the entire works.

Brownell

The play is forcibly written and well exhibits contrasting features of German and American polity — militarism against democracy. Elaborate arrangements were soon made for its presentation in both London and New York, but the London censor refused his endorsement because it might hurt German feelings in its implied criticisms of their theory of the State and their attitude toward war! Nevertheless, the desired permission was finally given, to be revoked in 1914 on the ground that the play was so *tolerant* toward Germany it would certainly stir up opposition in England. Rising feeling at home then seemed to preclude its presentation in New York. In any case, it is worth reading. At Oxford, in the fall of 1913, I wrote an introduction for the published edition.

The playwright's dilemma

National Editorial Service

In 1915 Brownell undertook what he called "the National Editorial Service" — originally sponsored by the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* — the plan being to gather careful editorials on current events to be published simultaneously in about twenty leading papers. The articles furnished by me were all more or less along the line of international conciliation, and the tone of the series was opposed to war in general as well as to our entrance into the current one. The enterprise succeeded admirably at first, but with the increased determination on the part of the owners of large journals to bring about our participation in Europe, it lost one paper after another and was necessarily abandoned.

"What of the Nation?"

After its suspension, namely in 1916 and 1917, I prepared by request a series of short articles for *The Sunset Magazine* of San Francisco under the caption, "What of the Nation?" Subsequently I contributed editorials — usually but not always signed — for *The Public* and *Unity*, the one published in New York, the other in Chicago. I was now naturally obliged to face the existence of actual war, though reluctantly — as one accepts an earthquake or a tornado!

Regarding certain efforts of mine in earlier years, Anderson spoke in singularly and sadly prophetic lines written in response to my poem to him on Florence: [1]

> Bloody the hue Ciatalgia's bivouacs lend
> Unto the waning Star of Bethlehem;
> And though your beacon bravely strive with them,
> It but reveals how deep the night, dear friend.

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XI, pages 251–253.

Yearly we fire the yule log, and pretend
Good will to men a moment, and would seem
To augur Peace upon the earth, — O Dream!
Peace? — Aye, but first our heaven and earth must end.

"How wouldst thou speak, if waken'd, slumbering Night,"
Murmured the poet in Lorenzo's tomb,
Thinking of Italy. . . . And Angelo,
Who made her, answered for her: "Let not sight
Nor feeling, while the shame last, be my doom:
So wake me not, I pray thee, — ah, speak low!"

VIA GIOVANNI-BATTISTA, FLORENCE, 11 *January*, 1913

Morocco

Following closely on the seizure of Tripoli by Italy came the war begun by France for the conquest of Morocco. For this the alleged justifications were two, chronic disorder there and belief that "if the French did not take over that country the Germans would, and experience showed that they would be very bad neighbors to Algiers, as experiences in Alsace-Lorraine showed them to be bad neighbors to France."

A speech by Lloyd George threatening Germany with British opposition in case she interfered with the campaign in Morocco went far toward precipitating a general war. This was prevented (as I have been assured from three different sources) by the action of leading German bankers, representatives of the four "Big D's" — the Deutsche Bank, the Dresdener Bank, the Darmstädter Bank, and the Disconto Gesellschaft. According to report, Von Gwinner of the Deutsche Bank insisted that Germany was in no financial condition to risk a general war, and the Emperor responded: "Then we must discover some other way of settling the matter." So a means of

The Big D's

compromise was found; compromise is almost always possible where either or both of two rival nations wish to avoid actual war.

Nevertheless, the European situation remained distinctly critical. Those of us who then and later believed that the apparently imminent conflict would be avoided rested our judgment mainly on the fact that an extended war would mean ruin to all nations concerned, physically and financially; it would be a crime of such magnitude as to admit of no pardon to those responsible for it. Furthermore, the monetary affairs of Germany being virtually (through a system of interlocking directorates) in the hands of the four great banks, it was assumed by financiers and believed by many others intimately acquainted with affairs that money and trade would be able to prevent war should the military exploiting elements in any nation attempt to bring it on.

Bankers and shipping trusts for peace

Yet Ballin, head of the Hamburg-American Steamship Company, the world's greatest shipping trust, must have felt some doubt, for he is reported to have said: "We business men are talking peace into one ear of the Emperor, and the War Staff are shouting war into the other; we don't know which is shouting the loudest!"

I personally held the opinion that the monstrous array of armament Europe was gathering at the behest of its "sleepless watchdogs" "would not be used for war; the sacrifice appalls, the wreck of society would be beyond computation." But war once declared, the opposition was abruptly silenced. The German government did not wait for loans but seized the gold reserves of banks and insurance companies, replacing them with paper — paying also in bonds

or paper for whatever personal property it needed. The same policy was followed in varying degree in other countries, for a war must be financed regardless of all other considerations.

4

A resourceful adviser

In August, 1912, Herbert Hoover became a member of the board of trustees of the University, taking part in its activities with such characteristic energy, enthusiasm, and idealistic vision that the president of the board soon said to me: "We have got more ideas from Hoover in a week than we have had before in a year." Naturally his self-imposed duties toward suffering Europe afterward demanded most of his time, but he has never abated his effective interest in Stanford affairs.

My new relation

At his instance, Commencement Day of 1913 marked a sudden change in my personal activities, in my official relation to the University also. For, being deeply interested in peace in Europe (somewhat also in my propaganda against the war system), Hoover then suggested to his colleagues that I should be relieved of routine work for the remaining three years of my administration — that is, up to 1916, when I should reach the retiring age of sixty-five. In this proposition the board generously concurred. Furthermore, in view of its desire to confer on the vice-president a well-deserved honor, again at Hoover's instance they made Dr. Branner president with all the duties pertaining to that office, at the same time bestowing on me the new title of Chancellor. It was also understood that I might divide my time as I saw fit between work for the

President Branner

cause of international peace and educational studies outside or inside the University itself.

Accordingly, after the granting of degrees on May 19, I announced the new arrangement as follows:

I wish at this time to make a personal statement. In the interest of larger duties toward the University and toward the public, I have expressed to the board of trustees the wish to be relieved so far as may be from routine duties of the presidency.

In appreciation of this wish, and for the expressed purpose of allowing me "to represent more fully the University in its functions toward the public, and the relations of the University to educational agencies outside the University itself," the board of trustees at its meeting on May 23 will create the new office of Chancellor of the University.

The position of President will be filled by Dr. John Casper Branner, my intimate friend for forty-three years, my academic colleague for twenty-nine years, and, as vice-president of the University for fifteen years, my closest administrative associate.

In accepting the Chancellorship and withdrawing from the immediate direction of administrative affairs, I shall abate no part of my interest in the University to which I have given the best years of my life and to which I hope the best that remains will also be dedicated.

In placing the immediate control in the hands of one of the ablest of American scholars, one of the most successful of teachers and most loyal of men, I am sure that the board of trustees has made no mistake. So long as Dr. Branner shall direct its affairs the University will continue and develop the highest purposes of its founders and of our colleagues who, through twenty-two eventful years have maintained and carried forward its standards and ideals.

My statement was followed by one from Dr. John Maxson Stillman:

With the consent of the President and at the request of members of the board of trustees, I am to speak a word of appreciation and welcome to President Jordan on assuming the new dignity of the Chancellorship of the University.

The creation of this office has two purposes: First — The division between the offices of Chancellor and President of the burden of administrative duties and responsibilities hitherto vested solely in the President, and which the development of the modern university has made increasingly laborious and onerous. Second — In high appreciation of the great service President Jordan has rendered and is rendering, not merely to this University but to the world's work in the cause of education, science, and civilization, it is intended that the institution of this new office shall, by thus relieving him of much of the routine of executive work, enable him to devote his attention in increasing measure to the greater problems within and without the University.

For twenty-two years President Jordan has been the inspiration of Stanford University. What it is, is due mainly to his high ideals, his breadth of outlook, and warmth of sympathy. These qualities and abilities the University needs in the future as in the past, and these the office of Chancellor ensures us. Trustees and Faculty, Alumni and Students, will continue to profit by his wisdom and his enthusiasms. But it is also recognized that the world at large has a claim upon his abilities which it should be the mission of Stanford to further and to encourage.

In the belief that the division of administrative functions between two such coöperative and sympathetic leaders as Chancellor Jordan and President Branner will promote the efficiency, usefulness, and influence of the University, and that under their joint guidance the aims and ideals of Stanford University will be carried forward to greater and grander development, I venture to assume that I express the sentiment of the whole University community in extending to Chancellor Jordan our congratulations upon his well-deserved and welcome respite from a large share of administrative detail, and upon his increased opportunities for the highest service not only to this his University, but to the wider world beyond its gates.

A dazed audience

The audience, having previously heard nothing of the proposed change, was plainly dazed, not knowing what to think or expect in the future, because during twenty-two years I had become so identified in their minds with the University itself that they could

hardly conceive of it without me. Hoover now rose and proposed "three cheers for the Chancellor." But few understood why they should cheer over what seemed (to most, at least) a painful separation, and he got only a slight response.

Dr. Branner's promotion was, of course, acceptable to all, particularly as he had effectively occupied the presidential chair at various intervals during my absences in the East. He himself assumed the new responsibilities with some personal reluctance, stipulating that he should not be asked to remain longer than 1915, when he would reach the age of sixty-five. It transpired, however, that he finally remained until August, 1916.

In retiring from executive work I relieved my mind by a few notes on the university presidency in America and its relation to the general subject of higher education. These formed in some sense my answer to the assertion that the office is an anomaly in academic development, the conventional head being a "monarch" in a body which should function as a democracy, and that in proportion to his monopoly of public attention on the one hand and of power on the other, the scholars who really compose the institution suffer a lowering of their relative valuation.

In this indictment there is a certain degree of truth. The office of president, however, must be considered as representing a temporary stage in the development of "a republic of science and letters," though under present conditions he is indispensable to such achievement.

Forward movement, even more than actual accomplishment, is the immediate need, and in every "going concern" some one person must furnish the initiative. To call our schools "universities" does not make them so; they are such only in part, and the larger their student body the more likely they are to fall short of their ideals. For while it is no legitimate function of a university to teach the elementary grammar of any language,

or the fundamental conceptions of mathematics, or the beginnings of science, yet half the so-called university students of America are occupied with just such studies. They need good teachers, drillmasters at times, rather than scholars — personal association more than freedom of research.

As matters stand, university professors are subject to two forms of criticism. If a man becomes completely the teacher, it will be said that he lacks university ideals and ambitions; if he devotes himself to research, some one charges that he neglects his students. At the best, half the academic staff is by the very nature of things shut out from "Lehrfreiheit," as half the students are too immature for "Lernfreiheit." To entrust university matters to a college faculty is to curtail university ideals. To entrust college matters to a university faculty may mean neglect of detail in the training of boys for manhood.

All our universities are still in the process of creation. "An institution is the elongated shadow of a man." The president must furnish the initiative, set the pace, give color to a growing organism. He must consider relative values — what expenditures of money will most count in the long run — besides ways and means by which the necessary money can be obtained. He must thus be the servant, not the master, of the scholars whose activities he assists or directs.

So long as no single institution of higher learning in America has its permanent form, so long as its administration is a forward urge, not a function, every college or university must recognize some personal leader. On the whole, the operations of presidents have been marked by wise patience and well-considered action. We cannot do without them yet.

CHAPTER FORTY-TWO

I

At the close of the academic year in June, 1913, accompanied by Mrs. Jordan, Eric, and his governess, Mrs. Imogene Salisbury, I sailed for a year abroad with a view to closer study of European affairs as related to the menace of international war.

The Red House again

Arrived in London, we immediately went as guests of the Hoovers for a stay of three weeks at the delightful Red House on Hornton Street, South Kensington. During our visit Mrs. Hoover arranged a series of entertainments to which she invited a number of their good friends and ours, the first of these being a jolly Stanford dinner.

The Eugenics Education Society

Very early also came an invitation to lecture for the Eugenics Education Society, of which I have been a member since 1910 and which announced a meeting under its auspices in the Duchess of Marlborough's drawing room. Of Her Grace, a very tall, slender, and fine-looking woman, I need say no more, as a host of friends have testified to her worth. Major Leonard Darwin,[1] president of the society, is a genial and courtly gentleman of broad culture, thoroughly informed in all matters pertaining to eugenics and euthenics. The gracious and competent secretary of the society was Mrs. Sybil Gotto.

My subject that afternoon being "War and Manhood," the Duchess asked me privately to say as much about manhood and as little about war as possible — a suggestion I did not wholly accept, for

[1] Son of Charles Darwin.

I could hardly fail to present the essential features of my argument against militarism. The audience was largely drawn from aristocratic circles, and, leaving out Sir John Brunner and Sir William Osler — both of whom I had met in 1910[1] — formed a distinctly ultraconservative group. They were extremely courteous, however, although it was obvious that as a whole they felt war to be a national blessing, however trying to individual men.

When I had finished, the chairman, Sir James Crichton-Browne, the distinguished surgeon, whose duty it was to thank the speaker, seemed somewhat embarrassed. Indeed, he said in substance that the address did not prove to be what he had expected. He had looked for an argument based on science to show that military training and even war itself were strengthening experiences, hardening the muscles and stiffening the nerves of a nation, and so making good all losses as far as vigor is concerned. But he complimented me for range of information, and especially for "volubility"!

An unexpected argument

I afterward gave an address before a joint meeting of peace organizations, Norman Angell being also on the program and, if I remember rightly, Lady Barlow, an active member of the Society of Friends, whose husband, Sir John Emmott Barlow, then held a seat in Parliament. This gathering brought me into personal contact with English workers for conciliation, notably with the National Peace Council of which the energetic and sagacious secretary was and still is Carl Heath. The following evening, at Lady Barlow's invitation, we met with a number of interested people in her parlors at the Hotel Caven-

Peace organizations

[1] See Chapter XXXVII, pages 327–328.

dish. Effective short addresses on the outlook for peace were made by different persons, among them Norman Angell, Mrs. Philip Snowden, and Lady Abercrombie.

Freedom of the seas

Later still I attended a mass meeting, one of many then held in England in favor of the freedom of the seas, supporting an effort to bring about, through the next Hague Conference, the entire abolition of the so-called right of capture. The purpose of this movement was to make the ocean no longer a "no-man's land" in time of war, but world property on which every liner and freighter should be free from molestation, individual nations being held responsible for shipment to any belligerent of any material agreed upon as contraband.

Francis W. Hirst,[1] the scholarly and practical editor of *The Economist*, was a leading spirit in this matter. Others were Sir John Brunner, Lord Loreburn, and Lord Welby, prominent Liberals. It was also stated that Sir Edward Grey, then head of the Foreign Office, had given his approval to the scheme and the outlook seemed generally promising. That the "menace of navalism" would disappear if such an agreement were made was urged by its proponents, for Britain would no longer have to defend itself from possible starvation by a cordon of huge ships, nor would the growing naval defense of Germany, already costing far more than all the profits of German commerce, be required for the "protection of German trade." On the particular occasion to which I refer, able speeches were made by Hirst, Welby, and George N. Barnes, a labor member of Parliament.

[1] See Chapter XXXVII, page 332.

Not very long after our arrival I was called to Paris to attend the year's "Congress of Free Christianity" under the direction of Dr. Wendte — a continuation of the work of the similar gathering at Berlin in 1910. As I have elsewhere stated,[1] neither the press nor the people of Paris paid any particular attention to our presence, being occupied with war scares, armament demands, and alarming utterances by the Pangermanists. There were interesting addresses in French, English, and German; but some of the German evangelical pastors were extremely prosy, and their long-winded utterances were occasionally guyed by the audience.

Too busy for hospitality

On Sunday afternoon we all went on a pilgrimage to the tomb of Father Hyacinthe in Père-la-Chaise, and in the evening met in *Le Foyer de l'Âme* (Hearthstone of the Soul), a little church on the Rue de Rivoli. Its pastor, Charles Wagner, author of a delightful and suggestive volume, "The Simple Life," which had a wide and well-deserved popularity some ten years ago, was an Alsatian, rather short in stature and stockily built, with a fine face and a white forelock in his otherwise dark hair.

Charles Wagner

I spoke in English; the other talks — in both French and German — were admirable in spirit. Rivière,[2] who went over with me, expressed himself as greatly surprised to hear clergymen speaking for peace. In his experience — himself a Catholic — they were all and always for war with Germany, hoping doubtless that a political overturn would restore the power of the Church.

[1] See Chapter XXXVI, page 301. [2] See Chapter XXXVII, pages 321–322.

Noble spirits

Among our new London friends made through the Hoovers were the distinguished Felix Moscheles and his accomplished wife, in whose Chelsea home, "the Grelix," almost every prominent artist or Liberal could be found at one time or another on Sunday afternoon. Moscheles was the son of a noted musician. For his christening in 1833 Barry Cornwall wrote:

> Felix should be happy ever
> And his life be like a river —
> Sweetness, freshness, always bringing,
> Ever, ever, ever singing.

The little lad was named for his parents' most intimate friend, Felix Mendelssohn, his godfather, who composed for him a cradle song, the famous "Wiegenlied." Happy omens followed him almost to the end. Wholesome, energetic, and idealistic, he was also in a way a child of fortune, never hampered by poverty or wealth. Artist, musician, and pacifist, an Englishman by choice, a cosmopolite by taste and circumstances, he had studied in Hamburg, Karlsruhe, Cambridge, Leipzig, and Paris. His "Fragments of an Autobiography" (1902) give characteristic glimpses of the life of the bright minds of the London and Paris of other days. "The classrooms of the Art Academy at Antwerp were illumined by Moscheles' elfin wit," and those who know identify him as little Billy in Du Maurier's "Trilby."

Notable humanism

I was especially drawn to Moscheles the peacemaker, he being at that time the editor of *Concord*, to which (by the way) I contributed a Christmas message in 1914 — not a cheerful greeting, however, as it followed close on what I had earlier called "the month of horrors," August, 1914.

From an account in the Manchester *Guardian* written after Moscheles' death in 1920, I learn that a visit to Paris in 1871 after the Commune

> bit deeply into this sensitive and generous mind the horrors of warfare, and from that time onward Moscheles was one of the most active spirits in the international peace movement. He succeeded Hodgson Pratt as president of the International Arbitration and Peace Association. Henry Richard, Hodgson Pratt, and Spence Madsen were, like Cobden and Bright before them, pure Englishmen, strong with the strength of personal integrity and ardour, but easily distinguishable from the Continental apostles of the peace idea by their coloring of political, economic, and religious liberalism. The International Peace Day Celebration was devised by Moscheles.
>
> For years his large studio in Chelsea, littered with his own and his wife's canvases, family treasures, and the jetsam of travel, was the scene of gatherings of this kind. Here foreign statesmen flying across the world, missionaries of inconceivable creeds, beetle-browed revolutionaries, great singers and pianists, poets, inventors of new languages, all sorts of forceful men and beautiful women, were to be met.

One of the most interesting products of his brush is a speaking portrait of his friend Mazzini, whose struggles in the cause of freedom profoundly stirred the emotions. His declining years were darkened by the war — which seemed likely to submerge a whole life work! His intimate friend, Emily Hobhouse, to whom I shall again refer, wrote me as follows:

Gloomy close to a luminous life

> Ordinarily death at eighty-five should not be sad, but with him it was too long a life, for he had lived to see, as he believed, the destruction of his life work, and not long enough to see what must arise from the débris. Madame Moscheles will be very lonely after such years of tender devotion.

Charles Weiss, another friend, said: "His work will live after him, and already most of his ideas are accepted by every one."

2

Laurence Irving

At "the Grelix" my wife and I became acquainted with a number of interesting people. There Laurence Irving, the gifted son of the famous actor, read to a favored group among whom we were included the unpublished manuscript of "The Mob," which he wished to present in London. But the jingo spirit was still too strong for the censor, and Galsworthy's tremendous indictment of war-intolerance[1] never appeared on the London stage, although Irving afterward put it on in the freer air of Manchester. Later in the same year both he and his wife lost their lives in a steamboat collision on the St. Lawrence River.

Ponsonby

Arthur Ponsonby, another champion of peace, was a frequent, I think an intimate, guest in the Moscheles home. Author of the brilliant "Decline of Aristocracy," he seemed to have alienated himself by his pronounced democratic views from the exalted surroundings into which he had been born.

Emily Hobhouse

It was in "the Grelix" also that we first met Miss Hobhouse, who from South Africa during the Boer War sent back accounts of the brutal methods enjoined by the clumsy diplomacy of Downing Street upon the unwilling British officers, "mostly gentlemen" and as such recoiling from wanton atrocities. Among other matters she described the reconcentration camps with their horrors parallel to those which stirred up the people of the United States when Weyler established a similar rule of terror in Cuba. That sort of thing was then new to the British people, but the same methods have since been used

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter xxv, pages 658–659.

by every army set to keep order in a district thoroughly aroused against invading forces.

Miss Hobhouse was at first banished from South Africa because she knew too much, but was afterward allowed to go back because the military authorities thought she did more harm in England by telling what she knew than she possibly could in South Africa!

Olive Schreiner

Taking tea with her one afternoon at the home of her brother, Professor Leonard T. Hobhouse of the University of London, Mrs. Jordan and I also met there Olive Schreiner, interpreter of the spirit of South Africa, one of the truly noble spirits of our time, whose name is intimately associated with all that is best in the development of her country. Both women were strongly opposed to war, and severely blamed the British government for a policy which they thought had for six years allowed Europe to drift toward it.

As the months went by, we found that like some other friends of peace they were disposed to minimize German breaches of common decency by comparing them with similar outrages in the earlier history of England; and certain Liberals referred to the war as "the nemesis of Lord Beaconsfield." The latter aspersion was not unjust, however, for the success of the schemes pursued by Disraeli, the arch-imperialist and master of intrigue, encouraged similar policies among rival Tory groups in Germany and Russia, so that the bad example set by him tended to pervert all the world politics of Europe. But I cannot believe that the crimes and blunders of somebody else, at some other time, can in any way condone crimes and blunders today. It is the duty of friends of peace

No nullification of crime

and justice to strive against evil methods in whatever country and from whatever source, rather than to balance one set against another.

Leonard Hobhouse

Dr. Hobhouse, tall, clear-headed, and forceful, was not less opposed to war as war, but more lenient in his judgment of British diplomacy. And as we parted, referring to the submerging of democratic ideals in the blood and slime of conflict, he voiced his thought in a comforting assurance: "Whatever may happen to democracy and freedom in Europe, we have this abounding consolation — America will still remain, and in America they can be neither overwhelmed nor dislodged!" In the same vein Carl Heath said to me: "President Wilson has the greatest opportunity of any man since Christ!"

In 1904 Hobhouse wrote:

> We, in England, through long immunity have become wholly ignorant of the nature of the passions raised by war. History does not tell us much of these things. It preserves the glory of war but suppresses its barbarities and its meannesses. It says little of the secondary war of tongues which accompanies the war of weapons and keeps up the flame of passion. It preserves the fair exterior of chivalry and does not turn its light on the calumnies, the barbarities, the cruelties as of savages which luxuriate in the national mind in war time.

Fels

An interesting "Grelix" visitor was Joseph Fels — somewhat eccentric, perhaps, as most persons of fixed opinion are likely to be. At that time a wealthy soap manufacturer of Philadelphia, he had made his original fortune from the increase in value of a stony outskirts farm bought at a low price and held until the city's growth made it a desirable residential tract. Convinced, therefore, that the "unearned increment" constitutes a serious menace to society, he devoted

his wealth to the "single tax" movement, carrying on an extensive propaganda in England as well as America. I afterward met him at Le Touquet, and learned to value his keenness of intellect and single-hearted devotion to the common welfare.

Kropotkin

Prince Kropotkin, the Russian, was an intimate friend of Mr. and Mrs. Moscheles, though we always missed him at "the Grelix." Later, however, I had the pleasure of spending an afternoon with him in the London apartments of Mr. Fels. At once I recalled that "there were giants in those days!" Large of frame, with a huge head and great white patriarchal beard, Kropotkin was a figure not to be forgotten. For more than thirty years he had preached the gospel of altruism, demonstrating the importance of mutual aid as a dominant factor in animal life and evolution — none the less so in the development of man. For a quarter-century, more or less, he had been banished from his native land, but showed no abatement of sweetness of spirit, hope for the future, and love for his countrymen. He is one of very many democrats condemned to long years of exile in Siberia and elsewhere. Autocratic Russia knew no other way of dealing with men who thought and acted for themselves.

A charming Californian

At one of Madame Moscheles' afternoons I was introduced to an attractive young woman whose name I did not catch but who said she was from Pasadena and had often heard me lecture in California. Afterward in Cambridge I was invited by my hostess, Mrs. Oppenheim, to go to tea with her at the house of Lady Darwin, widow of Sir George H. Darwin, former professor of Physics at Cambridge. There I recognized the charming matron who pre-

sided over the tea table as my pleasant acquaintance from Pasadena, and it transpired that she herself was Lady Darwin.

A consistent journal

At "the Grelix" I also met Dr. Gutmann, the scholarly correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, for many years the sanest newspaper in Germany and apparently the most widely read, especially among business men. It was then and evidently still is opposed to German militarism and to the imperialistic schemes of Pangermanists and junkers, occupying much the same place in German journalism as the Manchester *Guardian* in England, or the Springfield *Republican* in the United States.

A breezy diplomat

Adolphe Brézet, the foreign minister and financial agent of the "Republic of Counani," was introduced to us at a "Grelix" musicale. Later I learned upon inquiry that Moscheles knew nothing about his extraordinary guest, who had in fact requested that he might be allowed to come that afternoon in order to see me. He was a pushing and plausible promoter with a varied experience in Africa, but then representing "His Excellency, Presidio Lopez, President of Counani." It also appeared that the new state (of which I had never before heard) was to be carved out of the coastwise part of Brazil lying to the north of the Amazon—a heavily wooded, scantily inhabited region only waiting to declare itself independent when the government at Rio Janeiro should be busy with other matters!

Lima

During my conversation with Brézet, Dr. Oliveira Lima, then Brazilian minister to Belgium, came into the room. I knew Lima well as a friend of Branner, at whose suggestion I had invited him to give a course of lectures at Stanford on the history and

ideals of Brazil. He is a man of great stature and genial personality, in both regards surprisingly like Mr. Taft. Having greeted his host and hostess, he approached me. At once I saw that he and Brézet were unacquainted, and it was not easy to avoid making an introduction. From this, however, I refrained, feeling somehow very doubtful if either would relish it. Afterward, when I explained the apparent discourtesy to Lima, he seemed gratified at my restraint, although Brazil, he said, had no fear of Counani's defection.

Brézet, it developed, was anxious to bring about the recognition of Counani by Britain and America, probably in order that the embryo nation might secure loans. But so far as I know, nothing came of his mission except perhaps a left-handed response from Germany, alleged details of which reached my attention during the war when certain American journals published the supposed diary of a German, the Countess von Schaumburg, said to have been stolen from her at Berne. In it she writes of meeting Lopez, "President of Counani" (*Kunani*, she spelled it, as a German naturally would), in Rio Janeiro, where he first gambled away the funds of his "republic," then recouped his losses on a lucky lottery ticket. Filled with exuberance at the favorable turn of fortune, he told the whole story to the Countess (both vampire and spy by her own record), who now saw her opportunity as a loyal agent of the Fatherland. Having secured from German sources a consignment of arms ostensibly for Lopez, she arranged with a company of German reservists from agricultural settlements in Rio Grande do Sul to go north and attack the small Counani force guarding the guns, which they were thereupon to seize and transport back to their district.

This plan was now successfully carried out, the booty being floated on a raft of logs up the Amazon and the Tapajos, a tributary of which interlocks with the Paraguay, thence to be borne across to Rio Grande do Sul.[1] What finally became of the

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XIV, page 341.

guns I do not know, yet it is certain that the Brazilian authorities made quick work of the threatened rebellion, and apparently the German settlers in general had little desire to be drawn into the war. How much truth there was in the Countess's story of the incident it is also impossible to say, but her statements in regard to Counani tally with those made to me by Brézet. Moreover, the interlocking of the Tapajos and the Paraguay is not a matter of general information.

From other sources I learned that the men involved in the plot were mainly adventurers who had found life in Europe precarious. In Counani they built fifty miles of dummy railroad leading nowhere and running no trains, but furnishing nevertheless a basis for speculation. The Brazilian government, I understand, was well posted in regard to the matter. For myself, I never heard of Brézet again; and he doubtless found it difficult to interest either England or the United States in the independence of Counani.

In her diary the Countess further related her experiences as envoy to Mexico City, whither she took the notorious Zimmermann letter, a missive expected to fall into the hands of the United States *after* it should bear the signature of President Carranza — a situation sure to embroil us in war with Mexico and so keep us out of Europe. But according to her tale — which may or may not be true — Carranza declined to receive her officially, asking why the German government did not send a man instead of a young and pretty woman who ought to be occupied with other things. He was also not satisfied with her statement that the blockade made it impossible for a man to come. In the end one of Carranza's clerks, a handsome young Spaniard, offered to arrange to get the president's signature. For this risky business he demanded and received $10,000, after which the Countess was arrested for bribing a Mexican official!

Full of righteous indignation, she went on as soon as possible to Chihuahua, where she tried to put a similar proposition before Villa. The brigand chief would not listen, however, and confined her for her own "safety" in a lonely house, whence she was rescued by a so-called "German" from El Paso, really an American agent of the United States Department of Justice. This man advised her to leave at once for Japan, and placed her

on the train in charge of a friendly, plausible youth named Gilbert. Reaching a hotel in San Francisco and opening what she supposed to be her valise, she found that a change had been made, the Zimmermann note was gone, and she was left with a bag of waste paper.

A further bit of evidence in favor of the genuineness of the diary is found in the account of a subsequent meeting in Europe between the Countess and Har Dayal, prominent as a revolutionary leader from the Punjab. Having been for a time a graduate student at Stanford, formerly at Oxford, he to some extent carried on propaganda among the Hindus in California. After the war broke out, he made his way to Germany and, so it was alleged by a fellow-countryman, served the German government as inciter of rebellion among the Mohammedan subjects of Great Britain. Apparently his purpose was to free India through German intervention, but in 1918 he made a public recantation, casting his lot with the British, with whom, after all, the future of his country must lie.

3

Dickinson, Wallas, and Russell

Among British university men whom I found like-minded with myself were G. Lowes Dickinson of Cambridge, a writer of singularly pure and effective English, and Graham Wallas of the University of London, an accomplished student of civic affairs. Bertrand Russell of Cambridge, the distinguished mathematical scholar, also a brilliant, fearless, and absolutely sincere political critic, I never met, to my great regret.

Museum experts

With the scientific staff of the British Museum I now renewed my acquaintance. Dr. Günther, aged and nearly blind, received me as always most cordially. The expert in Ichthyology, C. Tate Regan, a Cambridge man, was as usual busily and successfully engaged on the great collections; Boulenger occupied himself mainly with a wealth of material from the

Congo Basin. A. Smith Woodward, the British authority on fossil fishes, also welcomed me. I was then beginning to intrude modestly on the vast field he had made his own, and I was particularly gratified by his high estimate of Dr. Ralph Arnold's monographic work on the fossil mollusks of Southern California, among the first scientific publications of Stanford University.[1]

Geikie and Saleeby

At a dinner of scientists I found myself seated next to one of the most eminent of living geologists, Professor Archibald Geikie of Edinburgh, an interesting personality, wise and self-contained. I also soon became well acquainted with Dr. Caleb Williams Saleeby, the accomplished eugenist, who has written extensively on matters relating to his specialty. In this connection he has strongly supported and extended my thesis that war is destructive to race virility. Primarily, however, he is a powerful and effective advocate of temperance, showing by scientific evidence that alcohol is not merely a destroyer of the individual but also a "race poison," injuring the germ cells and thus obstructing normal development at the very source of life.

National Welfare Association

At Saleeby's suggestion, I was invited to take part in the discussions at Westminster of the Royal Birth-rate Commission, an organization later merged with the semi-official National Welfare Association. Of this, his genial Grace, the Lord Bishop of Birmingham, is president, and Sir James Marchant, an able student of social conditions, author of several books, the permanent secretary. In 1920 Hanover College,

[1] Ralph Arnold of the class of 1899, a brilliant student in Paleontology and for a time instructor in Geology at Stanford, is now widely known as an expert in the matter of oil deposits.

Indiana, of which a former student of mine, Dr. William A. Millis, is president, granted Marchant the well-deserved honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1919 Jane Addams, G. Stanley Hall, and I were elected foreign vice-presidents of the National Welfare Association.

During my stay in London I again took luncheon with the staff of *The Nation*. Massingham, its editor, represents the far-sighted liberal minority in British politics. Nevinson's appreciation of Thoreau's stand for liberty touched my heart. With Hobson too I renewed my former acquaintance.[1]

Unwin and Gardiner

T. Fisher Unwin, publisher, anti-militarist, and free trader, son-in-law of Richard Cobden, whose acquaintance I had also made in 1910, showed me varied courtesies. In his home I now met for the first time Alfred G. Gardiner, editorial writer for the *Daily News and Leader*, a young man of energy and spirit, alert to the meaning of events and possessed of a power of character-analysis quite unique among journalists. His illuminating, vigorous, and original editorials rank with the best of their kind anywhere. His sketches of leading men — "Pillars of Society," "Prophets, Priests, and Kings," and "The War Lords" — give such vivid pictures of prominent personalities that the reader cannot help feeling he actually knows the individuals in question.

Welby

At Unwin's also I became acquainted with Lord Welby, then past seventy but wielding still the sane influence which had made him a power in the Liberal party. If men of the type of Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Courtney, of whom I shall soon speak at

[1] See Chapter XXXVII, page 327–328.

some length, and Lord Welby could have retained control of the British government, the unholy rivalry aroused by German militarism and German efficiency might never have ended in war. I used sometimes to say that the British should have early allowed the Germans to take possession of the Mesopotamian valley and more of equatorial Africa. This would have given play to German ambition, and the multitude of young officers would then not have been compelled "to stew in their own fat," as it were, in the aimless and unwholesome life of the garrisons.

Brailsford On a trip to Cambridge I spent part of a day with Henry Noel Brailsford at his residence, Harmer Green near Welwyn in Hertford. Brailsford, personally a very interesting man, has an unrivaled acquaintance with the world politics of Europe, on which he is one of the most voluminous as well as most consistent and accurate writers. Having as a youth served in the Greek army in the war against Turkey, he related some of his military experiences in "The War of Steel and Gold," a prophetic and enlightening volume.

As we sat together in his beautiful garden, a merle (blackbird) hopped into view, and the family cat began to watch it keenly. Said I to Brailsford: "Your cat will certainly get that bird." "No," he replied; "my cat never touches birds." But in about three minutes feathers were scattered over the lawn. Prophets, it seems, are not infallible!

Buxton Another of the liberal thinkers whom I occasionally met is Charles Roden Buxton, a man of large experience in the Near East, and like Brailsford — though unlike most of the British Cabinet at that time — well informed in Balkan matters. George

Herbert Perris was a vigorous and progressive journalist whose views coincided very closely with my own. At the Congress at The Hague he was a prominent factor; he also represented the London *Chronicle* at a meeting in Paris in 1914, and later went to France as a war correspondent. *Perris*

In the National Liberal Club,[1] where, through Unwin's courtesy, I enjoyed the privileges of a guest, I once had a talk with Perris and Robert Young,[2] editor of the Japan *Chronicle*. Both spoke in the highest terms of the intellectual quality of many of the coal miners in Lancashire, and thought it redounded to the credit of Great Britain that so much intelligence should exist among laborers engaged in the coarsest, least specialized, and most disagreeable type of work. I took the opposite view. To me it showed the failure of British training that men of such excellent caliber should be forced to spend their lives in trades so little uplifting and making no mental demand. Had England a system of adequate free schools, those sons of hers would be trained to higher things, and would help build up the community at large instead of spending their intelligence in the narrow circles about a coal mine. *Wasted talent*

J. Ramsay Macdonald, with whom I spent an afternoon, was then the leader of the Labor Party in Parliament. A man of keen mind, broad education, and thorough understanding of political affairs, he is an uncompromising foe of war and its adjunct, secret diplomacy, the seamy side of which he has rigorously *Ramsay Macdonald*

[1] The motto at the entrance to the Liberal Club is from Gladstone: "The principle of Toryism is distrust of the people, qualified by fear. The principle of Liberalism is trust of the people, qualified by prudence."

[2] See Chapter XXXVIII, page 386, and Chapter XLIX, page 618.

unveiled. In this and other regards he stands in line with the Philip Snowdens, Pethick-Lawrences, Morel, Charles Trevelyan, Ponsonby, Francis Neilson, and Siegfried Sassoon, the soldier-poet. Another labor leader, of quiet, cautious type, profoundly interested in international peace, is Fred Maddison. Referring to Horace Bottomley's pugnacious and often scurrilous journal, Maddison said to me: "One of the things from which I am spared is that I don't have to read *John Bull!*"

Trevelyan

Trevelyan, a young man of high promise, a leading Liberal in the House, left the Cabinet at the onset of war along with Morley and Burns, believing that there should have been a more vigorous attempt for mediation on the part of the British government.

Mrs. Snowden

Mrs. Snowden is one of the most eloquent and attractive women in the range of my acquaintance. In 1915 she came to the United States and gave a series of admirable addresses against the theory and practice of war. At my request she then spoke before the National Education Association, as well as at Stanford University. Later Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, likewise an eloquent speaker, instructed and inspired our local audience.

Neilson

Neilson, author of "How Diplomats Make War," also came to America in 1915, afterward deciding to give up his seat in Parliament and remain here, the outlook for freedom in England seeming to him very discouraging. In this country he has taken the leading part in the effort to restore civil rights unduly restrained during the war, meanwhile establishing *The Freeman*, a critical weekly opposed to all forms of suppression and oppression.

4

My personal acquaintance with British conservatism is, I must confess, rather limited. At a week-end house party to which Mrs. Jordan and I were invited, the main topic of political discussion was Lloyd George,[1] held responsible by the majority of the wealthy for the most distressing of financial woes, the taxing of great landholdings. It would be now quite impossible, they complained, to live in their former generous fashion. Moreover, the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Wales had dispossessed many needy curates and obliged the faithful to maintain chapels at their own expense, even as the Dissenters.

Lloyd George's "malice"

A dinner guest spoke confidentially to me in regard to his political aspirations. He contributed largely to the Conservative party funds, and had thrice been named to stand for Parliament. But being badly beaten each time, he was then almost convinced that the party council did not want him elected anyhow, and had picked him to lead forlorn hopes at his own cost. The curious feature of the matter seemed to me to be that it took him so long to get at an obvious truth.

A weary candidate

A conspicuous sufferer from the recent tax adjustments was the Duke of Westminster, who holds title to about one ninth of London — enormously valuable property, of course, but hitherto assessed and taxed as cow pasture. Times have changed. In taking over the hundred-year lease on the Red House,

Westminster

[1] According to a story current in Conservative circles, the rescuer of a man seen to be drowning in the Thames at Westminster Bridge denied all credit to himself, simply saying: "I saw the man in trouble, I swam out, turned him over to see that it wasn't Lloyd George, and then hauled him in."

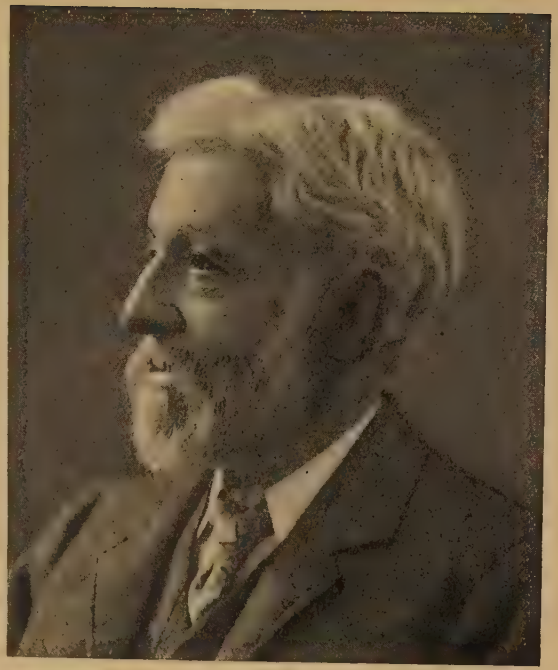
then with seventeen years still to run, Hoover had to promise not to allow his "cows to wander in the lane leading to the High Street,"—that thoroughfare being a quarter of a mile away and the "lane" being Hornton Street, closely built up on both sides in a densely settled area.

A few members of the House of Lords I knew quite well and highly appreciated, among them Viscount Bryce, already mentioned several times. Another Liberal of the same intellectual and moral class was Lord Courtney of Penwith. Dignified, straightforward — even severe at times — with the fine manners of a statesman of the "old school," Leonard Courtney was one of the outstanding figures of England. Always in the minority in his party as usually in the state, he consistently stood for the highest political and personal ideals, and for the belief that every real and imaginary difference between nations can be honorably settled without war. After his death in 1920 some one characterized him as "a man of Cornish granite." According to his biographer, G. P. Gooch,

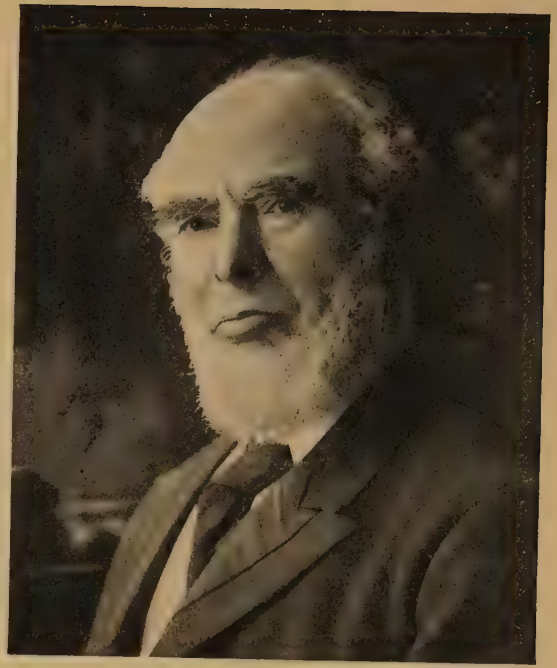
Leonard Courtney

> His self-imposed task was to challenge prejudice, to test tradition, to ventilate ideas, and above all to hold aloft the moral ideal in moments of national passion and national temptation. It was an onerous and lofty mission, and it is the measure of his greatness that it was not unworthily fulfilled. . . . His lifelong conviction was that it was the duty of citizens of a self-governing community to think for themselves. He scornfully repudiated the idea that the state could make men happy and prosperous . . . emphasizing the danger to personal independence and responsibility from its well-meant intentions. He was preëminently an individualist, fearing Socialism as enervating, and enforced coöperation as destructive to personal liberty.

Few men (says B. U. Burke in the New York *Nation*) have dealt more sledge-hammer blows at the intoxicating policies



FELIX MOSCHELES



COURTNEY OF PENWITH

of domination and aggrandizement which have brought the world to such misery and ruin. Imperialism and protection he considered to be sprung from the same poisoned root, and he was continually warning both Europe and America against their increasing and corrosive influence, only to be combated by bringing home to individuals a sense of the iniquity of war.

Bryce speaks of him as "one of the great of our time in his absolute independence of mind and absolute courage in thought and action."

Courtney felt a profound interest in the results of the Rush-Bagot agreement of a century ago, by which all armament, defensive or otherwise, was excluded from the Great Lakes of America. I also particularly recall two epigrammatic sayings of his: "War time is the opportunity for fools," and "The censorship will make a fool of any man even if he is not born to it." These suggested St. Paul's admonition to "suffer fools gladly" — an obvious necessity, during the recent war, in England as well as in America. The Courtneys and Lord Courtney's brilliant sister, Mrs. Oliver, were intimate friends of the Hoovers, who first introduced us to them all.

Sagacious epigrams

Lord Loreburn and Lord Avebury I have never met, but I hold both, for different reasons, in very high esteem. Neither was it my good fortune to meet Lord Morley, now far along in years but one of the most distinguished of his group. As is well known, he resigned from the Cabinet rather than take any personal part in European war.

Of the men in office in 1913 I saw but little, and to give detailed impressions would add nothing worth while. Asquith, though representing Democracy, is a mental aristocrat — a man too self-contained and conscientious to turn the sharp corners involved in

Asquith

Lloyd George

war politics. Lloyd George, warm-hearted, eloquent, appeared even then to lack both principle and foresight and to be the most adroit of all living politicians, dodging from issue to issue with unfailing if short-sighted sagacity.

Grey

Sir Edward Grey, an able, scholarly man as sincere as the traditions of his office would permit, seemed totally unacquainted with common folk and with currents of feeling on the Continent. For all information on these matters he apparently trusted to diplomatic agents, some of whom, especially as concerned the Balkans, were grossly blind or incompetent. Balfour is a mental cynic with a keen, logical mind and little feeling for realities. To him right and wrong, truth and falsehood, seem rather as different phases of the human landscape.[1]

Churchill

Winston Churchill, "with a sword in one hand and withered olive branch in the other," was to me a brilliant, irresponsible boy, speaking on each side of most questions with equal cheerfulness, and as administrator reckless in his waste of men and money. Originally a Conservative, he became a Liberal just in time to be included in the Asquith ministry, though in 1913 he showed signs of returning to his original party allegiance. Referring to this matter an indignant Conservative said to me: "No one can 'rat' twice!"

Cecil

Lord Robert Cecil I respect as a man of broad vision who sees how things ought to be but is never likely to get down into the dust to make them right.

Sir Edward Carson seemed a very "Lord of Misrule," hard, cold, and cruel. About him I once wrote the following couplet:

[1] See Chapter XXXVI, page 294.

Sir Edward drew an honest breath,
"Aha," he cried; "*can this be Death?*"

Carson's back fire

The Irish disturbance of 1913 led by Carson, although ostensibly directed against Home Rule, was primarily a back fire against the Parliament Act; for this crucial stroke of the Liberal party practically deprived the House of Lords of its veto power and was therefore vehemently resented. Moreover, Carson and his associates would probably have thrown Ulster into actual rebellion against the Empire in their efforts to dislodge the Liberals, had not the advent of war shifted the whole outlook and brought about a Coalition Cabinet.

Coalitions versus principles

Such an organization is to all intents and purposes reactionary, Toryism dominating over Liberalism; the one rests on personal and class privilege, the other on opinion, and in the short run interest is always victorious over ideas. With time statesmanship will triumph, but not as an immediate result of political compromise. "Coalition drives principles from the political stage."

"Mr. Dooley"[1] puts it succinctly: "I always favor those in politics for a cause. I bet my money on those in politics for a reason."

Hoover's opinions

During our stay at the Red House, Hoover and I often discussed the current troubles in Europe. Of one or two of these conversations I find the following fragmentary notes:

War ruins commerce, manufactures, financial interrelations. But in comparison with agriculture and common industry, these are less important than they seem. The total value of foreign

[1] Finley Peter Dunne of Chicago.

trade and colonial exploitation is a minor matter as compared with the daily bread of the people. . . . The individual banker is no longer much of a factor. Money flows where it is demanded on accurate security. The great joint-stock corporations have much more capital than any single house; the Rothschilds are now in a secondary place. . . . Even debt will not prevent war, once the fever takes possession of the people.

On the whole, English workingmen are efficient. The tendency of legislation is to check individual effort in production and thus promote inefficiency. The English upper classes have little initiative or executive force. This appears in the fact that England is a bond-holding nation; money-lending is not business enterprise. France is in the same condition. The wealth of London was accumulated during the years when other nations were at war. Joint-stock companies are poorly managed because there is no directing hand familiar with the business. Personality is needed even in money-lending. London business would be powerless to avert war, although it would cut heavily into affairs.

. . . . . .

A China correspondent says in the London *Times* of July 16:

"To speak plainly, the anti-opium crusade in this country has suffered from unbalanced sentimentalism of a kind the Chinese government has always been prompt to exploit for purposes which have nothing sentimental about them. Philanthropists hope that Great Britain will continue to make sacrifices in a cause they have come to regard as wholly righteous."

Jardine, Matthewson, and the Sassoons act as commission agents for the Indian government. 12,000,000 pounds' worth of the stuff is now in the treaty ports of China unsold. The Indian government received a large revenue on opium from the export tax. Failing to retain this, it asks to be repaid out of the Boxer indemnity.

5

In the course of the summer Mrs. Jordan and I found time for two extended motor trips — as usual

in the Hoover car — the one to Ely, Peterborough, and Lincoln on the north, the other to Devon in search of ancestral hearthstones, after which we ran up to Stratford to bid our hosts goodby. During both tours we again "collected" as many cathedrals as possible, not only for their beauty but also because of my desire to gather from their memorial tablets some estimate of England's losses by war in the last half century. Even during that brief period the number seemed appallingly large! In nine cathedrals, as elsewhere stated,[1] I counted the names of 6101 men, mostly killed in India and South Africa; the total number thus recorded must be approximately 16,000. Great Britain has also about 15,000 parish churches containing tablets bearing perhaps 60,000 names, all told. The one thing of which a nation dies is lack of men. A British officer once said to me: "I have seen men who might have been makers of Empires die like flies in India."

A half century of loss

> It is only my dead I count,
> She said, and she says today.[2]

Professor Thomson of Aberdeen sums up the matter as follows:

> We admit that wars have been necessary and righteous — especially necessary, and that they may be so still, but this opinion does not affect the fact that a prolonged war in which a nation takes part is bound to impoverish the breed, since the character of the breed depends on the men who are left.

Our special aim on the second jaunt was to visit the hamlet of Jordan in the parish of Widecombe-in-the-Moor, west of Exeter and about six miles from

Jordan in Devon

[1] "War and the Breed," footnote, pages 176–177.
[2] Alfred Noyes.

In Dartmoor

Ashburton on the road to Princetown. Dartmoor, overshadowed by cloud and drenched with rain, lacked much of its endearing charm on the day of our pilgrimage, yet the ancient village we sought, the home of some of my reputed forebears, lies in a pretty valley along a swift trout brook, surrounded by rather barren hills crimson with Cornish heather — *Erica vagans* — taller and more showy than the Scotch *Erica vulgaris*. Set on the stream was an antique gristmill run by an overshot wheel, the most venerable I ever saw in Europe, and about a little common stood four very old stone houses occupied by tenants who seemed suspicious of our errand, though their pigs were friendly enough.

After inspecting the original seat of the Jordans our polite London chauffeur seemed perhaps a shade less deferential, but this we may have imagined. In any event, the medieval manor-house had long since vanished, and with it all the family, the various members of which made their way to Exeter and Teignmouth.[1] Indeed, not a single one of the name now lies buried in the parish graveyard at Widecombe.

Cold hearthstones

Robert Prideaux of Ashburton, a cultured barrister of Elizabeth's time and a supposed ancestor of my mother, described the original dwelling as a forbidding but adequate refuge from attack:[2]

[1] While I was in London in 1914, one William Jordan from Exeter, butler to a royal princess in Kensington Palace, wrote asking me for an interview. He hoped to marry, but "as married butlers are not in demand in England," he wished my advice about going to America. For some reason, however, we failed to meet, a matter I much regretted, as I have always been curious to see what a high-class butler is really like beneath his mask of superhuman poise. And he soon afterward entered the service of Lord Kitchener, whose tragic fate he probably shared.

[2] From an old autobiographical manuscript entitled "Ashburton in ye good old Times" by Robert Prideaux, 1570, printed in modern spelling by the *Western Guardian* of Totnes, 1891. Its author being in the family, so to speak, I venture

Such a place was North Hall, which the people called Norrill. It was not a castle but a massive stone house around a paved courtyard; outside were herb gardens, frame buildings, and an orchard, all encircled by a broad moat of water. . . . The common room or large hall was a dismal place by day, for the small external windows, with heavy iron bars, allowed but little light to enter, but by night it was awful when the wind waved

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to quote further from the account, written (he says) for the benefit of his grandchildren, and "at his desk cozily seated before a blazing fire in the most charming gem of a room one could desire."

"Sitting in my chair in my own house in West Street, Ayshperton, where I have lived all my life, I can now look back calmly, over fifty years of change and trouble, but I see that these troubles and anxieties were necessary to purge our English Church first, in the time of Henry, from the dominion of the Pope of Rome, and since, in the days of Edward and our present Queen Elizabeth, from the superstitions which centuries had collected around it; I thank God that I am living to see it at last cleansed, and once more restored to the simple purity of early days, yet still retaining its identity."

The story of his boyhood is then charmingly told and in a fashion which would seem modern were it not for references to ancient customs and to the sad illness of the King, Henry VIII. Of one "Zacary Walsh of Cad Lane" he writes:

"He had always been a troublesome fellow, with a quick temper and sharp tongue like his mother, and to escape a severe punishment had run away to Dertemouthe [Dartmouth] and gone to sea in the old ship *Maudelayne*. [Chaucer's barge, the *Maudelyne*, could hardly be the same vessel, although his schipman hailed from Dertemouthe.] He had suffered much, had been taken by the Turks, and worked in their galleys for years, and was full of wonderful stories which we boys never tired of hearing. He was a thin, hard, brown man, as active as a cat, with short body, and long arms, each ending in a great hand which was ever half closed from constant work at the oars. While a galley slave with other Christians, he had been tattooed from head to foot, and was a wounderful sight. It was done in blue, red, and green, and began on the back of his neck with a picture of the Creation, and ended with the Ascension on his left ankle. He said that if drowned, and his body washed on a savage island, the natives could learn the whole gospel by regarding his corpse. But I am sorry to say all his religion at that time was *on* his skin and not *in* it. He could swear in ten languages, and curse in twenty-three dialects; moreover, he did not lose these great powers from want of use, for he would swear when happy, sad, angry, or loving; it was a trick of speech with him, and was without malice or bitterness."

Later on, looking back meditatively, Prideaux observes:

"I do believe if it had not been for the image of a fair face with brown hair and laughing eyes that continually presented itself to my mind's eye, I should have determined at once to become a monk.

"This my present statement [he continues] treats only of the days before the Reformation, falsely called *ye good old times* by the ignorant. I have purposely refrained from saying much of my great love for Agnes Kelland, because, al-

the tattered old stamped curtains, which the dim firelight made appear like limbs of monsters reaching out from the walls. . . . The chief use which the old mansion seems to have been put to was as a refuge for visitors when outlaw bands attacked the towns. These outlaws hide in the moors and live upon the neighbors' goods, which they steal or receive as presents from the smaller manors and farmers who paid to be spared being robbed. . . . The Widecombe youths were good bowmen, and the last time it was tried several outlaws were wounded and one was slain. . . . The Great Church tower . . . formed a refuge from which bowmen can command the head of the drawbridge and banks of the moat on that side.

Deandon and Sir William

According to traditions gathered by Mrs. McConnel[1] and others, the earlier name of Jordan hamlet was Deandon, and in the reign of King John it belonged to a doughty knight, Sir William de Deandon, first lord of Deandon Manor, a Crusader of great physical strength. Crossing the river Jordan in advance of his troop, he was attacked and felled by the Arabs; but, rising, he fought valiantly and finally put his enemies to flight. For that display of courage he became Sir William de "Jordan" — the name of his holding, "one of the six old manors of Dartmoor mentioned in 1086 in the Doomsday Book," being accordingly changed. From the Pal-

though you do not remember your grandmother, yet your dear mother is better able to describe to you the gentle disposition, sterling womanly qualities, and simple faith of one at whose knees she herself learned to pray, and from whose example, to order a household. . . . That was indeed a memorable year, to me on account of my marriage. . .

"It was memorable to the nation, on account of the dire sickness of King Henry VIII. Prayers were said for his recovery, and Christmas was ordered to be a silent one by the authority at Court; no bells to be rung, no carols sung, or usual merry-making indulged in. That Christmas, England sat still awaiting God's will.

"But to me, with my young wife, settled in our newly-furnished house, with kind friends around us, what did we care that the bells were silent, or merry-making forbidden, so long as we could quietly make plans for our future life, hoping and striving to render the days before us better and more useful than those of *ye good old times*."

[1] See Chapter XXXIII, page 217.

JORDAN IN DEVON

CLOVELLY

estine episc·e also was derived each of the two coats-of-arms borne by his descendants — the one a football rampant with the inscription, *Percussa resurgo*, "Stricken down, I rise again," and the other a Crusader's shield with cross, two marlets, and a marlin, bearing the motto, *Crux dat salutem*, "The cross gives health."[1] *Good maxims*

The Jordan manorial rights lapsed in 1793 because a disinherited son neglected to reclaim the property. At last accounts this was owned by a Mr. Blythe of Cornwall, who turned over the houses to tenant farmers. Meanwhile the Jordans have largely left that region, various branches of the family being scattered over the world. One group, indeed, early established itself in Ireland, where "D'Exeter Mac Jordan" became in the thirteenth century a baron in Connaught. "Jordan is a great name in the old country," an Irishman once assured me. In "Penelope in Ireland" Kate Douglas Wiggin tells the story of Sir William and his Irish descendants. These are represented in America by William G. Jordan of New York, a well-known writer.[2] *Jordan migration*

Of the American groups the best records are maintained by one in Maine — duly recorded in the "Jordan Book" — to which belong Dr. Whitman H. Jordan,[3] director of the Cornell Agricultural Ex-

[1] One of my ancestral worthies (I am not sure which) is said to have chosen the less romantic dictum, "*Eagles do not catch flies.*"

[2] At the outset of the war, having written to the New York *Times* a note describing the plight of the Jewish fruit growers about Jaffa, I received the following note from "M. E. Jordan" of Brooklyn:

"It is rather comic for an Irish renegade who pretends to be English to be faking anxiety about Palestine. What is your particular graft?"

[3] See Chapter XXXIV, page 247.

Some American Jordans

periment Station at Geneva, New York, and Dr. Edwin Oakes Jordan, professor of Bacteriology in the University of Chicago. Others emigrated to Virginia, and their descendants are widely scattered through the West. My forebears settled early in Connecticut, moving from there to New York.[1] Edward Jordan, my father's first cousin, was Solicitor of the Treasury under Lincoln, and later a prominent attorney in New York. His daughter, Mary A. Jordan, for many years professor of English in Smith College, is a brilliant teacher, with unusual influence over her students. Dr. Harvey E. Jordan,[2] as I have explained, is doubtless distantly related to me.

A missing link

In the case of my own branch the connection with Jordan in Devon, though highly probable, is not — as I have elsewhere indicated[3] — clearly established. The affirmative evidence may be briefly stated: (*a*) Mrs. McConnel says that one Jordan with the somewhat unusual name of Rufus, also borne by my grandfather, is known to have left Devon for America; (*b*) the name of Jordan is uncommon in England; (*c*) the neighbors of my Connecticut forebears came largely from Devon, and all English Jordans whose lineage is definitely known are from the same region.

Collateral relatives of my mother still live in Devon. We found Lakes in Exeter, Granvilles about Kilhampton and Bideford, Courtenays at Dunster.[4]

At Stratford we found the Hoovers settled (for

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter 1:1.

[2] See Chapter XI, page 424.

[3] See Vol. I, Appendix A, page 665.

[4] The witty Marquis of Devonshire is said to be a Courtenay. Illustrating the futility of the British Upper House, he remarked: "I once fell asleep and dreamed that I was addressing the House of Lords. I awoke and found that I *was* addressing the House of Lords."

their second summer) in the quaintly rich old "Manor House" built in 1550. This establishment, hard by the renowned church on the Avon, was the property of a collector of antiques who had filled it with choice period furniture. Adjoining it stands "Hall's Croft," once the home of Susanna, daughter of Shakespeare and wife of Dr. John Hall. Its beautiful garden had apparently suffered little change. But when purchased by Mrs. Liggett, widow of a New York merchant, the interior resembled that of a commonplace English cottage. During renovation, however, workmen laid bare a complete Elizabethan dwelling buried under modern lath and plaster. Huge fireplaces then appeared in each room, and charming windows, all apparently covered up to avoid the special taxes levied of old on light and fire. At the rear of a tiny entrance hall was disclosed the elevated platform protected by a black oaken grille from behind which Dr. Hall dispensed his medieval pills and potions. Other fascinating nooks and passages also were revealed, to the delight of the fortunate owner. But this was not the whole story, for within the Elizabethan walls they found the framework of a still earlier structure, the whole thus representing three distinct architectural stratifications.

Hall's Croft, Stratford

A delightful surprise

At the time of our visit to the Manor House, Mrs. Liggett had just about completed the work of restoration and furnishing. An ardent collector in Europe and the Orient, she had gathered much that admirably enhanced the interest of the redeemed house. As guests of the Hoovers we had the pleasure of being invited to share her first meal in the new home, set in the open overlooking Susanna Hall's inviting garden.

CHAPTER FORTY-THREE

I

A congress of schoolmen

EARLY in August we crossed the Channel bound for Bruges, where I left the others to listen to the chimes in the great Belfry, meanwhile going on to Ghent to give an address on "World Peace and the Treaty of Ghent" before an international congress of school principals under the presidency of Dr. Charles Rossignol.[1] The document in question, signed a century before (December 24, 1814) in a hall close to our meeting place, put an end, we hope forever, to armed strife among English-speaking peoples. A good condensation in French of my remarks had been distributed through the audience, and was also, at the end, read aloud by an intelligent young woman.

The honored name of Ghent, I said, brings to the American many and varied associations. These spring not from its wealth in memories of stirring scenes, not from its "great bell Roland," not from its past imperial splendors or its industrial or commercial successes of today. In its relation to the peace of the world lies for us its chief interest. . . .

The sole content of the Treaty of Ghent was "Cease firing!" On its face it *settled* nothing. The alleged questions of honor which led to the war were forgotten in the stress of fighting by land and sea, and remained in abeyance until nearly a century later, when they were quietly and rationally adjusted at The Hague. The treaty settled nothing because it merely registered the results of a war that had no real result. Between the lines one reads the verdict. . . .

Concluding, I referred to the lesson of our undefended Canadian border, also to the ultimate necessity to Europe of federation such as had been the making of America; and I voiced

[1] See Chapter XXXVII, page 326.

the hope that with the assurance of peace between the two nations constituting "Greater Britain" — the earnest of the larger peace to follow — the name of Ghent would always be honorably associated.

Teachers in distress

At this congress I met many school principals from various lands, but not all who would have liked to come were able to be there. From Varna in Bulgaria, for example, a man wrote saying that his absence was due to the distressing results of war with Turkey, the schools having been turned into hospitals and the teachers all serving as soldiers or nurses. In expressing their sympathy the Belgian group little dreamed that by that time next year a similar fate would make of most of them helpless refugees in Holland!

A primer of democracy

In 1912 I had been urged by La Fontaine[1] to write a booklet on American ideals, to be published in French in Brussels and used as a reference text for schools. He himself suggested "America's Conquest of Europe" as a telling title. By this he meant not conquest by arms or wealth but by ideas — and especially by those of internationalism and democracy.

America (so he argued) has been built up by emigration; the most energetic and fittest of Europe's sons created the Republic. You must not forget that for you Europe was and should still remain the beloved Motherland. It is for America to liberate Europe from its burdens, its prejudices, its hatreds. It is your highest duty to reconcile. America is the true international people. These alone can transform the earth into a family of nations, a brotherhood of men. Colonization is the work not only of men and capital but of ideas, by example and experiment.

[1] See Chapter XXXVII, page 326.

The essay I prepared was printed in Brussels as a pamphlet entitled "*Ce que l'Amérique peut enseigner à l'Europe.*" A little later, in combination with "World Peace and the Treaty of Ghent," it appeared in Boston in a booklet, "America's Conquest of Europe."

In my discussion I undertook to explain the nature of the federal democracy, the relation of the individual to the state, and the ideals of liberty, order, justice, and voluntary coöperation — the function of the state being not "power" but "jurisdiction." I dwelt also on the separation of schools from church control, as one of La Fontaine's purposes was to forward Rossignol's efforts to secure autonomy for the national school system of which the latter was the head.

As a salient feature of my argument I referred to the remarkable book of Edouard Laboulaye of the University of Paris, "Paris en Amérique," published in 1863. In this Laboulaye tried to show how a populous city like Paris might become really great in an atmosphere of freedom. In his time the official Napoleonic view had been thus expressed:

"A society without firm control, without army, without police — each person writing, speaking, worshiping in his own fashion — would not last a quarter of an hour. It is the negation of all these principles, of all the conditions of this civilization, which makes the unity of our French nation. In constituting our administration, hierarchical and centralized, the wisdom of our fathers has long since raised France to the first rank and shown to the French people that liberty is obedience. That is our glory and our strength."

In criticism of such pronouncements, Laboulaye imagined a new Paris located in the interior of America where no such limitations held; where a man could do as he pleased provided he did not interfere with others; where he could say what he liked, write as fancy dictated, worship as he chose — in short, live entirely free from any bias of tradition. According to the story, the new community held its own, its very freedom giving elements of strength wanting in the actual French capital. National safety and sobriety were thus achieved not by holding anybody down, but by giving everybody a chance to rise.

I further maintained that the force of arms does not make for national strength; the test is freedom from the need of force. Imagine, if you can, a catastrophe which might remove from the United States every representative of coercive power, every official of whatever rank from the President to the last notary public, every representative of army, navy, school, church, police. Such a loss might create widespread bewilderment or profound sorrow, but it would not result in anarchy. Except among certain unassimilated foreign populations in large cities it would lead to no violence or riots. All the functions of national life would go on unchanged. One by one, communities would come together and proceed to the election of officers. The stability of society or that of the nation itself would be in no wise affected.

In the France of Napoleon III we were assured that a Society without force would not endure for a quarter of an hour. What, I asked, would be the result in their great regimented neighbor if the incident I have imagined should suddenly take place? The German is endlessly patient[1] even under useless burdens. What would he do if all burdens were suddenly thrown off, if "*Strengstens Verboten*," the motto of Prussian discipline, were found to have nothing behind it? And I ventured to prophesy that a people suddenly released from stiff outside direction would be like sheep in a storm or wild horses in a conflagration.

Collapse of "blood and iron"

But I hardly looked for a speedy verification of my forecast. Nevertheless, when the Armistice left Germany without an autocrat, the "Fatherland" without a father, the bulk of the people remained sunk in sheep-like apathy, while a few untamed extremists were as purposeless in their activity as masterless beasts in a prairie fire.

"*Ce que l'Amérique peut enseigner à l'Europe*" was used by Rossignol as a basis for lectures on democracy until the onrush of the German army closed the Belgian schools.

[1] Before the war, says a German-American, "kings, princes, titles, compulsory military service, and class distinctions seemed as meet, proper, and natural to us as long ears on a donkey."

The Ghent congress over, my family and I proceeded to Rochefort, where I took Eric through the great cave of Han-sur-Lesse. This was originally washed out by a considerable stream which first cut its way through the limestone ridge and then, falling to a lower level, left the former channel empty and adorned with stalactites. From Arlon, our next stop, we drove eastward over the Devonian outcrop called "*Hundsrücken*" (dog's back), collecting meanwhile a considerable number of fossils.

Han-sur-Lesse

Strayed fishes

At Arlon I was surprised to see in the markets our Shasta Rainboat trout, a fact which demonstrated its successful acclimation in Europe. A few months later I was more astonished to find in the Rialto market at Venice the brook sunfish, or "pumpkinseed" of New England — *Eupomotis gibbosus* — for I had never heard of any attempt to transplant this pretty and gamy fish, too small, however, to have much food value.

Sedan

From Arlon I made a trip to the field of Sedan by way of Longwy and Longueuil, towns which now appear in the records of the Great War. From stones quarried near by at Audin-le-Roman I obtained several fossils with which I hoped to sustain Eric's budding interest. Sedan itself lies in the midst of what novelists call a "smiling landscape," enclosed on both sides by low wooded hills from which the Prussians crowded down and overpowered the badly handled French. Most of the fighting took place in the suburban town of Bazeilles, which, with the exception of a single outlying house, "La Dernière Cartouche," was burned in the conflict. "The Last Cartridge" is now a museum containing relics of the battle, the details of which are so graphically — if a

bit tediously — described in Zola's "Le Débâcle." In Bazeilles they display a remarkable painting of a dozen or so citizens of that town being led out to be shot for helping French combatants during the battle.

Ghastly reminders

In a neighboring crypt the skeletons of thousands of soldiers have been gathered together, one of them noteworthy as upward of six feet five in height, with a strong protruding under jaw — clearly a fellow who would have distinguished himself in the old-fashioned war before "villainous gunpowder" was invented, when men fought hand to hand. Another crypt bears the inscription: "*Hier ruhen ein tausend tapfer Baiern*" (Here rest a thousand brave Bavarians).

The easy victory at Sedan over an untrained imperial leader and a discouraged army has ever since been the incentive of German militarism. Some day, perhaps, the wise men of Germany may persuade their nation to celebrate not Sedan but Scapa Flow, "the day" when the German navy vanished from history!

2

The Hague Peace Conference

Leaving Eric and his governess at Arlon, Mrs. Jordan and I now went on to the annual Peace Conference at The Hague, where we found gathered representatives of nearly every nation. All were much alarmed over the outlook — the spread of war scares and the accompanying "preparedness," itself a cause, effect, and symptom of the rising war spirit.

With La Fontaine in the chair, addresses were made in different languages, to be promptly translated into English by George H. Perris and J. F. Green, into French by Gaston Moch. I was chosen

dean of the American delegation, and in the absence of Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood, the venerable president of the American Peace Society, then dangerously ill, was also asked to take his place for the time being on the International Peace Bureau at Berne, publishers of *Le Mouvement Pacifiste*.

Korff

At the various meetings we met many old friends and made a number of new acquaintances. Among the latter was Baron S. A. Korff, a young man of marked ability and agreeable personality, then professor of Russian Public Law in the University of Helsingfors, now for some time a resident of New York and lecturer at Columbia and other institutions.

The Slaydens and Schlumbergers

James Luther Slayden, Congressman from San Antonio, Texas, and his gifted wife, and the Jacques Schlumbergers of Guebwiller, Alsace, we have ever since counted in our list of valued friends. In 1916 Slayden became president of the American Peace Society, of which Arthur Deerin Call has for many years been secretary. In the beautiful Schlumberger home, "Aux Rosiers," we later passed a delightful and informing day. During a part of the war this fresh, sunny house was commandeered by the Germans as a hospital and then duly rifled of movables according to Teutonic custom, though not materially damaged.

Dr. Ruyssen[1] took a very active part in the congress, and as chairman of the committee on resolutions brought in a report characterizing the Balkan atrocities as *inoui*, "unheard of!" To this

[1] After leaving the Hague congress, Ruyssen together with some other pacifists went to Alsace to inaugurate a Peace Society. In this work Ruyssen was so successful as to receive an ovation from his colleagues in the University of Bordeaux, and to have his windows broken by the war-mad mob of his city. See also Chapter XXXVII, pages 321 and 322.

phrase I objected, as like atrocities had marked every European war of which I knew. And I asked him whether the Balkan business was any worse than the affair at Châteaudun, Bazeilles, or even the bombardment of Strasbourg. A cynically complacent French proverb says: "*A la guerre comme à la guerre.*" Let me also quote from an account printed in *Bell's Messenger* in London a hundred years ago:

Woerden

Wednesday the 24th was certainly the most dreadful day ever known in this town . . . in general sorrow and extreme misery. . . . This town was taken by storm. Now commenced the dreadful plunder, devastation, and inhuman murder. The houses which could not be opened on account of doors and windows being fastened were beaten open by artillery. Cabinets, chests, and boxes were cut and broken into. . . . Death and destruction had at length penetrated into every habitation. The blood of the most virtuous husbands and fathers, of the best mothers, of gray-haired ancients, of tender infants, stained the walls of the peaceful habitations and streamed out of the houses into the streets. . . . Not even the ministers of any religion were spared, even though they fled to the altar. Old men upwards of eighty years and infants in their mothers' arms were immediately shot or slain by the sword. A woman in child-bed who would have been delivered of twins . . . was uncovered, shot, and the bedstead set on fire. . . . They carried their cruelties so far as to commit their murders before the eyes of the nearest relations, throwing out the bleeding bodies . . . in the presence of despairing widows and shrieking children and committing all sorts of abuses on the naked corpses.

French against Dutch

This massacre occurred in the village of Woerden, Holland. The victims were Dutch, the assailants French. Has war changed its nature? No! There have been humane soldiers, humane generals, humane episodes, but no humane wars. No form of war atrocity can be called "unheard of."

Gobat

From Switzerland came Albert Gobat, editor of

Le Mouvement Pacifiste, a man of large stature and determined character, who died suddenly at a meeting of his Bureau in 1914. "If one would find a great nation in Europe he must look among the small ones," said he. In other words the great nations were armament-mad, wasting their substance in piling up combustibles; the small ones, having no military ambitions, devoted themselves to education, industry, and the normal business of government. Gobat's booklet, "*Le Cauchemar de l'Europe*" (The Nightmare of Europe), published about that time, gave a vivid account of the relations of Alsace-Lorraine.

Giesswein

Another notable figure was the jocund Monsignor Alexander Giesswein of Budapest, a leader of the Catholic Church in Hungary. A big, picturesque figure, he continued to stand unflinchingly for conciliation through all the calamities which beset Hungary after the Armistice.

During the conference, Perris distributed copies of his trenchant indictment of the English armament "ring," showing the astounding extent to which shares were held by the aristocracy and leaders in the Established Church.

A superb work of art

From The Hague Mrs. Jordan and I made a hasty flight to Amsterdam just to see Rembrandt's superb "Night Watch," which we knew only from photographs. For Europe meant more to us than a series of battlefields past and future; it was a world of gifted men who have embodied in art their noblest conceptions. The next day we went on to Antwerp, where the "Descent from the Cross" is the glory of the great Cathedral; but to my mind Rubens, painter

of muscles and mantles, ought hardly to be mentioned in the same breath with Rembrandt.

In Brussels I visited its beautifully arranged natural history museum, especially rich in fossil remains, then meeting for the first time Dr. Louis Dollo, the excellent curator, with whom I had long corresponded. I also refreshed my recollection of the weird but fascinating Wiertz collection, much of it painted in a spirit of ghastly cynicism. *Dollo*

Two of the Wiertz paintings always impressed me strongly. In the one entitled "The Man of the Future and the Things of the Past" a naturalist holding in his open hand Napoleon and a batch of marshals examines them through a magnifying glass while a child standing by looks on in open-eyed wonder. "A Scene in Hell" shows Napoleon with folded arms and unmoved face descending slowly to the land of shades. Before him, filling all the background, their faces dark with hate, are the hordes of men sent to death by his unbridled ambition. Of course not all the 3,700,000 victims, half of them French, could be shown in the picture. Most are only hinted at; and still behind, in my mind's eye, I saw the countless millions of those who might have been and are not, the huge widening wedge of the possible descendants of young men slain in battle! No wonder a critic has said that the work of Napoleon was "to fill Hell with heroes." *Napoleon in Hell*

3

Having rejoined the others at Arlon, we at once set out for Lorraine, meeting Dr. Albert Léon Guérard at Metz, and later at Strasbourg my daughter Edith, then on a tour around the world with Miss *Guérard*

Mary Putnam,[1] a fellow teacher from Los Angeles. Guérard, for some years assistant professor of French at Stanford, had shortly before accepted a chair in Rice Institute, Houston, Texas. A native of Paris and a graduate of the École Normale of the University, where he was for a time instructor in English, he had also spent a year in London in settlement work at Toynbee Hall — all before accepting a college position and marrying in America. As a student he had been a pacifist, a democrat, and a "Dreyfusiste."

An admirable work

Master of a singularly clear English style, he was now engaged in Paris on his first important book, "French Prophets of the Nineteenth Century," published soon after (at my instance) by Unwin.

Among all my French acquaintances I found no one more familiar than Guérard with modern France at her best, and none could have been more wisely tactful in dealing with the different elements concerned in the delicate situation we jointly investigated. For, as I should here explain, my purpose was to get some first-hand knowledge of conditions then prevailing in the sorely tried district of Alsace-Lorraine. We accordingly proceeded to interview the leading people of the province — as well as many others — with a view to finding out the real feeling in regard to past and future political relations. We took special pains to acquaint ourselves with all phases of opinion from the most ultra-imperialistic views of Professor Harry Bresslau in Strasbourg to the extreme nationalistic stand of Abbé Wetterlé, "Oncle Hansi," and others in Upper Alsace.

Usually I began the conversation somewhat as follows:

[1] Now Mrs. Henck of Hemet, California.

We are Americans, not partisans or journalists; we are studying conditions for our own information and satisfaction, and because I was born in New York and my friend in Paris, "I leave the word to him" (*Je lui laisse la parole*).

Growing resentment

Being met in frank and friendly ways by all types of people, we soon found that the feeling against German rule was steadily growing, largely because of the consistently arrogant treatment received from Prussia, a government which knew no form of discipline save that meted out by superiors to inferiors. The anomalous condition of "*Reichsland*" (imperial territory) and the continued status of "*Deutsche zweiter Classe*" (second-class Germans) seemed intolerable to the freeborn Alsatians. A romantic sentiment for France, which had always respected their freedom, generally existed, but practically no hope of returning to French allegiance. Above all, nearly every one desired to avoid war, as an appeal to arms would ruin the twin provinces by making them once more a battleground.

Demand for home rule

The one immediate aspiration was for autonomy, which would place Alsace-Lorraine (*Elsass-Lothringen*) in the rank of other German states; personal freedom like that enjoyed in England, France, and Switzerland seemed beyond reach because Germany would certainly not accord to conquered people a freedom her own citizens had lost. The current feeling of educated men *at that time* was well summed up by one of them:

> We would not be a fortress and a battlefield, but rather a bridge between two great nations. No war; a Franco-German understanding and autonomy for Alsace-Lorraine.

Metz

Beginning at Metz, where we first interviewed the

Interviewing editors

editors of the different journals, we found their views ranging from strongly French to uncompromisingly German, although one of the latter confessed that a consideration of "*Butterbrot*" influenced his attitude. All the "German-minded" (*deutschsinnig*) journals began with the same formula, "There is no question of Elsass-Lothringen;" but one averred that "the people of Alsace, being German, were more obstinately French than any Frenchman could be!" The director of the "Ober Realschule" admitted that he taught French *in German* to youths who had spoken French all their lives.

Lorraine one with Alsace

Old Metz was unqualifiedly French, but a new city, larger and richer, mainly German and devoted to manufacture, had sprung up about the railway station. The problems of German Lorraine, however, were identical with those of Alsace. For the two provinces, once very different, had been welded into one by common misfortune and in both a new patriotic nationalism had grown up. This was expressed in a current bit of doggerel:

Prussien ne veux,
Français ne peux,
Alsacien suis! [1]

The Lorrainers are less demonstrative than the Alsatians but equally set in their ways. According to the scholarly Abbé Thilmont, "*le Lorrain rage à froid*" (the Lorrainer rages coldly).

Interviews over, we made an instructive tour to the battlefields of 1871 which converted part of Lorraine

[1] "Prussian I won't be,
French I can't be,
Alsatian I am!"

into an almost continuous graveyard. In the shallow ravine of Gravelotte where military blundering turned a prospective victory into a disastrous rout, we saw a company of German soldiers to whom the field of glory was being exhibited. I ventured to speak to one young fellow but soon found that no intercourse of soldiers with civilians was allowed. He ventured, however, casually to whisper that he came from Rheinland. From Gravelotte we went northward to the bleak fields of Ste. Marie aux Chênes and St. Hubert, thence to the great road running out of Metz toward Toul and Verdun, past Rézonville and Vionville to Mars-la-Tour. Returning farther to the southward, we traversed villages engulfed in Bazaine's futile sorties.

Leaving Metz, our course led by rail through Zabern to Strasbourg, the chief town of Alsace. Here we again interviewed several people, the first being Léon Boll, the able and courageous editor of the *Journal d'Alsace-Lorraine*, who conversed freely and interestingly. *Boll*

Dr. Karl W. Mandel, the German under-secretary, actual ruler of Alsace-Lorraine, represented a good type of German official, well educated, capable of gracious generosity but blindly detested by most of the Alsatians. To us he seemed to be as considerate and thoughtful as his position would permit. After the Zabern affair both he and Von Wedel, the governor, resigned, being unwilling to go further in imposing Prussian discipline on a reluctant people. Under Dalwitz, his successor, the government of Alsace-Lorraine immediately took on a darker cast. *Mandel*

Mandel explained that the governmental system, like that of the other German states, though

not parliamentary was constitutional. Moreover, he said:

> There is no question of Alsace-Lorraine: the country is German by tradition, by language, and by conquest. Those who do not like German rule are free to depart; the others should be loyal Germans. Our trouble comes almost wholly from French journalists. It will subside in time; fifty years is a very long time in the life of a woman, a very short time in that of a nation.

And he showed with patriotic pride the vista of fat Prussian buildings seen from his office window, the work of the German government.

At Colmar

Descending next at Colmar, we saw at the station three clericals about to leave on a train. Thinking that one of these might be the noted nationalist leader, the Abbé Wetterlé,[1] to whom I had letters of introduction, I asked them if they knew where the Abbé could be found. The looks of arrant disgust this question brought to their faces plainly showed them to be "German-minded."

Wetterlé

Wetterlé is a little man, frank and cordial in manner; I should certainly not take him for a "firebrand" (the mildest term the Germans applied to him), though a French statue in his office revealed his sympathies.

Oncle Hansi

He introduced us to his friend, Jean Jacques Walz, better known by the pseudonym of "Hansi," or more often "Oncle Hansi" — an original, restless spirit, a water-color artist of great skill, and the author of stinging cartoons, the best I saw in Europe. One which hung in his private studio represented Wetterlé in jail, a slender figure peeping from

[1] Now (1920) a member of the French Chamber of Deputies.

behind the bars. It bore as legend the words, "*Lieb Vaterland mag ruhig sein*" (Dear Fatherland may rest in peace), a line from "Die Wacht am Rhein," the famous hymn of Germany.

"Story of Alsace"

Hansi's "Histoire d'Alsace" is a delightful volume, remarkable not only for its virile and often ludicrous color sketches of scenes in Alsatian history,[1] but also for a fine literary style. It was crowned by the French Academy in 1913, at about the time Walz himself was tried in Leipzig for high treason because of "Mon Village," his next book. The illustrations in this daintily delicious tome describing his native town near Wissembourg in Lower Alsace deal with many events and many types, those representing Prussian teachers and tourists being as usual more true to life than complimentary! But in the sketch under legal condemnation two prim little Alsatians, standing on the Vosges beside a monument to French heroes "dead for the Fatherland," gaze solemnly across toward France, whence rising clouds take the form of spectral hosts of cavalry advancing through the air toward Alsace.

"My Village"

Near-treason

After much discussion the court decided that painting and publishing this picture did not constitute "high treason," but it condemned the artist to a year's imprisonment for stirring up sedition. He was, nevertheless, released on bail to return to Colmar to see his aged father, and somehow his friends arranged that he should forfeit bail and escape to France, where Boll, Blumenthal, mayor of Colmar, and other nationalists joined him. A letter from myself to Boll in 1915 was returned with the endorsement "*Flüchtig*" — that is, "Fugitive."

[1] I should add that certain illustrations in this publication are by V. Huen.

Walz introduced us to Dr. Paul Albert Helmer, an able authority on Alsatian affairs, who defended him at Leipzig against the charge of treason. This was not Hansi's first offense in the eyes of the law, however, as he had previously suffered arrest for disrespect to the German uniform. Being in a Colmar café where a number of officers were also seated, upon their departure he lighted a piece of sugar saturated with alcohol, and (apparently for disinfection) held it over chairs previously occupied by the Prussians!

In his second series of brochures, entitled "*Vogesenbilder*" (Vosges Pictures), as "Prof. Dr. Knatschke," assumed writer of the text, and "Hansi," artist, he described with sarcastic effusiveness the dedication of the restored castle of Hohkönigsburg, situated on an outpost of the Vosges overlooking middle Alsace. It appears that the Kaiser, thinking to throw a sop to Alsace, decided to revive the ancient structure, and with characteristic thrift required the province to foot the bill. The dedication took place in pouring rain, of which incident — as of many others — the author took telling advantage with pen and pencil.

Futile gestures

As to the political outlook, Walz was even more pessimistic than Wetterlé. These two, alone among Alsatians, expressed to me the opinion that the Pangermanists would force a war even "against the will of the Emperor, whom they had practically annihilated." Said Walz: "It is as easy to make the feelings of Alsace understood in Berlin as to inject by osmosis the essence of violet through the skin of a hippopotamus."

A difficult task

At Guebwiller we spent our day with the kindly Schlumbergers,[1] after which we went on to Mül-

[1] See Chapter XLIII, page 498.

hausen (French, Mulhouse). There, as at Colmar, the familiar language of the common people is a Germanic *patois*, but the *bourgeoisie* and the educated people generally spoke French by preference. In the chamber of commerce, for example, we found upward of 200 men transacting their clamorous business in French, though nearly all bore German names.

In Mülhausen there was published in those days a weekly humorous journal, *Dur's Elsass*. This was written in the local dialect and contained a remarkable series of cartoons by Henri Zislin. His style is much like that of Walz, and at its best equally severe. One sketch showed the great Napoleon rising before an assembly of Germans to say: "If it had not been for me you would never have known you *were* Germans." Another, drawn as the Balkan wars began, exhibited Austria as an ogre (*Kindlifresser*) watching with smacking lips the play of three children, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Albania. But Dame Germany advises her not to bite: "I ate two like them once, and I found them very bad for the digestion." "*Deux Opinions*" (Two Opinions) pictured two fathers and their sons standing on the heights of the Vosges. The Alsatian says: "Remember, my boy, that it was the work and sweat of our fathers which enriched this soil, and by the iron of the plow they won it. This belongs to us." Near by the Prussian speaks: "Forget not, son, that by blood, iron, and fist-right our fathers conquered this land. It is therefore ours and will remain so."

Zislin

Two views of ownership

In May, 1914, *The Atlantic Monthly* printed part of my notes on our experiences, and a year later[1]

[1] February, 1915.

A study in conquest

Guérard gave in *The Nineteenth Century and Afterwards*, a British magazine, a graphic account of them. In 1916 I published my own records in some detail in a volume entitled "Alsace-Lorraine: a Study in Conquest" (Bobbs-Merrill Company), without, however, using the names of informants. In the preface I wrote as follows:

> In his clever analysis of the "German Enigma," Georges Bourdon uses these words: "One must speak of Alsace-Lorraine; it is better to listen while *she* speaks."[1]
>
> The present volume is the result of an attempt thus to listen while Alsace-Lorraine spoke for herself. . . . Whatever value the book may now have lies in its being in a sense a historical document, a record of things *as they were* before the great crash came. In its way it is the "*Morituri Salutamus*" of our own time — the last word of those "about to die." For whatever the outcome of the war which now rages in and over Alsace and Lorraine, life in those provinces can never again be what it was in 1913.

Gross brutalities

With the advent of war German repression in Alsace, mere "*coups d'épingle*" (pinpricks) before, developed into a series of gross brutalities. In April, 1917, an Alsatian friend wrote me from Switzerland as follows:

> The actual aspect of the question is now very different from what it was before the war. The sympathies for any kind of autonomy under German rule have entirely gone on account of the evil treatment of the people by the German civil and military officers and the democratic mind of the Alsatians.

In the end, Alsace and Lorraine, released from their thralldom, turned with emotion and enthusiasm to France. Recently the same correspondent declared

[1] *Il faut parler d'Alsace-Lorraine; il vaut mieux écouter quand elle parle.* ("L'Énigme Allemande.")

that "*le retour à la France a été unanimement saluté comme juste, légitime, et en parfait accord avec les vœux de la population.*"[1]

In the return to the Motherland, however, certain difficulties naturally arise, to be removed by time and patience. The loss of a separate status is a matter of some regret, and the over-centralized system which prevails in France has irksome features. Submerged therein as three departments or judicial districts — Haut-Rhin, Bas-Rhin, and Moselle — the combined province has lost somewhat of its cherished individuality. As already stated,[2] early in the last century the French government obliterated the old provincial lines, creating ninety "departments" devoid of political significance. It is certain, however, that no freedom-loving Alsatians look back with longing to their connection with Germany, for under the Prussian system discipline was always a matter of caste control, painful in the highest degree to men who have tasted freedom.

New embarrassments

[1] "The return to France has been unanimously welcomed as just, legitimate, and perfectly in accord with the will of the people."

[2] See Chapter XXVII, page 66.

CHAPTER FORTY-FOUR

I

At Mülhausen Guérard left for Paris, while Edith and her friend proceeded to Venice and Dalmatia *en route* to India. The rest of us now also moved on, first to Baden in Aargau, thence to Zürich, and finally to Wesen on the Wallensee in the canton of St. Gallen. Here in the comfortable hotel, "Schloss Menahalde," overlooking the lake, I wrote up my notes on Alsace, and prepared two chapters of a proposed book requested by Doubleday, Page & Co., entitled "What Europe Thinks of Us." This was to be based on expressed but unpublished opinions of representative men in different nations, and to conclude with an exposition or defense of Democracy.

On the Wallensee

From Baden and Zürich I had sent out many letters to friends as well as to various persons of prominence, and returns were now coming in. The two installments forwarded from Switzerland appeared later in *The World's Work;* but with the onset of war, the task being still incomplete, I suspended further effort, as all previous conceptions of America had been submerged in the varied emotions excited by the conflict.

Le Touquet

Meanwhile I received and accepted an invitation from Norman Angell to attend a week's conference called by him under the auspices of the Garton Foundation of London at the "Hôtel des Anglais" at Le Touquet, a seaside resort in Picardy.

Traveling to Paris I broke my journey at the spirited town of Belfort, all that remained to France of

Alsace after the Treaty of Frankfort in 1871. During the Franco-Prussian war its citadel had resisted capture, and Bismarck discreetly let it alone. Hatred of Prussia was still intense in Belfort. The delightful books of "Oncle Hansi," with others as bitter but less artistic, were on evidence in every bookshop, and in a place of honor stands one of the finest statues in Europe. Bearing the legend "*Quand Même*," "Even if," it represents a young Alsatian girl in provincial costume [1] supporting a dying French soldier whose rifle she upholds. "Quand Même" is a work of genuine feeling, far more touching than the Greek-featured statue of Strasbourg in the Place de la Concorde, which for nearly half a century the people of Paris hung with black wreaths.

"Quand Même"

On my further way to Le Touquet I found in the compartment a copy of Théodore Boutroux' charming poem, "Mireille." This tells of a Breton sailor who meets at Toulon a dainty and lively "brown cricket" of the south named Marie, "Mireille" in Provençal. But remembering his gray-eyed, placid Marie of the north, he will not be false to her:

"Mireille"

> *Allais-je tromper, moi, Breton,*
> *Deux fillettes du même nom?* [2]

So he frankly explains to Mireille that he must in honor return to the faithful Marie.

Among those present at Le Touquet were Jacques Dumas,[3] Jules Prudhommeaux on the staff of *La Paix par le Droit*, Dr. A. A. Warden, a Scotch physi-

[1] The marked feature of this attire consists of two huge black velvet bows worn as headdress.

[2] "Shall I deceive, I, a Breton,
Two girls of the same name?"

[3] See Chapter XXXVII, page 322.

cian brought up in New York but long resident in
Morel Paris, E. D. Morel, expert in African affairs who exposed the "red rubber atrocities" of the Congo, a powerful opponent also of war diplomacy, Arnold Rowntree, a well-known Friend, Miss M. Talmadge, a business woman, Henry Bell, cashier of Lloyd's Bank, Professor Charles Sarolea, a Belgian holding the chair of French at the University of Edinburgh,[1] Joseph Fels,[2] and Valentine Williams, a war correspondent lately returned from the Balkans. Guérard (who was still visiting his mother in Paris) also accepted a special invitation to the conference. Only one German had been asked to come, but he proved a most interesting and valuable member. This was Dr.
Sieper Ernst Sieper of the chair of English Literature in the University of Munich. A true internationalist, he looked upon all political questions with a clear vision devoid of prejudice and free from nativistic tradition.

The group from England was chosen not with a view to propaganda in pacifism, but rather to bring out the various methods by which the movement for world peace could be given popular support. Journalists, bankers, publicity agents, and pacifists were thus convened to secure suggestions drawn from their experience.

Morel gave a most interesting account of his methods in the campaign against the Congo atrocities, the bloody operations of those who held labor under the lash in the rubber districts of Africa. Bell discussed the situation from the standpoint of high finance.[3] The bankers in England were not then

[1] See Chapter XLV, page 544.

[2] See Chapter XLII, page 468.

[3] It should go without saying that the statements which follow are greatly condensed.

"QUAND MÊME," BELFORT

STATUE OF STRASBOURG, PARIS

lending money on the Continent, he said, and had lent very little since 1911. For the peoples of Europe would say: "We know we have had the money and have spent it for war preparation; we know we ought to pay interest on it, and sometime the principal, but we must live, and we cannot live under such a burden."

A great specter will rise up in the future before the moneyed classes when they are forced to spend their gold for war purposes. The handwriting on the wall will spell REPUDIATION!

"Why do not the bankers discourage loans for fighting?" I am asked. The English banks now do. The French do not. English banks now touch no international loans. French banks make that their business; they are both bankers and brokers, contracting to sell foreign bonds. Representatives of foreign governments come to Paris with full power, bringing bonds divided into small amounts. French banks act as distributing agents, stipulating that at least half the proceeds shall be spent on armament bought in France.

Bankers and finance houses have no personal views. Only money talks. Teetotalers lend to brewers, and security of whatever kind can get money. For the last ten years London has lent nothing to the governments of Germany, France, or Austria. Gold has passed freely from London into Canada but merely dribbled into the Continent. Throughout financial Europe there is a growing coldness toward war loans. War lending is a most dangerous game to play. French financiers lost heavily on account of the second Balkan war. It has become hard to pay debts in France. Gold is scarce and the interest rate rises. French and German banks hate wars, though they are tempted to snatch profits from them; but the risk is great.

Banks are not really international; they have no concerted methods. For this reason English banks cannot coöperate with those of France. "The man on the street" must be converted from the idea of war as a settlement of disputes. He is wiser, keener, more intelligent than the "golf-club man," and if you say something worth while he will listen and understand.

Dumas said:

France leads in peace propaganda. The problem seemed too easy from 1900 to 1905; then came a reaction which grew stronger with the Agadir affair. Every money lender, armament builder, and army officer claims to work for peace, peace by force of arms. The peace movement must not count on popularity. Only the man who is ready to be burned is fit to be canonized. Half-hearted friends are often more dangerous than enemies. But some of our French associates insist that other nations cannot understand the fear of German armies felt by France, Belgium, and Holland. In Paris we are only three hours from an enemy frontier. Paris must be made safe. It is not a question of economics but of honor and security. What can you say about "trusting" Germany to a Frenchman who lived through the siege of Paris?[1]

Warden

Warden, an intimate friend of Norman Angell, proved an effective member of the group. During the war he came for a time to the United States, and here published an admirable little book entitled "Common Sense Patriotism," an appeal from the follies of victory, indemnity, and annexation to a rational international view of world interests. He had previously made strenuous efforts through official friends in Switzerland to bring about some form of mediation, a hopeful line summarily cut short by the ill-starred diver campaign.

2

On my way back to Wesen I gave an afternoon to Basel, a city then much swollen by immigration from both Baden and Alsace. According to one of the citizens, the Alsatians came because they would not

[1] It is hardly necessary to add that later events more than justified Dumas' uneasiness, shared by a great many of his compatriots.

be Prussians, the Germans because they wanted to be Swiss. At Kleinbasel (on the Baden side of the Rhine) there is said to be a town clock from which, on the hour, a small wooden figure appears to make a face at its big Swiss rival and then retire.

Envious Kleinbasel

From Wesen I drove with Eric up the Linththal into Canton Glarus, where I showed him the huge snowy crest of the Titlis, crowning summit of the Glärner Alps. The next day we all visited the little independent principality of Liechtenstein, fifteen miles long and two or three wide, which stretches along the Rhine between the river and the sharp cliffs of the Rhäticon. This tiny state has long maintained its independence under the shadow of Austria, having been forgotten by the treaty makers in 1878.

The little land of Liechtenstein

Meanwhile I had accepted an invitation to a congress of the *Friedensfreunde* (Friends of Peace), set for the first week in October at Nuremberg. There I met several prominent Democrats (not Socialists), besides others interested in lasting peace, the purpose of the gathering being to humanize German relations with Britain, clasp hands with France across the bloody mountains of the Vosges, and in general express the peaceful disposition of southern and western Germany — an attitude sharply contrasting with that of the saber-rattling Pangermanist League. Leading spirits were Sieper and Schlumberger, of whose efforts in behalf of conciliation I have already written. The only other American present was George C. Butte, now professor of Law in the University of Texas, then a student at Heidelberg.

Worthy efforts

Among the young men attending were certain teachers of International Law, these being Dr. Robert Redslob, an Alsatian, professor in the University of

Rostock, Dr. Hermann Krause, formerly a student in Columbia and Harvard, then professor in the University of Leipzig and author of an elaborate treatise on the Monroe Doctrine, and Dr. Carl von Düngern, an aristocratic junker from the University of Czernowitz, interested in world peace like the rest of us. To his mind, however, Roumania was justified in her attack on Bulgaria, it being the general desire of Europe that Bulgaria should not dominate the Balkans.

John Mez

But to me the most interesting of all the young fellows was John Mez, a native of Freiburg, a doctor of philosophy in Economics from Heidelberg, who had spent much time in England, where his Swiss mother was educated. At the Congress of the Corda Fratres, or World Union of University Cosmopolitan Clubs, held at Cornell in 1912, he had been elected second president in succession to Dr. George W. Nasmyth, a brilliant and devoted advocate of peace, then a teacher of Physics at Cornell, later attached to the World Peace Foundation.

Mez was now serving as economic expert to the city of Munich, intending afterward to begin his professional career as *privat-dozent* at either Zürich or Munich. Zürich he rather preferred because of its free, unbureaucratic air. A thoroughgoing democrat, with no leanings toward Socialism, he held unpopular views without flinching, for his opinions were grounded on profound study. While not excelling in erudition some of the other young professors in the group, he possesses a better sense of proportion and a quality of long vision very unusual among educated men in any country. He is also an excellent linguist, speaking English, French, and Spanish besides his mother

tongue. In the pages which follow his name will frequently appear, as our association became increasingly intimate.

The law of nations

With Mez, Krause, Redslob, Düngern, and Butte, I one day spent a few hours in the Nuremberg Thiergarten discussing the future of international law, "the coming science." Lawless nationalism, we agreed, could not endure, and some form of orderly community of nations must take its place.

Mez was introduced to me by Fräulein Anna B. Eckstein of Coburg, an energetic and devoted young woman who had taught German in Boston. There she met and interested Mr. Ginn, who commissioned her to go on with her favorite scheme, the preparation of a monstrous petition bearing a million signatures in favor of international peace and arbitration. In that connection she gave many acceptable addresses in England, Germany, and France.

Nippold

The presiding officer at the congress was Dr. Otfried Nippold of Frankfort, who had just then published a remarkable pamphlet entitled *Der Deutsche Chauvinismus* (German Chauvinism). This was intended as an antidote to the fiction prevalent in Germany that all danger of war lay in the chauvinism of the Paris boulevards, that France was eager to fight, and that the Fatherland was patiently and steadfastly holding up the banner of peace. Naturally one had not to search long in the Paris press for expressions of *revanche*, but Nippold demonstrated conclusively — what few Germans realized — that their press was still more violent and that the subsidized journals nearest the throne, especially such papers as the *Deutsche Tageszeitung*, *Lokal Anzeiger*, *Morgenpost*, *Kreuzzeitung*, and other semi-official

organs were hot for war and with increasing prospect of having their way. Of course other countries had some chauvinists as violent as those of Germany, but nowhere else were they so numerous, so well organized, and, except perhaps in Russia, half so near the center of power.

Nippold's warnings

During the war Nippold became professor at Zürich, from which vantage ground he addressed plain-spoken appeals to his countrymen. Two of these, "*Das Erwachen des deutschen Volkes und die Rolle der Schweiz*"[1] and "*Parlons franchement d'Alsace-Lorraine*,"[2] were especially effective. In the first the author asks:

When the awakening comes, what will it show to the German people? How will the stern reality appear when the dream has come to an end? That is the bitter thought. Every dream has an end, every sleep its awakening. . . . Has not the German press done its utmost to keep alive the fires of hatred? I speak of course of the hatred directed against other nations,[3] innocent of all these things, not of hatred for the real enemy who dwells in Germany, in the very heart of the German people. . . . The real enemies of Germany are not the French and the English, but the men who have brought the soul of Germany to the condition in which it is today.

From Nippold's second essay, published in Paris June 29, 1918, I translate a few paragraphs:

. . . If Alsace-Lorraine had not been annexed in 1871, it is probable that the world would not be at war today. . . .

[1] "The Awakening of the German People and the Rôle of Switzerland."
[2] "Let Us Speak Frankly of Alsace-Lorraine."
[3] I am here reminded of a little story told me once by a German of the Rheinland. During a trip he made as a youth into France, he saw some French conscripts gathered in box cars bound for the drill-grounds. But to his amazement one fellow reached down and kissed his aged mother standing on the platform of the station. This evidence of filial love, he said, gave the lie to Prussian teaching, which was that all Frenchmen were beasts without family affection or human virtues of any kind.

Even if the Alsace-Lorrainers, through their language and their origin, were a hundred times more German than they really are, Germany has lost in the eyes of humanity, through the manner in which she has treated that people, all right to exact that Alsace-Lorraine should remain under German domination.

I do not pass this judgment with a light heart. I have often traveled through Alsace during the years that preceded the war; and I have been a witness to the spirit with which the Alsatians were governed.

. . . Ah! if German mentality were different! Then, within the German people itself, voices would be raised, saying: We have enough of this hatred of forty years! We wish to show the world that we seriously wish for peace! We wish not only to give up all ideas of new annexations (that is to say, new political mistakes) but also we wish to atone for our mistake of 1871. We wish, for the sake of a durable peace, not only to give back Belgium and the territories occupied during this war, but we also wish to give back Alsace-Lorraine.

. . . This would require a new man, a man endowed with a new courage, a man having not only some civic courage, but also entirely new ideas, foreign to Prussian tradition.

If such a man revealed himself he would soon have, I am convinced, a great portion of the German people on his side. For we are in the habit of listening to words that come from above.

The question of Alsace-Lorraine is the touchstone by which to judge of the sincerity of the German government; through it we will know whether we may hope for a change in the mentality of the German people. . . .

The German people can derive an immense reward from the abandonment of Alsace-Lorraine; that prize is the confidence of the civilized world! . . .

Lammasch

At Nuremberg I made the acquaintance of the distinguished jurist, Dr. Heinrich Lammasch of Vienna, professor of International Law and member of the Hague Tribunal, a man of exalted nobility of soul, to whom I shall later recur.[1]

[1] See Chapter LV, page 764.

Leading German pacifists

Other prominent speakers were Professor Walther Schücking of Marburg, one of the most independent thinkers in Germany, Professor Robert Peloty of Würzburg, Dr. A. von Harmer, an esteemed attorney at Mannheim who removed to Argentina at the outbreak of war, and the scholarly and courtly Edouard de Neufville, a leading citizen of Frankfort, member of a Huguenot family long since banished from France. Dr. Leo Denairo of the editorial staff of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* was also present, representing his journal, the ablest in Germany and, as I have also said, friendly toward peace.

I also met for the first time Fritz Röttcher, a pharmacist of Wiesbaden, an energetic and devoted young man whom I may fairly claim as a personal disciple. Later he became secretary of the Peace Society of Southern Germany, and at his request I promised shortly to return to deliver a certain number of lectures under the auspices of the *Friedensfreunde*.

Noble plea of a French orator

The event of the congress was D'Estournelles de Constant's address in the great city hall, the effort of his life — a most eloquent plea that Germany and France, laying aside military rivalry and ancient enmities, should make of Alsace-Lorraine a bridge connecting two great civilizations. The real interests of both nations were so closely interwoven, he said, that the persistence of war talk might endanger their very existence. The speech was given in French, a concise German translation being distributed through the audience. Nuremberg lying far from the center of Pangermanism, some 3000 people heard him with approval. Schücking's response was in a similar vein, and scarcely less eloquent.

Returning to Wesen, I occupied a compartment as

ARCO, 1677
From an old print

ARCO, 1913

far as Constance with Dr. Päschnicke, an intelligent and scholarly Berlin attorney, a member of the Reichstag and one of the leaders of the National Liberal party corresponding fairly to our own "Stalwart Republicans"; this group of the moderate "Right" supported especially the German Chancellor, usually chosen from their number, and through him the Emperor. Päschnicke said: *A German Liberal*

> All affairs in Germany are entrusted to professional diplomats. They are often very narrow-minded and without knowledge outside of a groove. All new things fall into an unchanging system or policy, the retention of which constitutes the essence of conservatism.

3

Shortly after my return from Nuremberg we started out on a delightful tour in warmer climes, during which my wife was to fix upon an agreeable stand for herself and companions while I should be absent on my prospective lecture tour in England and Germany.

Passing through Buchs on the Rhine on the eastern border of Switzerland, we observed great activity in matters of emigration to America, to Canada especially. The Canadian government, I was told, encouraged immigration from Austria-Hungary, and the Canadian Pacific Railway had brought over for advertising purposes a series of sleeping cars, which ran from Switzerland to Vienna and Trieste. The fares on these were lower and the accommodations incomparably better than in the local *wagons-lits*. The Austrian government did not approve of Canadian methods, however, and brought suit against the agents of the company for using undue means to tempt people away. How the matter terminated I do *Activity in emigration*

not know, but on the day in question Buchs was crowded with many peasants from Austria buying tickets across France and thence to Montreal.

After a couple of days about the lovable city of Innsbruck, we moved southward to Meran, well known to the traveling world as a health resort with fine climate and majestic surroundings. But *Arco* the village of Arco in the Italian Trentino above Riva at the head of Garda, the bluest of Italian lakes, seemed to Jessie more interesting than Meran, being less sophisticated and cosmopolitan. Situated in the bony valley of the Sarca, it is dominated by an uncommonly picturesque decayed castle crowning a sharp, rude pinnacle which in its day commanded the western Trentino — in all a noble outlook.

Having then made the necessary arrangements for a later stay, we proceeded to Verona[1] and Venice, old favorites, then to Trieste, where we embarked on the comfortable *Baron Bruck* for a trip down the *Lovely Dalmatia* Adriatic along the Dalmatian coast. This we found wonderfully lovely — a sort of Italian Norway with sunny, rocky outlying islands, deep fjords, and a backing of limestone crags.. Moreover, to all this beauty must be added the charm and interest of centuries of changing political domination from the luxurious Roman era down through the brilliant sway of Venice in her glory, — the whole enlivened and adorned by a riot of color in the medieval costumes of the peasantry.

Along the way we made short stops at fascinating Zara, at Sebénico picturesquely secluded on its landlocked harbor, and at Spálato, where in the huge old palace of Diocletian three thousand human beings

[1] "No city has a fairer site than hers upon the eager Adige." HOWELLS

spin out their busy lives. At Ragusa we tarried longer; yet not long enough in that red-roofed, rockbound city set against green hills studded with slim cypresses and facing the vivid Adriatic! *A blend of beauty*

To quote from a writer[1] who knows the land well:

> Ragusa is a dream city by the sea. Picture to yourself one of the walled Etruscan towns of northern Italy, only with more massive, sterner walls and towers, and set it down by the laughing waters of the blue Adriatic; add palms and flowering aloes of giant size growing wild wherever they can gain a foothold in the rocks right down to the edge of the sea, together with cacti and oleanders of every shade from purest white to deepest crimson; people it with figures more than half Oriental, with knives stuck in their belts, and cloaks rivalling in colour the crimson of the oleander blossoms, and you have Ragusa, the proud little republic of yore which never yielded even to the might of Venice in the zenith of her power, the half-Eastern, half-Western, yet unspoilt Ragusa of to-day!

During our stay we made a delightful trip by steamer to the very source of the neighboring river Ombla, a considerable stream which boils up out of a cave at the base of the mountain wall only four miles from the sea; this and the Rjeka (which feeds Lake Scutari) carry the bulk of the leakage of Montenegro perched high above. Another excursion took us to the still, forested, flowery island of Lacroma, which duplicates in miniature the poet-haunted "isles of Greece." On another day we drove down the rugged peninsula to the south, crossing into the fertile Val di Breno just below the Herzegovina frontier, where a small stream straggles out from a group of little deep, cold caves. In one of these a hog had been securely stabled, and his grunts from below caused us some surprise as we inspected his retreat. *Delightful excursions*

[1] Maude M. Holbach in "Dalmatia."

The olive and the olive fly

Finding a peasant engaged in picking ripe olives, I put a question to him in Italian, to be answered in good English. Like many of his fellows he had made his modest fortune in America, and returned to pass his later years among familiarly rugged scenes. Incidentally I learned why Europe preserves only green olives, never the ripe ones as in California. It seems that all about the Mediterranean the grubs of the olive fly, a pest akin to the Mediterranean fly so destructive in Hawaii and elsewhere, are found in the ripening fruit and thus discourage its table use — though they may add flavor to olive oil, for which those I examined were destined!

Cáttaro

The next day we took the boat for Cáttaro, tucked away at the head of a long, winding, singularly beautiful fjord, and backed by a huge mountain wall of bare limestone which culminates in the fortified peak of Mt. Lovcen, Montenegro's sole fortress, at that time apparently impregnable. But during the war it proved not to be beyond the range of great guns from the Austrian fort of San Giovanni flanking it on the south.

After a couple of hours in Cáttaro, the others started back for Ragusa while I with my Italian driver, Nicola, slowly ascended the great rampart over the well-built highway which rises in sixty zigzags to the Montenegrin border. Not far beyond in a sheltered angle cowers the frontier village of Njegus, with its modest Grand Hotel and an equally modest summer royal palace. In a neighboring cavern, I was told, Ivan Cernojevich, the Barbarossa of the land, lies sleeping, not to awake until the Turks are chased from Europe.

RAGUSA

Montenegro is a ragged plateau of limestone rock ringed about by gray mountains and marked by sinkholes wherever the roofs of old caves, the channels of underground streams, have given way. These depressions, by gradually filling with wash from the hills, hold most of the arable land of the western section of the tiny kingdom; yet some of the sunken gardens are little more than a rod across. The level tract on which Cettinje, the capital city, lies is of the same general nature, but covers a few square miles. The town consists of broad streets and scattered plain brown homes, with a few official buildings scarcely standing out above the general monotony. Life here is very primitive, though not without a certain austere nobility.

Tiny Cettinje

The Montenegrins are a very poor, very independent people — the men tall, straight, taciturn and proud; even those who live in stone huts of a single room possess unquestioned dignity. All the men carry knives and pistols in their belts. "You mustn't mind that," said Anton Reinwein of Cettinje, whom I had chosen as interpreter and guide; "it means no more than carrying a cane with *you*." These people are descended from Serbs who refused to yield to the Turks and so took refuge in their remote mountain fastnesses. Up to the recent war they had never been conquered, and only the unguarded northeastern or Serbian side made possible the occupation of the country by Austrian troops.

An independent race

In former times the mountaineers occasionally sallied down to Lake Scutari to storm a castellated Turkish fortress. One of these citadels, dismantled but still picturesque, stands on the mainland to the east of the village of Rjeka. Another, the scene of

forgotten deeds of valor, covers a cone-shaped rock midway in the lake.

I asked Anton what his people thought of America. Said he:

> The Montenegrins seldom think of America. It is too far away to come much into their minds. A few go over to America and stay from six to ten years, coming back with ten to fifteen thousand kroner. They are then regarded as rich men; they buy a home and live like "a God in France." "Rich as an American" is a frequent expression among us.

A world beyond

Beyond Cettinje the road climbs Rjeka Mountain, the bordering range on the south, and then descends in zigzags to the lake. From the summit I looked down over the water to Albania and to the eastward toward the Serbian sandjak of Novibazar. The thought then came that behind me lay the culture of western Europe — the literature familiar to most of us, the upbuilding of science, the treasures of art, the sanctions of religion, all the traditions, ways of thinking and ways of speaking which sprang from the breaking up of the Roman civilization with the rise of the Saxon and Goth. Behind, to the northwest, was the ruling world, dominant through intelligence, resourcefulness, persistence, and, unfortunately, skill at arms. To the south and the east dwelt millions on millions touched for the most part by our Western culture and institutions only as explorers, teachers, missionaries, and soldiers have carried the West to the East.

Moreover, as I reflected, the best we have to offer is international. Shakespeare, Goethe, Darwin, Dante, Molière, Cuvier, Schiller, Emerson, are cosmopolitan, "men of the universe" not confined to any narrow province, or state, or time. No statesmanship, no

patriotism worthy the name, stops at border fortresses. Sooner or later there must be a federated Europe if our race is to sway minds or even bodies in Asia and Africa.

Hard to resist

At Rjeka a country fair was going on, with many women selling Bulgarian sour milk and fried fish; the latter, little-known bleaks[1] and bleaklings, almost persuaded me to stop and make a collection. But hardening my heart, I delayed not in boarding a little steamer headed for the Albanian city of Scutari at the opposite end of the lake. This body of water, some forty by thirty miles and lying almost wholly within the jurisdiction of Montenegro, occupies a glacial basin walled in on three sides by high and barren mountains. In size, form, and surroundings it suggests our own beautiful Lake Tahoe, though being fed by fewer streams it runs low in summer, and because of that fact our steamer was obliged to halt five miles short of its real destination.

An idle demonstration

From Virpazar, the only intermediate stop, a short railway runs down to the little Montenegrin seaport of Antivari. In 1912, during the brief existence of the "Concert of Europe," the fleets of great nations "demonstrated" their own futility before this little village, far below and out of all reach of the capital city they meant to overawe.

It was late and very dark when the passengers were taken off noisily in ten or twelve Albanian row-boats. After much delay and scrutiny of passports at the Scutari wharf I was allowed to land, and soon found myself in a carriage with an Italian lady who had come on board at Virpazar accompanied by a young English diplomat. The latter being forced to remain

[1] *Alburnus alburnus.*

behind to secure the luggage, the lady and I now drove in the black night through a burned bazaar, the Mohammedan business quarter, followed by a clamorous group of Moslems, descendants apparently of the "Forty Thieves." Arrived at the dejected little "Hôtel de l'Europe," we found no rooms vacant; but a courteous English journalist offered to release one of his two rooms to the lady, while I could sleep on a bunk downstairs behind the washroom. The sad-eyed landlord consented; he meant well but seemed weighted with gloom.

Scant accommodations

Before retiring the Italian lady asked me if it would be safe for her and her companion to take a carriage next morning to drive about through the back country. I assured her that it would probably be safe enough, but that she would find no roads. I then remarked that but for her Italian name I should have thought her English. "I was English," she said, "until I married an Italian prince."

A pleasant rencounter

In London seven months later — that is, immediately after the declaration of war — Mr. H. Charles Woods, war expert of the *Evening News*, asked me to call on him, though to our knowledge we had never met. He wanted to explain that he was just back from Berlin, where, in the last week of July, German officers had assured him they were about to force a war. He then asked with some surprise: "Haven't I seen you before? Didn't you drive into Scutari one dark night with an Italian princess? And didn't you meet a young Englishman who gave up a room to the lady? Well, I'm the man." To complete the story, in 1918 I met Mr. Woods in San Francisco, where he gave several informing lectures on the Balkan problems, pleading especially

CÁTTARO AND THE MONTENEGRIN FRONTIER

"SOUVENIR OF MONTENEGRO," 1914

for a more lenient judgment of Bulgaria. The substance of these addresses will be found embodied in his judicial volume entitled "The Cradle of the War; the Near East and Pan-Germanism." In view of my own Bulgarian experiences in 1914, I found myself in full agreement with his views — a fact which added to our pleasure during the few hours he was able to spend at Stanford. *A friend of Bulgaria*

Early in the morning Reinwein started out to show me as much as possible of the Albanian people and their city. This was then under the command of a British officer and patrolled by British, French, and Italian troops who had established a degree of order subsequent to the expulsion of the Turks the previous year. Matters had now assumed a normal look in quarters not burned in connection with the Montenegrin assault on the neighboring fortress, which crowns a conical rocky hill. In storming its steep, forbidding walls, I was told, King Nicola lost 9000 out of his 57,000 men.

Each of the four main tribes of the north Albanians was represented among the laborers in the streets. In the country these groups — one of which is Catholic, the others Mohammedan — hate one another and are subject to sudden feuds, a feature of primitive life everywhere. In the city, under foreign rule or at work for Montenegrin employers, they get along fairly well together. A vigorous, proud, sensitive people much like the Montenegrins, they appear on the average less independent and more furtive. The various clans may be known apart by the color and form of headgear, which — like the Turks — they wear constantly, even on their tomb- *Some tribes of Albania*

Known by his fez

stones. The Mirditi, Catholic and most numerous, wear a high white fez; the Arnauti (Mati), a low white one; the Malissori, highlanders, a large red one with long tassel; and the Albaneser, a red one with short tassel. The Malissori seem the best dressed, but the Montenegrins despise them all impartially. Said Reinwein: "*Sie sind alle falsch, alle unrein, und alle unsauber*" (They are all false, all unclean, and all filthy).

Albanian ethics

It is generally agreed, however, that they are hospitable and in their own way honest, though nursing a code of ethics peculiar to themselves. But the men are expert with rifle and knife, and dangerous to all who fear them; they moreover labor unwillingly, leaving drudgery to the women. The old fellows are professional robbers, especially skillful in the matter of cattle-rustling; yet they can all be counted on as loyal, truthful, and trustworthy when honor is involved. Young Albania, somewhat in line with the times, wants schools, universities, and peace.

The vendetta

The Albanian vendetta, however repugnant to our ideas, rests — as in China, Corsica, and Kentucky — on a sort of logical basis. "Why," asks the Mirdite, "should the slayer of this man's son go free? We must kill him, or at least kill some of his friends."

After visiting several schools and churches, some of them interesting, Anton and I took the little steamer back to Virpazar and Rjeka. But leaving the former town, our captain forgot the Cettinje mail until we had gone some ten miles. He then turned leisurely about to get it. From the middle of the lake my guide pointed out the large addition of territory allowed Montenegro by the Treaty of London. This included the heights locally known as

"Prokletia" (Accursed Mountains). Absolutely barren, they look at a distance as though they had been skinned — in this regard resembling Mount Sinai, or the heights of southeastern Utah. The Powers had further agreed to dredge Boyana River, the outlet of the lake, lowering the level by several feet and thus yielding hundreds of acres of rich land to Montenegro. Presumably, however, the war prevented the carrying out of this provision. *Trust in princes*

At the Rjeka dock we were met by Nicola, who — referring to the siege of Scutari — ventured a sage remark: "*Far guerra, stupido*" (To make war is stupid).

Having again reached the diminutive Grand Hotel of Cettinje, I asked Nicola to come around with his carriage at 5.30 the following morning to get me down in time for the noon steamer from Cáttaro to Ragusa. A public auto-bus would make the trip in four hours, but its closed sides shut out the view, so that I preferred to retain a private conveyance. This was my partial undoing! Among the hotel guests were a Belgian physician and his family, likewise intending to leave next day. Thinking, however, that the bus might become crowded, the gentleman asked if I would be good enough to take his wife's maid in my carriage — a request easily granted, of course.

But the timid woman, desperately afraid of being forgotten, rose at 3 A.M. and promptly called me lest I might oversleep. Supposing the summons to be official, I at once dressed and went down to find her waiting and all ready to go, though Nicola would not appear for a couple of hours. Outside it was bitterly cold; nevertheless, all chance of sleep being

lost, I walked the broad and deserted streets until the appointed time. Even then the drive down to Cáttaro chilled me to the bone, but the backward sunrise view across Cettinje from the mountain pass above Njegus was enchanting, and there are few finer outlooks in the Mediterranean than that over the winding fjord of Cáttaro as disclosed from the boundary ridge, a spur of lofty Lovcen between Njegus and the sea.

Magnificent views

Along the road I found an abundance of a small snail, one of the *Pupidæ*, each hanging like a chrysalis on the rocks. These I carried back to Eric as treasure trove.

CHAPTER FORTY-FIVE

I

FROM Ragusa we sailed back to Trieste and Venice, and went by rail across the hills to Arco. Thence, on November 4, I left for Germany and England to give the prearranged lectures in various cities. Röttcher,[1] as already indicated, took charge of arrangements in Germany. Upon my return from England a month later, he had removed to Stuttgart, the center of the South German Peace Association. During the war he had a distressing time, as did all his fellows[2] opposed to imperialism; he was forced into the army but survived the ordeal, and has staunchly stood for democracy and personal freedom through the confusing period following the Armistice.

A brave disciple

My talks on "War and Manhood" I gave in what I prayerfully thought to be the German language.[3] The first was delivered before a fair audience in the town hall of Wiesbaden, a beautiful, fashionable city. My hearers were attentive even if singularly undemonstrative, and as the local papers gave accurate accounts of the meeting I assume that the people knew what I was talking about. I also believe that no foreigner had before ventured to criticize the "Kriegsystem" in German in an open gathering, Norman Angell's earlier addresses of the same tenor having been interpreted to university audiences.

At Wiesbaden

[1] See Chapter XLIV, page 522.

[2] See Chapter LV, page 767.

[3] A condensation of this discourse, prepared at the time for the Association, will be found in Appendix E of the present volume (page 799).

A true indictment

In the course of my discussion I laid special stress on the fact that the organized war-system had perverted and poisoned (“*verdreht und vergiftet*”) all teaching of history, patriotism, and even religion. From a German officer I quoted: “Another land may possess an army; the army possesses Germany.” [1]

When I had finished, a representative of the *Flottenverein* (Navy League) politely asked permission to speak briefly. Said he, in substance:

> If we were to take a thousand German conscripts and ask all who believed in universal military service to hold up his hand, every one would do so. If we should take a hundred veterans of the war with France and ask each to say whether the experience had made him a better man, then each would say “Yes.”

Unexpected reaction

To my surprise the audience, hitherto almost abnormally quiet, now lost its air of patient deference, breaking out into loud, unanimous “boos” which they kept up until the speaker left the stage for the street. The following evening, however, the Navy League brought on a great cinema of the German fleet, apparently as a counter-irritant. At subsequent meetings in other places I had no interruptions or heckling of any kind. Doubtless those who dissented stayed away, and to be allowed the use of a hall by the council of a German city guaranteed the program of a society from unseemly interference.

Weddegen

In Wiesbaden I was the guest of August Weddegen, a retired merchant from New York, a man of substance and considerable literary appreciation — something of a poet, in fact. Having returned with pleasant anticipation to his beloved native town, he found himself sadly disgusted with Prussian control and espe-

[1] “*Ein andres Land besitzt ein Heer; das Heer besitzt Deutschland.*”

cially with the three-class system of voting.[1] Accordingly, although a member of the second class he never voted, for decisions in all municipal affairs were predetermined by a small but affluent minority. In Neustadt, Silesia, one wealthy manufacturer alone composed the first class; the second contained two, one a partner of the first, and the third, plain citizens to the number of some twenty thousand. Wiesbaden not being a manufacturing town, the local discrepancy was there much less, but control by the first class was absolute and unshaken, and the voice of even a well-to-do democrat like Weddegen could never be heard. *Silent citizenship*

The Imperial Parliament or *Reichstag* was elected on the broader principle of "one man, one vote." But little was thereby gained, as the *Reichstag* was so tied up that it had no real power. In consequence, it was derisively spoken of as "the Hall of Echoes," or "the Imperial Debating Society." *Hall of Echoes*

My experiences in Frankfort were especially pleasant and instructive, and I lectured in the reception hall of the old Schwann Inn, the identical room where Bismarck in 1871 forced Thiers to sign the fatal Treaty of Frankfort which tore Alsace and Lorraine from France. The five o'clock address was followed by a dinner of Frankfort pacifists, presided over by Edouard de Neufville, whom I had met at *The historic Schwann*

[1] This system, to put it briefly, divides voters into three classes, each holding one third of the total wealth of the community and each choosing one third of the electors — *Wahlmänner* — who in turn select the civic officers and the members of the Prussian *Landtag*. The first class is, of course, composed of a few of the very rich, the second of a larger number of the wealthy, the third of the body of the people. A numerical composition of the three groups might be stated as ten, forty, one hundred thousand. Moreover, as the first and second class usually stand together, the people at large can never secure more than one third of the electors and are therefore represented only by sufferance.

De Neufville

Nuremberg.[1] After the war broke out, De Neufville signed the manifesto of the German evangelical clergy, who accepted for a time the official assertion of "the war forced upon us." A year later a mutual friend sent me a postcard bearing one sentence only: "De Neufville says to you, 'I am disgusted with the chicane and brutality of the German Government.'"

Forceful women

Of the several ladies present at the Schwann one seemed particularly interested in my mission. This was Frau Dr. Wirth, the wife (I suppose) of the new prime minister. Here also, if I remember correctly, I met an extremely prepossessing woman introduced as a granddaughter of Alexander von Humboldt.

Among other prominent guests of the evening was Dr. Otto zur Strassen, the physiologist of Leipzig, whom I had met at the International Congress of Zoölogy in Boston in 1907, when he seemed one of the most charming and "*gemütlich*" of German professors. He had now become director of the Senckenberg Museum in Frankfort and professor-elect in the new municipal university which was opened the following year. When the war broke out he first served as captain in the German army in Poland, but was later transferred to Belgium, where to the surprise of his American friends he proved to be an uncompromising apostle of "Social Darwinism," a scientific heresy which teaches it to be the ordained duty of strong nations to subjugate or extirpate small, weak, or peaceful peoples.

Social Darwinism in action

While in Frankfort I visited the old Rothschild mansion in the Jüdengasse, a picturesque, high-gabled edifice sumptuous in its day and overlooking like its neighbors a narrow yet well-kept street. It remains

[1] See Chapter XLIV, page 522.

as the "six gentlemen of Frankfort" left it, and the window seat in which the aged mother of these amazing financiers used to spend her days watching the people on the street is usually pointed out to visitors.

Schücking

My next engagement fell through, as Schücking's invitation to address his students at the University of Marburg had to be withdrawn on account of opposition by the officials, who feared militarist criticism. He then cordially suggested that I meet a group in his own home. But as my time was extremely limited it seemed best, all things considered, to hurry on to London. Schücking's open opposition to militarism had turned the junkers against him, and though they could not bring about his dismissal, it is known that they tried persistently to reduce his classes and thus cut down his fees.[1]

The marche-route press

Most of the newspapers in towns where I spoke reported me respectfully. But certain of the so-called "*marche-route*" journals, those which take their cue and line of march from official sources, described me in some such fashion as this:

> Dr. Jordan is a rector of one of the American universities. He is sent by Mr. Carnegie to lull Germany to sleep so that she will check her military and naval defense, while Carnegie, by means of his enormous wealth, is planning to induce the United States to become again a part of the British Empire.

2

Graham

My lectures in the British universities and before Peace Societies outside were under the general auspices of the National Peace Council. The special program was arranged by John William Graham,

[1] See Chapter XLIV, page 522, and Chapter LV, page 767.

principal of Dalton Hall of the University of Manchester, an active and influential member of the Society of Friends, an unflinching democrat, and author of "Evolution and Empire," a valuable book in criticism of British Imperialism. In planning my tour Graham had the happy inspiration of asking the professors of Zoölogy in certain of the institutions I was to visit to entertain me during my stay — a request which seemed to have been most graciously received. At Dundee, however, in view of a prior invitation, I was the guest of the parents of a former Stanford student, and at Cambridge, my first stop, of Benians, our fellow traveler in Japan.

Van Wyck Brooks

The round promising to be rather strenuous, I felt obliged, as usual, to have the assistance of a capable secretary and companion. I had therefore arranged with Mr. Van Wyck Brooks to act in that capacity during my English tour. This young Harvard graduate (who was for a time instructor in English at Stanford) had already won favorable notice as a rising man of letters. His recent brilliant volume, "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," I think one of the finest examples of literary criticism yet published in America. Unfortunately he found it necessary to make other engagements, and left me as soon as I could call Mez from Munich.

My initial address, given at Cambridge University in the Union, was followed by a brisk general discussion, and later by a private gathering of students at which I spoke on Eugenics. During my stay I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time Dr. Lawrence Oppenheim, the distinguished professor of International Law.

Oppenheim

Returning to London, where Mez joined me, I next

day spoke at the South Place Church under the direction of Robert Young. This address was the only one in Europe for which I received an honorarium.

Poulton

In Oxford we were guests of Professor Edward B. Poulton, an able naturalist whose important studies of butterflies and the phenomena of mimicry may fairly be called epoch-making. His son Roland, perhaps the best university athlete in England, at the same time a youth of refined quality, rare practical sense, and devotion to his fellows, was one of the most noteworthy of the 1320 Oxford men sacrificed in the first two years of the war. In an *Atlantic Monthly* article (1916) entitled "The Cost," by Alfred Ollivant, a worthy tribute was paid to him and to Rupert Brooke, the brilliant young poet who died at the Dardanelles. At Oxford I gave no lecture, merely met with the men of Jesus College, because the person supposed to have charge of the arrangements had neglected to post any notice or to provide a room. We next proceeded to Brighton and Lewes, in both of which I spoke on world peace. At Brighton we were guests of Edward Donne, a prominent Friend.

Afterward in the University of Birmingham, where we were entertained by Professor Frederick W. Gamble, my topic was "War and Manhood." At this meeting Sir Oliver Lodge, rector of the University, did me the honor to preside. In the course of the lecture I quoted Dr. Holmes' remark that "there are millions of noble souls who have waited through eternity for parents fit to be born of." Sir Oliver, in expressing the usual thanks, said that he accepted the statement not as a bit of poetry but as literally true, expressing his belief in the preëxistence of souls as well as in their survival after death; and he then

Sir Oliver Lodge

spoke eloquently and at some length, with the courage of conviction, not only as concerned immortality but also as to his confident belief in direct communication with those who have passed from this life. Seven years later I was privileged to preside at a lecture given by him in San Francisco, on which occasion he went into detail as regards his matured opinions about spirit communication. But this brilliant, finely delivered address, I am constrained to say, made upon me, as a scientific student, a painful impression.

Nice points of language

At Glasgow I gave two addresses in the University, and also spoke before a church congregation and special societies. Here, after the first talk, I was warned not to say "English" when I meant "British," as the Scotch are sensitive on that point. But in lecturing to a Catholic organization of young men, I casually used "British" to include the Irish. I was now advised that Great Britain and Ireland were not one and indivisible, and that neither "English" nor "British" was a term wide enough to include "John Bull's Other Island."

Graham Kerr

At Glasgow we were guests of my distinguished colleague, Dr. J. Graham Kerr, professor of Zoölogy and author of valuable studies in Vertebrate Morphology.

In the Glasgow Union I spoke against war—addressing a body of students who seemed in the aggregate to think it rather a noble sport; and though very friendly as a whole they introduced me to the Scotch university habit of expressing disapproval by dragging the feet across the floor. When the feeling is at all unanimous, this becomes somewhat impressive!

Dr. Kerr having asked me to talk to his students on the fishes of the South Seas, I interwove in my

scientific discussion an account of Samoa which contained some fresh views of Stevenson's life drawn from my own experience in the island made famous by Tusitala. Curiously enough, this was the most taking of all my talks in Scotland, parts of it being wholly unexpected and the memory of "R. L. S." sacredly cherished in this, his native district. *"Tusitala in Samoa"*

On Sunday I crossed the Clyde and spoke to a very large audience of workingmen mainly employed in the building of dreadnoughts but who nevertheless heard my message with close attention and marked approval.

The provost of Glasgow, Sir Daniel M. Stevenson, I found very interesting and broadminded. Much opposed to militarism, he had refused to allow the use of the city hall for a gathering intended to promote naval expansion. In his judgment the rising "patriotic" noise and efforts to bring about compulsory military service in rivalry with Germany played directly into the hands of the Berlin war group. And from a German capitalist of the town I heard the only joke on the Kaiser one could tell in Prussia without danger of prosecution for *lèse-majesté*, a misdemeanor for which several Prussian critics had been jailed: *Sir Daniel Stevenson*

It seems that Wilhelm once heard of a haunted house and determined to investigate it personally. Leaving his escort at a near-by tavern, therefore, he entered the deserted dwelling and, occupying himself with pen and paper, waited for the ghost. About midnight his followers entered to find him busy writing an opera — *"aber von Geist, keine Spur!"*[1]

[1] The German word *Geist*, spirit, has two meanings, one that of "ghost," the other of "inspiration" or "originality." Of *"Geist"* in either sense there was no trace!

Mez having now been called back to London for a few days, on Dr. Kerr's advice I took with me for the rest of my tour in Scotland a fine manly student, John Alan Black. At Edinburgh, my next stand, I addressed a large but rather tame mass meeting, said to have been badly arranged, and an extremely interesting special gathering of the university faculty and their wives in Sarolea's home. Our host, an active and versatile scholar, is editor of *Everyman*, a weekly literary journal.[1] Possessor of an immense library, he occupies two large houses absolutely infested with books.

A noted bookman

In the earnest discussion which followed my drawing-room talk I found some of my academic hearers prepossessed with the idea that any struggle in which Britain might engage would be necessarily righteous, and moreover invigorating as a national experience. Yet Dr. Patterson, dean of the theological school, who had politely but earnestly argued in defense of war as a means of physical and moral cleansing and strengthening, candidly admitted that much could be said on my side. Among other interested auditors were the rector, Sir Richard Lodge, brother of Sir Oliver, and James Young Simpson, the accomplished successor to Henry Drummond.

Donaldson of St. Andrews

At St. Andrews University, after my address, I had a pleasant interview with Dr. Donaldson, the aged president, whom I found in full sympathy with my message; and as a relief from lecturing, we also spent a couple of hours at low tide on the bleak, rocky coast, gathering shells for Eric.

During my engagement in Dundee we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Fergusson in their

[1] See Chapter XLIV, page 514.

stately manor house at Ethiebeaton, a few miles out in the country. Mrs. Fergusson is a sister of Grant Allen and of our good Stanford friend, Mrs. Rushton Fairclough. It was through the latter's influence that one of the three Fergusson boys, James Grant, a youth of remarkable ability and refinement, went to Stanford rather than to Oxford where his brothers were educated.[1] *With the Fergussons*

The morning after our arrival Mrs. Fergusson took us on a little tramp about the breezy, pine-clad highlands of Forfarshire, from which one looks down over green farms to the gray North Sea. Somebody has lately said with truth that "Scotland is indeed very much like Oregon, only they have had more time to fix it up."

At my Dundee address in the hall of the University, Dr. D'Arcy W. Thompson, my colleague on the Fur Seal Commission, occupied the chair, introducing me graciously with the same clever skill he had shown seventeen years before at our dinner in Sitka. Afterward we had a sociable talk together about old times.[2] *A welcome reunion*

In the Dundee *Advertiser* next morning appeared the subjoined letter signed "One of the Audience":

> It is not often that a lecture of such a charming "unusualness" — to coin a word for the emergency — is given in Dundee, and one could only wish that there had been a larger audience to share the quite obvious enjoyment of those who did hear it. Professor Jordan's humour is of a rare and uncommon quality — it is strangely illuminating, and plays in a fantastic flame round the thesis. He is fond of the *reductio ad absurdum* method of proof, one of the pleasantest and cutest ways of proving your theorem both for yourself and your auditors; as, for example, when attacking the theory that war breeds the national virtues

[1] See also Chapter LIV, pages 743–744.
[2] See Vol. I, Chapter XXII, pages 552 and 567.

of courage and magnanimity, he said (in effect, for the sake of brevity I condense the passage) — "If that be so, it would be desirable to have war every thirty years — once for every generation. It would be better to have it at home than in some other place. If it is good for the Philippines, it is good for Scotland. Why not have it in England? Divide England from north to south in half, and let the East fight the West, with the First Lord of the Admiralty as umpire." And so on — a skillful kind of badinage more effectually destructive of the enemy's position than argument.

Professor Jordan has all the bright serenity of outlook that distinguishes a happy old age.[1] He is completing his education, he told us, by studying the men and things of other countries; in his lecture he is trying to educate himself rather than his audience. And to such a bright serenity the pointless fury of the war system seems doubly irrational. Moreover the kindness, the humanness of the men of other countries has deepened his faith in the qualities that by and by will make war impossible. "I have seen," Professor Jordan said, "that the thoughts of men are much the same the world over. The people of Germany listened to me as kindly, as sympathetically, as the people in England and Scotland."[2]

We hear much of the warlike qualities of the Japanese people.

"The people of Japan," he continued, with an irresistible twinkle, "are about as anxious for another war as the people of San Francisco for another cheerful earthquake."

When he spoke of the awful cost of impersonal hatred among nations, one was reminded of the dramatic instance given of precisely the same feeling in a curious little Hardy poem, where a soldier who has shot another wonders dully why. Had he met the same man by the roadside he might have offered him a drink at a wayside inn, and entered into a pleasant human intercourse with him.

Before we left Dundee, Dr. James Malloch, professor of Education, whom I had already met at

[1] !

[2] This statement, I may say, was entirely true so far as my own audiences were concerned.

Stanford, took us with him to see a dark side of Scotch life, the local slums occupied by hemp workers. It was hard to believe that there could exist such sodden people in that land of initiative and diffused education! But in the wretched quarters of its cities gather, as in a hopper, the weak and incompetent rejected by the army as unfit, to be further depraved by drink. *Dundee slums*

At Aberdeen another hospitable home received us, this time that of my friend, Dr. J. Arthur Thomson, the most lucid popularizer of biological science. *Arthur Thomson*

Dr. Adam Smith, principal of the University and a leading exponent of Scotch philosophy, presided at the meeting, which was to me one of the most agreeable of my experiences during the whole tour. Aberdeen, located on the edge of the Highlands, is the farthest north of British universities; and the fine democratic tone of it — so much like that of a well-equipped institution of our own West — made me feel particularly at home. Moreover, Europe offers no better school for undergraduate work than that one to which, according to Ian Maclaren, "a well-trodden path leads from every cottage." For in the north, "Inverness way," the villagers are proudest of the boys who have gone to Aberdeen. *Beaten paths to education*

From there we now turned southward, my destination being Darlington in Yorkshire, while Black made his way back from Edinburgh to Glasgow. At Darlington the mayor presided at my address in the town hall, which I chiefly remember from the interest it awakened in Arthur E. Jennings, a promising young man with whom I have since kept up an occasional correspondence. The main values of a campaign like that of mine consist first in the education of the

speaker himself, next in now and then setting a gifted young man or woman to thinking along a new and fruitful line.

Manchester and its "Guardian"

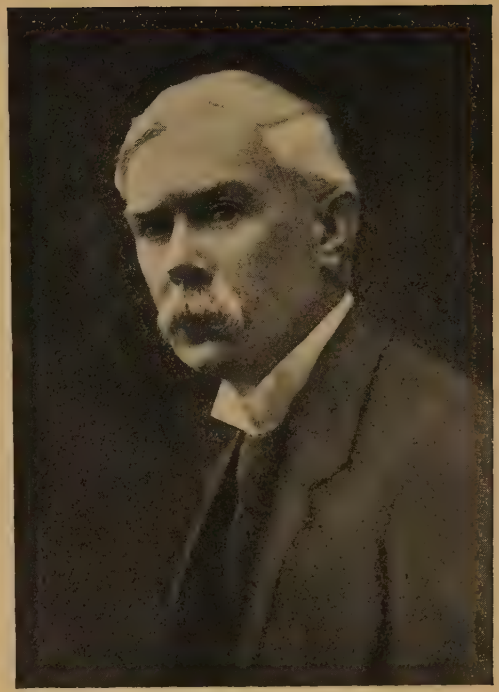
The north country in November is a continuous bank of fog, and you distinguish the cities along the road simply as deeper smudges in the mist. Such at least is my recollection of Sheffield, Chesterfield, Derby, and other towns lying between Darlington and Manchester. Manchester itself is very sturdy and big, although not so big as London, of which city it is nevertheless a bit scornful! Indeed, it prides itself on its intelligence, directness, and freedom from Toryism. The superior moral and intellectual fiber of this great Midland mart has long been represented by the Manchester *Guardian*, for half a century the most trustworthy and fair-minded daily newspaper in the world, while the editor, Charles Prestwich Scott, is perhaps the most highly esteemed of English journalists.

The Norman Angell Society

Mez now having rejoined me in Manchester, we were the guests of Professor Graham at Dalton Hall. There, also, the local "Norman Angell Society," the strongest of several university groups of that name, gave me a reception. On that occasion I met a young Canadian, A. W. Haycock, a resourceful advocate of peace. During the early part of the war he went to France as a Red Cross worker, from which service he was withdrawn and imprisoned for a time upon his refusal, as a conscientious objector, to fight in the ranks.

Of my three Manchester audiences, the largest (and one of the most appreciative of all I anywhere addressed) gathered on a Sunday afternoon for one

HARVEY ERNEST JORDAN



J. ARTHUR THOMSON

of the "Recreations of the Brotherhood of Ancoats." To this unique institution Charles Rowley, a dynamic little man extremely vigorous in spite of his eighty years or over, has devoted more than half his life, thus contributing enormously to the pleasure and instruction of his fellow townsmen. In the opera house of Ancoats, a suburban quarter, he presents each Sunday a lecture, a concert, or perhaps other entertainment, all handled with a spirit of helpfulness and a rich dash of humor, so that every entertainer in these "recreations" goes away with a large respect for the man's personality. And regularly since my visit he has sent me his printed programs, varied sheets adorned by clever cartoons. *Charles Rowley*

Sunday morning I spoke in the Friends' Church on international conciliation, a matter on which we all found ourselves in full agreement. For there is little final difference between idealistic pacifists like the Quakers who condemn war for its own sake as contrary to morals and religion, and inductive pacifists who, studying war's effects, condemn it as thoroughly bad from every point of view.

During my stay in Manchester I attended a dinner given to Georg Brandes, the distinguished literary scholar of Copenhagen. At its close he read an essay in English on Shakespeare, an excellent tribute but delivered with a less perfect accent than I should have expected. *Brandes*

In Liverpool we were first guests of Professor William A. Herdman of the chair of Zoölogy, and afterward of Professor Emmott of the chair of Law, formerly a professor at the Hopkins. I spoke twice at the University, once under the auspices of the Eugenics Association on heredity and selection, the *Liverpool*

second time — before a general audience — on the case against war. Shortly afterward to Liverpool as to her sister institutions the truth of my words was brought home, for a son of Professor Emmott lost his life,[1] and Herdman wrote that three of the most promising of his assistant professors had been killed in the great conflict.

Herringham and the University of London

From Liverpool I returned to London, where, under the auspices of Sir Wilmot P. Herringham, professor of Medicine and dean of the University, I gave two lectures bearing on its future — one a public talk on general university organization, the other, more detailed, before a private gathering of professors and officials of affiliated schools. So far as I was privileged to give advice, I urged unification of the scattered branches attached to the institution. These, being under separate organization and in different parts of the city, do not coöperate in any important way; to some degree, moreover, they appear as rivals. In a university, I argued, the whole should be vastly greater than the sum of all its parts, because each segment will be strengthened by a close relation to all the others. Furthermore, unity makes an enormous library possible and gives opportunity for members of different schools to carry on studies outside their individual specialties.[2]

Kate Stevens

By request also, I contributed to the London *Daily News and Leader* an article on the American university system. The city teachers, at the instance of Kate Stevens, principal of a girls' school, now invited me to address them on the same subject, and the next evening gave me a dinner at which I spoke on Stevenson in Samoa.

[1] The father also passed away not long afterward.

[2] See Chapter XXXIV, page 233.

3

My British tour ended, we went without stop to Mannheim, where I was due for my third lecture under Röttcher's direction. On the way through Belgium we occupied a compartment with an Englishman and his family, including a son from Oxford. The gentleman explained that he himself, his father, and his grandfather had all been educated at Oxford, and though they there got "the worst teaching anywhere in the world," he felt that his own son must continue the tradition.

In Mannheim we were the guests of Von Harmer, whom I had met at Nuremberg.[1] At Stuttgart—where we were entertained at a hotel by a devoted member of my audience — I found a distinctively democratic spirit. There the noted Parson O. Umfrid, aged and nearly blind,[2] presided at my meeting, in which he showed great interest, having been for fifty years an active worker for peace. A staunch Lutheran also, he was at that time torn by conflicting emotions because Dr. Westphal, till recently secretary of the Peace Society, had just joined Ostwald's "*Aus der Kirche*" movement and had therefore been asked to tender his resignation — to Umfrid a regrettable but necessary incident. Curiously enough, Röttcher, who was chosen to succeed Westphal, is a *Freidenker*, and never belonged to any church!

Parson Umfrid

In Munich, the University halls not being available for political discussion, Sieper and Mez engaged a large restaurant which they closed to the public for the evening's program, a dinner followed by addresses

Munich

[1] See Chapter XLIV, page 522.
[2] Since deceased. See Chapter LV, page 768.

Friends from home

with Professor Ludwig Quidde in the chair. Present in the audience were Professors Leo Wiener of Harvard, Adolph Barkan and Henry W. Stuart of Stanford, besides various members of the Corda Fratres of which Mez still remained world president. At the close of my talk Dr. Barkan spoke eloquently and appreciatively of my work at Stanford and my efforts for conciliation. Among the student group was Padmandha Pillay, a clever Hindu interested in my view of the downfall of nations through war. To his mind the collapse of the Mogul empire in the sixteenth century repeated in cause and effect the decline and fall of Rome. Another student was a Belgian who afterward fell at Namur.

Quidde and Caligula

Quidde, an idealist and opponent of autocracy, had had a varied career. Some twenty-five years earlier he published a life of Caligula, quoting largely from the utterances of that upstart emperor and from contemporary accounts of his activities. The close resemblance between the temperament and pronouncements of the young Kaiser and those of Caligula as presented by Quidde led to the latter's arrest on the charge of *lèse-majesté*. During the trial he was asked by the prosecutor whom he "had in mind in preparing his book." "Why, Caligula, of course," he retorted. "Whom do you think I meant?" Nevertheless, his courage cost him dearly in that it kept him from ever becoming full professor in the University of Munich, his chair being in an affiliated branch only. Having long labored in the cause of internationalism, during the war he came under the ban of the government, and (so I am informed) was confined to his house without mail, telegraph, or telephone privileges.

The glory that was Greece

Visiting the modern art gallery of Munich, I was interested in certain paintings of Greek cities as war left them in the Middle Ages,[1] stately ruins among fishermen's huts. These pictures brought vividly to my mind one phase of glorious war neglected by historians!

Further engagements in Germany were now postponed until the following summer, when it was expected that I should return to speak again in Munich, also in Leipzig, Dresden, and Kaiserslautern, as well as in Vienna. At Kaiserslautern (in the Bavarian Palatinate), Dr. Ludwig Wagner regularly maintained a Summer Institute with special courses in internationalism, and according to program I was to speak there in July, 1914, at the annual conference of the Friedensfreunde.

Approach of war

In May, however, Mez wrote that it would be useless for me to attempt any peace addresses in Germany because, during the months that had elapsed since my visit to Munich the previous December, a great change had come over the temper of the people, and already a prevalent feeling that war was imminent made cool discussion impossible; the Corda Fratres world congress had been only scantily attended, and the Friedensfreunde meeting would not take place. Yet my Vienna friends strongly urged me to come as soon as possible; but, as I shall later explain, circumstances precluded another visit to Austria.

Last year (1920) Wagner reopened his institute, and again asked me to give a course on international relations at Kaiserslautern — a request I shall probably never be able to accept.

[1] The series includes Ægina, Athens, Aulis, Chalcis, Copai, Corinth, Delos, Eleusis, Epidaurus, Marathon, Mycenæ, Naxos, Nemea, Olympia, Pharos, Pronaga, Salamis, Sicyon, Sparta, Thebes, and Tiryneti.

Schemes of Pangermany

During my stay in Germany I secured through friends considerable information about the more or less publicly disclosed plans of the "*Alldeutschtum Verband*" (Pangermanist Union), as well as something of those of the German General Staff with which the Union (through utterances of retired officers like Generals von Bernhardi and von Keim, and Admiral Breusing) was closely connected. These plans demanded war with France, for which they would invent some excuse in Alsace-Lorraine after the harvests of 1914. The affair at Zabern pointed in that direction, and the arrest for treason of Jean Jacques Walz, "Oncle Hansi," because of his clever and exasperating "Mon Village."[1]

Military necessities

Already certain Pangermanists noisily advocated taking possession of both Belgium and Holland, the former — notwithstanding her "paper bulwark"[2] — because the port of Antwerp, "a dagger pointed at the heart of England" as Napoleon put it, would be vital in any attack on Britain. But to secure Antwerp it would be necessary to coerce Holland also, as the Meuse flows from Antwerp past Rotterdam and Flushing — both in Dutch territory — before reaching the sea. From France the two departments of Nord and Pas-de-Calais would be demanded, control of Boulogne Harbor being vital to naval plans. There they intended to create a great seaport, protecting the ample bay by a breakwater and occupying it with the German fleet before Britain could enter the war — if indeed she should resolve to do so at all.

[1] See Chapter XLIII, pages 506–508.

[2] A phrase already used by Bernhardi, foreshadowing Bethmann-Hollweg's "scrap of paper."

A too favored land

France, they contended, had four harbors better than Boulogne, namely Havre, Cherbourg, Toulon, and Marseilles, besides two others, Bordeaux and Brest, better than any possible to Germany on the North Sea. And notwithstanding its great potentialities, France had made little use of Boulogne where ocean liners merely touched, discharging both freight and passengers by lighters, while two small steamers only plied daily to and from Folkestone. German enterprise, on the other hand, would transform it into a vast world port.

France as a vassal of Prussia

Moreover, after the speedy victory sure to result from an attack on France, the Fatherland could exact an indemnity large enough to give German business and industry a lasting stimulus. Thirty thousand millions of francs was the figure frequently mentioned; this generous sum France could and would of course pay rather than have her capital burned. Germany might then afford to be magnanimous and take France under her imperial wing even as she had taken the "vassal state" of Austria, meanwhile relieving her new dependent of all necessity for defense against its hereditary enemy across the Channel. Needing no army or navy, France would thus be able to devote herself wholeheartedly to manufacture, commerce, and (especially) to continued loans for German enterprise. Her resentment and injured pride would therefore soon pass, and her quick-witted but "degenerate" people would realize the advantages accruing through the German system of perfect order and individual and industrial regimentation. For just as the French never have been able to see why any one should fail to love them, the Germans could never understand why other nations or nationalities

should shun or resent their perfectly adjusted, even "divinely ordained" system of enforced *Kultur* and discipline.

[The material in foregoing paragraphs is derived from personal statements by German "friends of peace," and for the most part cannot be documented. From the same sources I have information regarding Russian general mobilization decreed on July 30, 1914, and the circumstances which led up to it.[1] On that day the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger*, a militarist journal reputed to be directed by the Crown Prince, published the statement that mobilization had just been ordered in Germany, and posted placards in various cities to that effect. The edition was soon suppressed by the government *but not until numerous copies had been distributed and the news telegraphed to Russia, where it created great excitement and led to an order of mobilization there. When (and not before) this supposedly desired result had been obtained*, a telegram of contradiction was sent to St. Petersburg. It is also reported that the official denial, dated at 1 P.M., was purposely delayed for hours in the Berlin office.]

[1] This is, of course, to anticipate events by almost a year.

CHAPTER FORTY-SIX

I

UPON my return to Arco, we again started out

For to admire and for to see,

our chief objective being the French Riviera — our ultimate destination, Cannes. That city, we had been assured, would prove a comfortable abiding place for my family during the months I must soon spend apart from them on a trip to Australia, and later to the Balkans. Meanwhile we planned to make the most of the intervening period.

Genoa and the Sunset Shore

Traveling through Italy by easy stages, we stopped at Milan with which my wife and I were both familiar, then at "Genoa the Superb," nobly situated and still redolent of ancient pomp. To me this also was familiar ground, as thirty years before, while Vinciguerra managed the Museo Civico, I collected fishes along the shore. The Ligurian littoral, La Riviera di Ponente, now lay temptingly before us. Time being limited, however, we contented ourselves for the moment with whatever beauty could be snatched through a train window and went straight to Beaulieu, a pleasant resort in the neighborhood of Nice.

La Grande Corniche

From there we drove over the "Route de la Grande Corniche," which, leading high above the sea, gives extensive views of a theatrically beautiful stretch of land and water culminating in Monte Carlo, Monaco, and Cap Martin, where the resources of wealth have supplemented the opulent hand of Nature to ravishing effect.

Éze and La Turbie

Two crabbed old villages lie along the Route, Éze (an ancient Saracen fortress) which seems to have grown out of the solid granite, and La Turbie with its noble Trophy commemorating the victory of Augustus over the Ligurians six years before the Christian Era. As I recall these things, J. F. Clarke's fine lines in a long-ago *Atlantic Monthly* come back to me now, as often of old:

> Where black warships ride at anchor
> in the bay of Villafranca,
> Eagle-like, gray Esa clinging,
> from her rocky perch looks down;
> While above the mountain dim,
> ruined, shattered, stern and grim,
> Turbia sees us, through the ages,
> with her austere Roman frown.

Monte Carlo, Monaco

The weird and almost unreal beauty of Monte Carlo has rarely received full justice, for reasons familiar to every traveler whether gambler or student of psychology, though by none can it be denied.[1] The idyllic little city of Monaco, perched far below on a jutting rock promontory, had a special interest for me from its exquisite museum filled with treasures of the deep sea gathered in Prince Albert's various expeditions.

Hyères

From Beaulieu we went directly to Hyères-les-Palmiers, a well-situated breezy little city, where we found Dr. Warden[2] and his family on a holiday

[1] On page 215, of Chapter IX, Volume I, I ventured to compare the region south of Point Lobos near Carmel, California, to the French Riviera. Some months after those words were written certain scenes from a now notorious moving-picture play located at Monte Carlo were actually filmed on the southernmost tongue of Lobos, where, after the erection of "false fronts" of lath and plaster, the *vraisemblance* was remarkably close.

[2] See Chapter XLIV, page 516.

vacation. This now unfashionable resort, sheltered from the dreaded *mistral*, offers in its restful charm a striking antithesis to the feverish lure of Monte Carlo. In the parlor of the hotel, by request, I spoke on international peace before a varied audience of winter visitors, mainly English — including several army officers. As a whole my hearers were friendly and appreciative, although a few seemed to think a general war desirable in order to "clear the air."

Hyères being the most southerly "*Station Hivernale*" of the Riviera, at the close of our sojourn there we turned back to Cannes, though not without several stops on the way. First, Cavalaire detained us with its fine curving beach and quiet beauty; next, Sainte Maxime, an ancient town, about which still ply as of old the white-winged, lateen-rigged craft; then, Fréjus, *Fréjus* once a great Roman residential center and thus "a veritable open-air museum" of antiquarian remains; finally, Agay in the edge of the red, pine-clad heights of the Esterel, which thrusts its ruddy arm — Cap Roux — into an incredibly blue sea.

At Agay we spent a shivery night "centrally heated" by a single pipe; but next day we basked in miles of sunshine on the beautiful "Corniche d'Or" cut into the glowing rock, a very pleasurable excursion troubled only by the knowledge of impending separation. *The golden cornice of the Esterel*

In Cannes I established my family at the Villa Sainte Rose, a comfortable house on the hill above the city, occupied by Théophile Galland, a retired clergyman, and Madame, his good wife. Then, having traveled to Genoa, on January 22 I boarded the *Kleist*, Norddeutscher Lloyd, bound for Java and inter- *Cannes*

On the "Kleist" to Colombo

mediate ports, it being arranged that I should leave her at Colombo, Ceylon, and ten days later take a sister ship, the *Friedrich der Grosse* of the Sydney run. The extreme care for the comfort of patrons shown at that time by officials of these German steamers explained their popularity with people traveling to the Indies and Australia. But in 1897, when I first went to Europe on the *Oder* of the same line, the petty officers seemed to have had their training in Prussian barracks.

On the *Kleist* were several interesting people, among them Consul Anton Mohr of Bergen with his wife and son, frank and charming Norwegian folks. An-

Koerner

other companionable man was Herman T. Koerner of Buffalo, then on the way round the world with his wife. Koerner is the son of an intimate associate of Carl Schurz. Possessed of literary and musical taste, he later set a half dozen of my lyric verses to graceful music. Germany was represented by varying types. One Prussian impressed us with the fact of his being a privy councillor, "*Geheimrat*," but other Germans persisted in calling him "*Gemeinrat*," "vulgar" councillor! The *Geheimrat* was something of a musician, though Mohr and Koerner held his attainments in scorn, and Mohr told a story of once playing an *étude* by his friend Grieg in the composer's presence. Said Grieg: "*Besser falsch als halbfalsch*" (Better false than half false).

Naples

Arrived at Naples, some of us went over to Pompeii, which I had not seen since 1881. I also naturally visited the Marine Station, where I hoped to meet our Dr. Walter K. Fisher, then going around the world but expecting to study for a time at the Naples station. At the office they said Dr. Fisher — as I

understood — was even then carrying on work in the Aquarium. I was accordingly shown to his room, where I waited for an hour without a sign of my friend, the only other person present being a young man busily engaged at a table. Looking up finally he asked me my business, and when I had explained said that he was Dr. "Fischer."

Sailing along the Italian coast we had fine views of Vesuvius, the steep cone of Stromboli, and the mighty mass of Etna. Messina was visibly rising from the wreck of the great earthquake. Over the swift tide-rip whirlpool in the Straits so much feared by the little craft of the ancients — the "Scylla" which they escaped only to be dashed on the rocks of "Charybdis" — the *Kleist* sailed without a tremor. Along the shores of the Peloponnesus the weather was still clear, the white-crested "Taygetos" of "five-fingered" Sparta looming impressively, as did also the loftier peaks of Ida and Pneumo on the island of Crete.

Scylla and Charybdis

At Port Said, a sinful cosmopolitan town, I engaged an Arab gentleman bearing the classical but perhaps assumed name of Hassan Ali to aid me in exploring the region and collecting fishes. Of these we found a fair number, on which "Jordan and Hubbs" reported in due time. Ali said that his wife, whom he married two years before at the age of eighteen, had not been out of the house, thus avoiding all appearance of evil.

Port Said

We now passed on through the Red Sea, hot and sultry even in January but enlivened by cloud effects unsurpassed anywhere else on the globe. Near its head stands the sacred mountain of Sinai, high, slicken, and desolate to such an extent that the miracle of the burning bush rested apparently on the fact that Moses found a bush to burn! Farther on we sighted

The Red Sea

Djidda the ancient city of Djidda, its very name calling up memories of Arabian Nights, "Said the Fisherman," tortuous guile, and sore-footed pilgrims Mecca-bound. Furthermore, it was at Djidda in 1770, in the beginnings of our knowledge of marine life, that Per Forskål of Upsala, the able disciple of Linnæus, studied fishes.

Aden Coming out from the Red Sea into the open gulf, we soon reached Aden, a British naval station walled in by barren brown hills. Here there was no time to land, and hence no fishes so far as I was concerned. Farther on we passed the bold headland of Cape Guardafui and its island of Socotra, with the high *Somaliland* *mesa* of Somaliland at the back. In this dreary blood-stained plateau the Mad Mullah used to break out at intervals against two just as mad imperialisms, lured on by the *ignis fatuus* of Africa, "the mirage of the map."[1] The next shore to appear is the low, flat archipelago of the Laccadives, seemingly well fitted for fishing but to me as inaccessible as the mountains of the moon.

The first part of my ten days' wait for the *Friedrich der Grosse* I spent at Colombo, collecting and *Kandy* looking about. I then proceeded to Kandy, a delightful town of the highlands, where monkeys swarm in the forests and elephants lie every day flat in the sand of the shallow river, demanding only a banana in return for their condescension. There I found Fisher, who had already caught a number of species from the Mahaweli River, which flows through Kandy to the East. One of them, a big dace new to science, Starks and I afterward named *Labeo fisheri*. At Kandy

[1] A phrase first used by Norman Angell.

I was especially interested in the local Botanic Garden, with its giant bamboos and unfamiliar tropical trees.

Collecting sea snails

Back at Colombo I went on gathering fishes and, with Eric in mind, sea shells also. In this latter quest a curious little incident occurred. At Mount Lavinia, eight miles to the south, I found a small outcrop of black lava abutting on the sea and holding numerous well-stocked tide pools. Discovering the labor of collecting limpets and sea snails under the vertical sun to be exceedingly hot work, I retired to a near-by garden with a covered seat and an automatic fan, assigning the task to a couple of Zingalese. Two hours later they returned with a tray full of snail meat ready for cooking, having taken out the animals and thrown the shells away; but being sent back, they recovered enough for Eric's purposes.

At the Hotel Galle Face I saw some interesting juggling by a Hindu fakir who carried in a bag two big, ultra-venomous serpents, *Cobra de Capello*, which when angered uprear with greatly widened and flattened head, the black spots on the broadened nape being so arranged as to look like a repulsive human face. These creatures he deposited on the ground in front of the veranda, crowded with guests. At the sound of a flute both rose up and did their frightful best to scare the onlookers. Meanwhile, from within his ample cloak he took a large, shiny mango seed, buried it in a handful of red dust of the street, and covered it with the mantle. He now blew on his flute to wake up the snakes, made some passes in the air, and removed the cloak, revealing a little mango sprout six inches high with the seed attached. Covered then for a few minutes while the same performance was gone through, it had grown to a foot and a half. A third

A marvel of plant growth

time, and it was three feet high. As evidence of its genuineness, the juggler handed me a leaf; this showed a large healed scar of the bite of some caterpillar, a remarkable case of quick recovery from insect injury!

A marvel of credulity

I assume that the cobra's fangs had been drawn, and that three mango plants of different sizes were concealed under the cloak. Or if you like you may adopt some other theory. I am told by people who have talked with "a man who has been there" that the whole thing is illusion, the spectators being all hypnotized, and that a camera shows no plant at all. As another "man who has been there" I may observe that mango leaves do not hypnotize easily. I am furthermore reminded of the feeling of a puzzled negro I once overheard remarking: "This explaining am no explainment."

Not to be shaken off

Upon the arrival of my ship I went back to the market and bought a small, long-tailed Sumatra monkey, a *Cercopithecus*, but far inferior in intelligence to my original "Bob" from Borneo.[1] He also proved unsocial and on the whole the least interesting of the Simians of my acquaintance. Accordingly, at Fremantle, the port of Perth, I tried to give him to the University, but he was not allowed to land, Australian law being very stringent in the interest of sanitation. After leaving Fremantle I vainly presented him to a Sydney lady whose husband had lost his "favorite monkey pet." Finally, I was able to put him off on another passenger, my good friend, Dr. S. J. Johnston, successor to Haswell at Sydney University, who was permitted to register him as a gift to the city Zoo.

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XXI, page 514.

From Fremantle I visited Perth, where a new municipal university was struggling into existence. For the citizens of that forceful but unsophisticated frontier town had little conception of the cost of such an institution, its necessary buildings and equipment, or the way in which it should be managed. Thus the faculty, brought from Britain, had difficulty not only in "making both ends meet" but in achieving any ends at all. The young professor of Zoölogy, W. G. Lakin, had his troubles with the rest, but found opportunity to do an excellent piece of original work, the exploration of the coral islands to the northwest known as "Houtman's Abrolhos." *University of Perth*

At Adelaide I greeted old friends and met also a full-blooded Australian "Black," David Unaipon, a successful mechanical engineer engaged in an effort to solve "the problem of obtaining the maximum use of gravitation as a motive power." His race is commonly regarded as the most primitive among existing peoples. Apparently, however, the Blacks are of Aryan stock, their nearest relatives being found among the tribes of India; and while most of them are still barbarous, some are evidently susceptible to modern training. *Australian Blacks*

2

My business was to confer with Welton Stanford at Melbourne in behalf of the University, of which he had been for ten years a trustee, in order to confirm him in the intention expressed to me in 1907 of leaving his estate to the institution. In this mission, which may have been unnecessary, I was successful, for (as previously stated) he bequeathed the whole, a few minor legacies excepted, for research and instruction *Revisiting Welton Stanford*

in Psychology and related branches, the sum in question being about one million dollars.[1]

In the Australian Alps

With Mr. Stanford and his two cronies, Ross and Crook, I went to Warburton on the Yarra Yarra River in the foothills of the "Australian Alps." Here were stately forests of eucalyptus and many noble tree ferns, but the ravages of fire had sadly mutilated the forest beauty. Moreover, the weather was hot and dry, and multitudes of gnats made the most of their opportunity; yet as always the great Australian bush had a charm of its own. Afterward I found time to go with Crook to the shore at Point Barring south of Melbourne, where I picked up some fossil sea urchins and shells for Eric.

Melbourne friends

In Melbourne I again met my colleague in Zoölogy, Dr. Baldwin Spencer, one of the ablest and most progressive citizens of the Commonwealth. I also made the acquaintance of Mrs. Kenyon and her daughter, Miss Barbara, conchologists, who gave me a number of rare species of shells for the boy. With George H. Knibbs, government statistician, I had several interesting and informing talks, followed since then by correspondence on world affairs. I further renewed relations with the Peace Society, represented especially by E. E. Dillon, J. B. Howie, Charles Strong, and Rose Scott.

Absent colleagues

My closest Australian friend, Dr. David, the geologist of Sydney,[2] I did not see, as he had not yet returned from a visit to England. But when I sailed from Adelaide he was on an incoming steamer, the *Otranto*, and we exchanged wireless greetings. David had been a member of Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition to the South Pole, rich in geological and

[1] See Chapter XXXIV, page 219. [2] See Chapter XXXIII, pages 199 and 207.

geographical observations. My scientific colleagues, McCulloch of the Australian Museum at Sydney, Waite of the South Australian Museum at Adelaide, and Ogilby of the Queensland Museum at Brisbane, I also missed; but I was glad to find Stead of the Fisheries Bureau and to compare notes on the world outlook for peace as well as on Ichthyology.[1]

As in 1907, I gave a number of lectures in Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide, this time under the auspices of the Peace Society. But I declined to speak against conscription because it would be unseemly for a visitor in the country to oppose its actual laws. I did, however, deny the idea, rampantly current, that the tropical north, largely unpeopled, was in imminent danger of seizure by Japan. This I regarded as preposterous and freely gave my reasons for thinking so. There are in Japan, as in other civilized countries, elements sufficiently predatory to seize anything accessible, but the ruling statesmen are both cautious and rational.[2] Moreover, the Japanese are not natural colonizers and have no liking for the tropics.

Baseless fear

At the same time General Ian Hamilton, a brilliant, likable British officer, was making a tour through Australia to arouse military spirit among a people most of whom had never known war. As it happened that he and I both spoke one evening in Melbourne on the alleged peril to Australia, from a report in the *Sun* for March 11, 1914, I make a few extracts:

A heroic figure

> Not a stone's throw separated Melbourne's most distinguished guests when they delivered themselves of their strikingly dissimilar views upon Australian security. . . .

[1] See Chapter XXXIII, page 212. [2] *Ibid.*, pages 213–214.

The famous American professor's address was almost overshadowed by the pompous red and gold military gathering at which General Hamilton spoke. Any one looking for melodramatic effect could have found it in the contrast between the blood-red assemblage of swarthy men at the Hamilton dinner and the quiet, pale assembly at which Jordan discoursed on peace. . . . Yet, although Hamilton and Jordan differ in their treatment and even more in their method, they reach the same conclusion . . . that war in the Pacific can be at least indefinitely postponed. . . .

Those who have seen Hamilton in Australia have been impressed by his fine presence, his eloquence, and his physical fitness. The first impression is one of resplendent manliness. But the second and lasting impression is that this is the type of military man who must essentially be subjugated to civil authority. He is all for the army; he likes ceremonial parades, is exacting on points of etiquette, is magnificent in colored dress, and frankly cultivates the military spirit. It would not be fair to say that he advocates conquest. The fair thing to say on that point is that he conveys the idea that the red corpuscle demands aggression, but he does not put this idea in words. . . . Hamilton is the type of fighting man who makes wars. Cold showers and calm thought are required in the morning after a Hamilton dinner. . . .

[Australians] may hope that their citizen army will not necessitate a military caste or militarism in any of its objectionable forms. They turn from Hamilton with the lesson of efficiency learned, and with the great wish that the legislators may keep cool heads and nip all undemocratic tendencies, however alluring, in the bud.

Melbourne has had the antidote in Jordan. It has been a wholesome antidote, though Hamilton has beaten him badly in publicity and the famous American has been found only by those who sought him. Jordan is not a peace-at-any-price-man; he admits, for instance, that circumstances might arise in which Australia would be embroiled with a northern power in the Pacific. . . . In such a case, he told me today, the United States would stand in with the British Empire. There would be no hesitation; America's navy would range alongside that of Australia. . . .

In Jordan's opinion, the great nations spend too much money on military preparations, and the military and naval interests have too much power. "Every dreadnought that is built means more women to take in washing," is one of his interesting paradoxical phrases.

The common man associates three things with Hamilton and Jordan. The first is that not many months ago Great Britain and France were within one day of warring with Germany. That is proved. The second is that racial hatreds and racial greed exist. The third is that unrestricted militarism and a parasitical military caste are nearly as obnoxious as war.

Being asked by Mr. Howie to give to a Melbourne magazine my views on the future of the tropical part of the great island, I prepared an article setting forth in detail the grounds for my opinion that the problem of White Australia was one for the highest statesmanship, not to be served by the temporary and costly devices of militarism.

The Andersons of Sydney

At the end of a month's stay I started back for Europe, again on the *Friedrich der Grosse*. Mr. and Mrs. Robert McK. Anderson of Sydney were now fellow-passengers, a circumstance which led to several pleasant meetings afterward in England and California. But excepting the Andersons there were few people of special interest on board. A member of the rich Sassoon family, the Earl of Rocksavage, occupied the captain's quarters on the upper deck and was not once seen of common men. There was also a very self-centered hyphenated gentleman busily engaged in drinking himself to death, at the same time claiming a far older lineage than Rocksavage. As usual there was staged the inevitable tug-of-war, this time pitting the British group against the Germans, the American athlete on board being accepted as one of the British.

National characteristics

These went in at first without forethought, taking things as they came, according to their habit; their opponents prepared themselves very carefully as to shoes and especially as to the position of each man in the line and so won the first round easily. The British then took pains to make themselves ready and as easily won in the end. Anderson thought this incident might be internationally prophetic.

Perhaps it was!

A waterspout

One night on the Indian Ocean, about midway between Ceylon and Aden, we ran into a waterspout accompanied by a violent wind blowing one way in the fore part of the ship and in the opposite direction aft, meanwhile deluging the decks with water. This event I recorded in the following lines of doggerel:

> Three times round went our gallant, gallant ship,
> Three times round went she;
> If it hadn't up and stopped,
> We would all have up and dropped
> From the top to the bottom of the sea.

At Suez the passengers all deserted the boat in order to spend two days at Cairo and rejoin it at Port Said. Of this very interesting détour into a much-traveled region I need say but little. But I well remember the unfriendly gaze of a big camel on the banks of the Nile, who thought that I was proposing to ride him! I recollect, too, the unctuous glibness of a dignified Egyptian who thoughtfully guided my burro past the Pyramids and bade me pause before the Sphinx while we had our pictures taken — the Sphinx, the burro, himself, and myself. Concerning the historic city of Cairo, replete with interest, nothing new remains to be said. The fertile Delta, now

At the Pyramids

well drained and irrigated, is a source of wealth to many, chiefly however not its own people.

From Port Said I could have easily gone on to Jaffa and Jerusalem, which I should have done but for being thoroughly homesick for a sight of wife and boy. In view of all that followed, however, I regret never to have seen the Holy City, nor stood on the banks of the Jordan. In that regard, at least, my far-off progenitor, Sir William de Deandon, still holds the advantage.[1] *Nostalgia*

Landing at Genoa, I hastened to Cannes for a short visit with my family before leaving for the Near East. During that time we spent an interesting day at the island of Sainte Marguérite, where General Bazaine was confined after his defeat and alleged treachery at Metz, and from which he escaped by leaping over the confining wall into a waiting boat while his guards, apparently under orders, looked pensively in the opposite direction. The castle is perhaps better known, however, for having long held within its walls the mysterious "Man in the Iron Mask."

[1] See Chapter XLII, page 488.

CHAPTER FORTY-SEVEN

I

Holman

FROM Cairo I had cabled to Émile F. Holman, my former secretary at Stanford University, meanwhile appointed to a Rhodes Scholarship, asking him to come to Europe at once and act as my personal assistant until he should be due at Oxford; from Cannes I telegraphed inviting Mez to join us in a trip through the Balkans. Having met at Venice, on our way eastward we spent a day at Zagreb (Agram),

In Croatia

the capital of Croatia. This country bears a remarkable physical resemblance to the less mountainous parts of Kentucky, both forests and products showing a striking parallelism. Politically Zagreb seemed extremely quiet, and it was not easy to find any one who would speak of public questions. Apparently the recent iniquitous "Friedjung trial," in which forged letters had been used by the Hungarian government in the prosecution of leading citizens for alleged treason, tended to inculcate caution. But perhaps suspicion was aroused against us as, following Baedeker, I asked to be driven to the "Hotel Kaiser von Oesterreich," until quietly informed that the hostelry no longer existed.

From Zagreb we went across to Zemlin in Hungary, a day's trip. The train guard took a great interest in Holman's typewriter, an instrument he had never seen before and of which he was somewhat suspicious even if good-naturedly tolerant. Zemlin we reached after dark, only to learn that every local hotel was full of the overflow from Belgrade across the river, where for some occult reason great numbers of men

were swarming. Nevertheless, after a struggle with the customs office, we were allowed to pass over the bridge, though without any prospect of finding accommodations. So as a steamer lay at the wharf, just about to start down the Danube, we quickly decided to take passage upon it.

The Iron Gate

Scenically the striking features on this trip were the Rapids of Kasan and, just beyond, the famous Iron Gate, where the river, cutting through the Transylvanian Alps, is confined between high walls of rock and thus grows suddenly narrow and swift. About noon we stopped for a time at the picturesque Roumanian town of Turnu-Severin on the western frontier, and finally landed early on the second morning in a swampy district from which the river had just receded, at a little mud-smeared Bulgarian station. There we took the train to Plevna, a town of importance and the scene in 1877 of a famous battle in which the Turks were defeated by Russians and Bulgarians. In Plevna we expected to wait for several hours, but a thoughtful gentleman, finding we were bound for Sofia, kindly explained that the train from Bucharest was two or three hours behind time, so that by changing stations quickly we were able to catch it.

Turnu-Severin, Samovet, and Plevna

The Bucharest-Sofia line passes through a rich farming land dotted with villages consisting of wide-set low houses, those near the Danube and on clay soil being built of adobe, those nearer the mountains of stone. The streets are well shaded with native oaks, elms, beeches, and birches, besides the American locust, which has spread widely through southern Europe. Some of the newer towns show attractive two-story, white-stuccoed buildings. After a while

the road slowly ascends the passes of the Balkan range, the mountains of which, though fairly high, are seldom craggy, being for the most part broadly rounded.

At Sofia, toward evening, we put up at the excellent "Grand Hôtel de Bulgarie." There we were greeted

Markham

by Reuben H. Markham, a young Kansan, a graduate of the Union Theological Seminary, then principal of the Mission School for Girls at Samokov, with whom I had frequently corresponded. A man of liberal spirit and large capacity, he speaks Bulgarian fluently and is remarkably well posted on Balkan affairs. He remained with us as companion and interpreter during our entire stay in Bulgaria.

Scholarship and orthodoxy

A serious scholar, a short time before he had read a paper before a local missionary conference on modern views of the authorship of the Bible, giving ideas now currently taught in our divinity schools. Some of the older missionaries were very much horrified at these lapses from their orthodoxy, one good lady declaring that "Mr. Markham is no better than a Calvinist or Unitarian or something of that sort," while certain other conservatives tried to have him disciplined. But wiser men, Haskell of Salonica and Ericson of Albania, realizing that he had few equals in the Christian service, came successfully to his defense.

Sofia

The capital stands on a rather high plateau surrounded by dome-like mountains. In no respect metropolitan in appearance, it is a very quiet, almost Puritanic town occupied by relatively self-respecting and well-educated people shut away from the great currents of Europe.

At the hotel I met the late James D. Bourchier,

an able and scholarly authority on the Near East, conversant with all the Slavic languages and for twenty-seven years Balkan correspondent of the London *Times*. Unfortunately, in the crises of 1912 and 1914 Sir Edward Grey made no use of the knowledge possessed by Bourchier, Brailsford, and Buxton, thoroughly familiar though they were with the situation in the Balkans. Indeed, every British diplomatic move concerning that region from the London Conference down to the present seems to have been made blindly, with no thought that the Balkan peoples had feelings or opinions to be considered.

Prophets not without honor

In 1916, when Bulgaria drifted into the war on the side of Germany and Austria, Bourchier went back to London broken-hearted.[1] Returning to Sofia after the Armistice, he died there on the last day of 1920. Says Will S. Monroe, Stanford '94, Peace Inquiry Commissioner in the Balkans:

> In his death Europe is the poorer for the loss of one of the men best informed on the complex problems that go to make up the Balkan tangle. Mr. Bourchier was more than a great newspaper correspondent. He was a profound student of all human problems . . . in a very real sense our unofficial Balkan diplomat.

The Bulgarian parliament

While in Sofia we spent an afternoon at the national parliament, composed about evenly of Royalists on the one hand and Socialists and Democrats on the other. The majority for king and government, ten or a dozen in all, consisted entirely of Turkish delegates from Thrace.[2] These sat on the extreme

[1] So, at least, I was told. In 1921 the grateful Bulgarian people placed Bourchier's portrait on a postage stamp — the first time in history that a foreign journalist has been thus honored.

[2] Instead of expelling aliens from their borders, after the example of the other Balkan states, the Bulgarians had allowed Turks and Greeks to remain, giving them equal rights and privileges with themselves.

"Right" and were evidently "hand-picked," as every one of them supported the king and premier through thick and thin. The leader of the "Left" was A. Malinoff, regarded by his friends as the coming statesman. Some of these men also assured me that only the pressure of imperial neighbors kept Bulgaria from becoming a republic. In fact, one said that Malinoff was ready to depose Ferdinand just as soon as he could be sure that Austria would not bring him back. This move he finally accomplished in 1918, an event leading to the collapse of Austria and the consequent surrender of Germany.

Malinoff

On the day of our visit Parliament was conducting an inquiry into the secret treaties with Russia. Kirkoff, a Socialist, demanded further investigation into the responsibility of "Tsar" Ferdinand for the nation's misfortunes, and especially for the ill-judged attack on Serbia in 1912.[1] This discussion brought out several matters of historic interest which, however, I have neither space nor ability to treat adequately.

Bulgaria's evil genius

I was fortunate in being able to meet the premier, Dr. Radoslavoff, a faithful supporter of Ferdinand, a well-groomed gentleman of excellent address who spoke admirable French. We freely discussed the situation in Europe, though his carefully measured utterances contained nothing new to me.[2] But I was told by some one else that the government had lately received a communication from a Serbian official asking whether Bulgaria would be willing to

Radoslavoff

[1] It would appear, for reasons into which I cannot go, that responsibility for this attack, which began the second Balkan war, must be shared about equally by officials on both sides. By the Treaty of London Serbia had been debarred her hoped-for "window to the sea" and Bulgaria had witnessed the dissection of Macedonia, conditions which rendered conflict inevitable.

[2] At the time of my visit to Sofia, Ferdinand was absent in Vienna.

join Serbia in an attempt to free Croatia from the Hungarian yoke, offering (if I remember rightly) some substantial advantage in return for her help. She, however, refused to consider the matter.

The influence of Robert College of Constantinople, and its sister institution, the Woman's College, is everywhere felt in the land. One of the leading public men said to me that "Robert College is the very heart of Bulgaria." The prominent intellectuals of Sofia, including the pro-rector of the University, Dr. Stephan Kyroff, are graduates of it. The university faculty gave me a formal dinner (at which I spoke in behalf of international peace), and I was invited to several gatherings in private houses. At one reception many influential people of the city were present, among them Dr. P. M. Matthieff,[1] formerly minister to Greece, at that time representing the Red Cross in Bulgaria.

Robert College graduates

It was on this occasion, also, that I made the acquaintance of Lieutenant Sherman Miles, then American chargé d'affaires at Sofia. An accomplished and scholarly young man, son of the distinguished General Nelson Miles, whom in earlier days I often met in Washington, Lieutenant Miles was much interested in the problems of world peace.

Speaking of the entrance of Bulgaria into the first Balkan war, one of the university professors said that the then premier, Gueschoff, told him that he understood the formation of a military alliance against Turkey to be merely a "simulacrum"—that is, a "bluff"—it being thought that the unified influence of the Balkan states would suffice to compel

The first Balkan war

[1] From whom I have since gained much valuable information concerning Bulgaria.

Bulgarian blunders

drastic reforms in Albania and Macedonia, or else force the entire withdrawal of the Turks. Some of my informant's countrymen regard this as an excuse on the part of the prime minister for a matter which in the long run turned out badly. And one man admitted to me regretfully that since 1912 they "had committed every possible blunder." Yet in 1916 they made (Ferdinand and Radoslovoff made for them) a still greater mistake in linking their fortunes with those of the Kaiser. For this they were grievously and incongruously punished in the ill-considered Treaty of Neuilly, by which certain districts wholly Bulgarian were assigned to Serbia, and the whole Ægean shore to Greece. Even worse, Bulgaria acquired a war debt reputed to equal the total assets of the country. According to an old Bulgarian proverb, "God is not sinless; He created borrowers."

A degree of palliation

I should here say that Bulgaria's adhesion to the Central Powers did not lack extenuating circumstances. With the onset of war, German propaganda, always busy, was much intensified, scarcely any news reaching Sofia except through Vienna. Despatches magnified all German successes and referred to "the effete British navy and the ridiculous little army." Under these conditions, friends of the Entente were helpless, and while England and France offered Bulgaria only vague hopes of justice, and made no effort to amend the Treaty of Bucharest, Germany cheerfully promised the restoration of the Dobruja, Kavala, and Monastir, being always ready to pledge by secret treaty what she did not possess. At my suggestion, in 1916 Charles R. Crane sent a sum of money to enable Markham to establish at Samokov a paper which should give truthful summaries of

Markham's plan

current events. But Bulgaria's entrance into the war prevented the enterprise from going far, and Markham joined the American Red Cross in Russia, returning to Samokov in 1921.

In an essay entitled "The Tragedy of the Balkans,"[1] I afterward tried to convey an idea of the wretched plight of that region and the evil conditions which brought it about.

2

My most important address in Bulgaria was given by semi-official invitation in the national "Military Hall" before the Court, the university faculty, and the General Staff, the topic (chosen for me) being "Bulgaria in the Eyes of Europe." Dr. D. N. Furnajieff, an evangelical clergyman, a graduate of Princeton, acted as interpreter. As my hosts asked me to speak plainly, I ventured to make clear the attitude of Europe, and to explain the resentment awakened by the second Balkan war when it had been fatuously believed that the Treaty of London had settled everything for good and all. Admitting the futility of that document and the gross injustice done Bulgaria by the spiteful Treaty of Bucharest in 1913, I insisted that the nation would not regain its lost ground by further conflict; if it ever became strong enough to recover the Dobruja, Monastir, Ochrida, and Kavala, some method better than war would be available. I also urged coöperation among the Balkan states, beginning with a postal union, followed by a customs union — arrangements sure to eliminate most of the real grievances suffered by Serbia and Bulgaria alike.

Good advice not officially heeded

[1] *Journal of Race Development*, October, 1918. See Appendix F to this volume (page 806).

Furthermore, I expressed my belief that the only final hope lay in a Balkan Federation, with personal freedom, equality before the law, and interchangeable citizenship.

A touching appreciation

This address was well received. At its end I was deeply moved when six comely young women, all in mourning, came up and one said through Furnajieff:

> We are widows of Bulgarian officers killed in the war. We have come to thank you in God's name for all that you have done to keep Bulgaria out of another war.

Furnajieff's misadventures

I also spoke at Furnajieff's church on peace in the Balkans. For the pastor's later wanderings and adventures I had a certain indirect responsibility. Two religious peace congresses had been arranged for the first week in August, a Protestant conference at Constance and a Catholic one at Louvain — the division being due to the fact that Catholics could not be bound by any joint resolutions without consent of the Pope. For certain reasons I was personally unable to go to Constance, and thereby escaped a variety of misadventures suffered by some of my friends. Being asked, however, to name a suitable representative from Bulgaria, I suggested Furnajieff, and the congress agreed to pay his expenses from Sofia and return.

The delegates having met on the afternoon of the first Sunday in August, they were suddenly notified by a German official that war would begin next day and they must all leave on Monday morning, those going northward through Germany to have a special train. After various mishaps and with baggage left behind, the Americans and British reached England safely. Furnajieff started with them but got lost, so

that it was more than a fortnight before he arrived in London, and then penniless, unfed, and unknown. By mere accident I heard of his plight, but there was no possible way to get him back home. I therefore arranged with Frank F. Williams of Buffalo, an active internationalist in London at the time, to have him go to America to give lectures on the Balkan situation. These over, during the course of the year he was able to return to Sofia by a devious route.

Queen Eleanora

Soon after our arrival Queen Eleanora (princess of Saxe-Reuss) sent an officer to the hotel asking me to visit her that afternoon, as she was very anxious to meet some one from America, "the country to which Bulgaria owes so much of education and culture," and to which she looked as a possible help in the disaster which had overtaken the land. We therefore repaired to the palace near by, a modest mansion in a pretty park, not at all pretentious in equipment and to be singled out as royal only by a Bulgarian flag floating over the roof.

The queen's purposes

The queen, an attractive woman, spoke excellent English. Deeply interested in the welfare of her people, especially the wounded and suffering, she had established a number of Red Cross hospitals, and through the friendly interest of Professor Samuel T. Dutton, who, as a member of the Carnegie Commission — to which I shall later refer — had visited her at Sofia, she had brought trained nurses from America to instruct Bulgarian girls. She had also helped to educate officers' widows in kindergarten methods. Loved and respected by the people, her presence no doubt strengthened Ferdinand's waning prestige.

At the time of our meeting she had just returned

Hard luck

from Burgas on the Black Sea, where she found 43,000 Bulgarian refugees from Thrace, while at Varna were many more, dispossessed on the annexation of the southern Dobruja by Roumania. The latter had also forced Bulgaria to refund all the taxes collected in the Dobruja during the war period, and a Bulgarian told me that if his country had been asked to offer up the king as a sacrifice at the Treaty of Bucharest it must have complied. "Bulgaria had to accept whatever terms were offered," said another — adding, however, that "while Roumania did wrong, any other Balkan state would have done the same thing in her place!"

Carmen Sylva

The general feeling of antagonism against Roumania was intense and largely justified. Eleanora, nevertheless, spoke in affectionate terms of Queen Elizabeth, "Carmen Sylva," the gifted poetess, sponsor for and joint translator of "The Bard of the Dimbovitza." Referring to her sisterly help during the second Balkan war, Eleanora said: "She was as kind to me as one woman could be to another."

She also expressed her gratitude for the admirable work America had done for Bulgaria, especially in educating the youth of her land in the missionary schools, and the leading Bulgarian statesmen and politicians at Robert College. She was then planning to come to the United States to see President Wilson and lecture in defense of her country. So far, however, she had been deterred by differences of opinion on the part of self-constituted advance agents, as well as by Greek threats of personal interference in America if she attempted to carry out her plan.

I saw no reason why she should not come and give lectures, but urged that she arrange the matter as

guest of the State Department, with the advice and support of the Carnegie Endowment. The turn of events necessarily postponed her trip, and before the Great War ended she had passed away.

Dobruja and Kavala

She was naturally distressed at the outcome of the Treaty of Bucharest, which robbed Bulgaria of southern Dobruja. Toward the Kaiser she was distinctly bitter. The only possibly effective port on the Ægean Sea is Kavala, but that town had been ceded to Greece at Wilhelm's special request, as he wished to make it a "present" to his sister, the Queen of Greece, from whom he had become somewhat estranged. He was always generous — with the property of others! Now having lost Kavala, Bulgaria would be forced to make an outlet at Porto Lago and build a railway from Philippopolis over the rough Rhodope Mountains in order to reach it. It stands, moreover, in an unwholesome swamp facing a very shallow bay, so that a harbor would have to be dredged and land filled in before it could be utilized. Dedeagatch, then the only port of steamer call in Bulgarian Thrace, is an open roadstead without shelter.

Bulgarian sour milk

Eleanora had a warm feeling for the sturdy, sober, and industrious peasants of her adopted country, and dilated on their excellent sour milk with the "*Bacillus bulgaricus*," celebrated by Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, who regarded its use as the chief reason for the national longevity.

Vatralsky

Before leaving Sofia I spent a day on the neighboring farm of Stoyan Vatralsky, the most eminent of Bulgarian poets, a tall, handsome, genial man, a Harvard graduate who cherishes pleasant memories of his college days. On the table lay journals like the

A scholar's table

Outlook, *Atlantic*, and *Hibbert's*, giving his study a distinctly American cast. Madame Vatralsky, a dainty little lady who spoke no English, expressed her friendliness with roses and cherries. Said Vatralsky:

Bulgaria is far from being English, American, or Swiss, but its people are much more tolerant than those of other Balkan states. Democracy has never flourished outside of Protestant lands; freedom in Bulgaria is due to an evangelical leaven,[1] in other words to Robert College, which is to say the same thing. The American system has had a powerful influence in my country. There is nothing in Sofia or in old Bulgaria at present of which Greek, Protestant, or Turk can complain. Of what happened in Macedonia and Thrace we know but little; but not all officials are tolerant or humane. When the war commenced we all thought with aching heart of the sufferings of Macedonia, and burned to liberate her. The division of Macedonia at the Treaty of London brought our efforts to naught. In our treaty with Serbia, the release of Macedonia as a unit had been fully provided for notwithstanding the fact that Scopje (Uskub), once the capital, was to be retained by Serbia though its population was mainly Bulgarian. Bulgaria was of course to hold Monastir and Ochrida, practically Bulgarian towns. In the war we conquered Adrianople and most of Thrace, but our sole object was to free Macedonia. So when, after the Treaty of London which shut off Serbia from the sea, the Serbians refused to go out of Macedonia, even the most peace-loving of Bulgarians felt outraged, for they had been taught from the cradle that Bulgaria must some day rescue Macedonia. Our people then lost their heads and failing to count the cost, rushed in to free Macedonia by force. In so doing they forfeited everything.

It is not true that Bulgaria aimed to be another Prussia. She was maddened at the thought of having lost the child of her heart, a wholly natural feeling. We could not think of having the child cut in two, as in the story of King Solomon; we wanted to

[1] Speaking of the Bulgarian State Church, the "Exarchate," originally a schism from the Greek communion or "Patriarchate," a leading Bulgarian warned me that in his country the Church had "nothing to do with morals or religion." Conditions elsewhere are similar. In Serbia, it is said, the Patriarchate serves mainly as a political agency for the promotion of patriotism.

save the whole. Ambition no doubt played a certain part, for the motives of men are mixed; but at heart our feeling was noble. The Bulgarians are not diplomatists — they take words at their face value. They have not as a rule evicted or maltreated aliens within their territory. The only people dispossessed by us were the Turks in northern Macedonia, who fled precipitately at the beginning of the war. Outrages were doubtless committed, especially by those who held private grudges. Under Moslem rule all races were perverted through its alternating periods of ferocity and laxity.

Local urge for federation

Since the Armistice the idea of a Balkan federation has been taken up and strongly urged by both Vatralsky and Kyroff. From Vatralsky I have received two articles written by him for the press of Sofia, advocating friendship with Serbia with a view toward political union. Kyroff publishes (1920) a monthly magazine, *Pro Fœderatione*, devoted to the same healthy purpose.[1] But feeling on both sides of the frontier is still intensely bitter.

3

The queen's automobile

When we were ready to leave Sofia, the queen (through Radoslavoff and Markham) offered us her high-powered automobile for a tour through the devastated districts of Macedonia, and with it she detailed two competent and willing soldiers to act as chauffeurs. We then assembled provisions enough for several days and started down the Struma valley, our first halt being at Samokov.

[1] *La tournure des événements en Bulgarie ne permet aucun doute que l'on s'achemine vers la fédération avec la Yougoslavie. Si un jour ces deux braves peuples, serbe et bulgare, égaux dans la bravoure, s'unissent, alors non seulement les slaves du sud pourraient s'envisager leur avenir avec plus de calme, mais en général tous les slaves.* VLADIMIR SIS, L'Echo de Bulgarie, 1921

In Samokov

In the mission chapel I gave an address on the evils of war, this being vigorously translated by a local clergyman, J. J. Satchanoff, a graduate of Robert College. The next day we motored southward across the country, stopping for luncheon at the quaint provincial town of Dubnitza and expecting to spend the night at the famous Greek monastery of Rilo some five or six miles above the village of that name in the Rhodope Mountains. But, running up the swollen river, we found the bridge split lengthwise, the right half having been washed away while the remaining portion, though solid for the moment, was scarcely wider than the automobile itself. One of the priests, a robust, long-bearded patriarch who knew of our proposed visit, was there to meet us and strongly urged our making an effort to cross. We felt, however, that we ought to run no risks with the royal car. We therefore turned our backs on Rilo, and having passed the old frontier into Macedonia, soon reached Dzumaia, the first town in New Bulgaria.

A disappointed host

This marks the northern limit reached by the Greek army in its pursuit of the Bulgarians after the battle of Kilkis (Kukush). Beginning here, all towns to the south — Simetli, Livenovo, Petritch, and Kula — had been burned by the Greeks, who fired the churches, schools, hotels, and other large buildings. From these the flames spread, but the little houses of adobe or stone in the outskirts were naturally the last to go, and many of them were not burned at all. As in other similar regions, homes are almost entirely confined to the villages, farmers never daring to live apart from neighbors; and since the time of Alexander agriculture had been carried on at long range, and almost furtively, between armies and wars.

War ravages

GREEK PRIEST FROM RILO MONASTERY

BURNED MILL AT RILO. HOLMAN AT AUTHOR'S LEFT

Dzumaia is a charmingly situated town, mostly burned, however, by the Greeks, so that the business section mainly consisted of temporary sheds. One of the few remaining houses was the small "Hôtel de Paris," run by an old woman and a young boy. Accommodations for the night were scanty and plain, without meals, but the rooms were clean, a quality which disappeared farther south. The dozen or two Turks who had not fled when war began seemed largely occupied with hunting shade in which to rest. *Dzumaia*

Near Simetli the following morning we noticed for the first time a Turkish cemetery, each tombstone formerly exhibiting on its summit the kind of cap its owner had been privileged to wear in life, and thus carrying over the principle of caste into the next world. Most of the stones had originally borne a semblance to the ordinary red fez of the Moslem; a few, however, had more elaborate turbans. But, so far as I saw, every one had been knocked off by Bulgarian iconoclasts. *Turkish graveyards*

Throughout the country the forests were destroyed, leaving little but brush and that only in ravines and on hills not worth cultivating. Everywhere Islam seems to have had a grudge against the woods. In the thickets along the river grew numerous lilac bushes, and it was interesting to see this familiar friend of the dooryard growing wild amid tangled shrubbery. The many streams of the region are crossed for the most part by so-called "Turkish bridges," made by cutting down the bank on either side and paving the ford with large blocks so as to produce a broad, shallow crossing. *The lilac at home*

All along the Struma in arable districts we saw a touching sight of the effects of war — three poles

fastened together at the top with a baby swung below, but high enough to be out of reach of inquisitive dogs or goats. Then, somewhere in the field, would be a woman leading a buffalo while another behind her guided the plow.

Livenovo, a wretched burned adobe village huddled about a fine spring, came next on the road. Here we encountered many shepherds accompanied by savage, wolf-like dogs guarding primitive sheep.[1] Near by was a large field of the opium poppy in full bloom, the first I had ever seen. In the neighborhood we met a band of gypsies, the one race which seems never to change its looks or ways whatever the nature of its environment. Farther on we passed the burned home of the noted outlaw, Sandansky. It will be remembered that some years ago a Salonica missionary, Miss Ellen Maria Stone of Chelsea, Massachusetts, was holding summer school near Dzumaia when Sandansky, *comatadji*,[2] brigand, or patriot, kidnaped and kept her a prisoner until he received from Boston upward of $60,000 as ransom. With this money he built a

Sandansky and Miss Stone

[1] Mr. Sydney N. Hillyard, Stanford, ex-'11, calls my attention to the important fact that no fine animal breeds have ever been developed in war-swept regions, the process of selection demanding patient, uninterrupted attention.

[2] At that time certain Bulgarian groups known as *comatadji* were active throughout Macedonia in factious opposition to Turkey. Most of these worked for the independence of Macedonia or for the union of Macedonia with Bulgaria, while others, the *Andartes*, operated in the interest of Greece. The population of Macedonia, though mainly Bulgarian, was admittedly greatly mixed. Indeed, there is no such thing as a pure breed in southeastern Europe, or for that matter in any other part of the Continent. The water front of Macedonia, as elsewhere along the eastern Mediterranean, is filled with the race which replaced and succeeded the ancient Greeks of Hellas (from whom they are in some degree descended), just as the Italians have occupied the littorals farther west. Salonica — Θεσσαλονίκη — the principal town, held a majority of Greeks, though many Turks as well, and great numbers of Spanish Jews long since expelled from Barcelona. Kavala, the next seaport, is also largely Greek, but the back country of both towns is mainly Bulgarian.

mansion over a hot spring beyond Livenovo. Unlike most of the others in the Balkans, it stood alone and was probably the most elaborate residence between Sofia and Salonica. During the second war the owner fled, and the Greeks naturally set it on fire.

Now, crossing the picturesque and intricate Kresna Pass by which the Struma, already a large, swift stream, breaks through the Rhodopes, we came finally to the Bulgarian town of Petritch on the edge of the newly established frontier. Though rough-stoned, dirty, crowded, and half burned, it nevertheless appeared beautiful in the distance, with its magnificent plane trees, the branches of which are trained to arch over the street. During their occupation Greek soldiers looted everything in the market place, lived on the villagers, paid no bills, and burned the big public school in pure wantonness after the Treaty of Bucharest had been signed. *Petritch*

Besides its own inhabitants, themselves largely homeless, Petritch was flooded with several thousand refugees from the Salonica district. Prices, we were told, had become three times as great as before the war, while all business was practically suspended. Nobody could recall a time in the history of Macedonia when conditions had been so bad. But worse was yet to follow. In 1917 in *The Illustrated London News* I saw a photograph taken from an airplane during the British bombardment of Petritch. Why the town should have been attacked I do not know, but one can easily imagine the effect on the wretched people. *An unhappy community*

We had met refugees all along the road from the outskirts of Sofia, where a considerable village of temporary huts had been built for them. Those at

Petritch were buoyed up by the hope, wholly unfounded, that the British would reverse the Treaty of Bucharest and return them to their homes, some newspaper having made a statement to that effect. Though full of sympathy, I felt forced to disabuse them by explaining that the Concert of Europe had all it could do to hold together and would fall apart if it or any member of it undertook justice in remote oppressed regions. A recognition of this fact explains the reputed utterance of Tsar Ferdinand, "*Les Grandes Puissances sont grandes dans leur Impuissance*" (The Great Powers are great only in their lack of power). Another epigram current in Sofia, "*L'Europe n'existe plus*" (Europe no longer exists), had its basis in the same conviction.

Powerlessness of great powers

Among the many sitting on the narrow sidewalks or on a bench under a great tree in the public square was an American citizen from West Virginia. His father, he said, had been a well-to-do farmer near Salonica; having come from America to settle up the estate when the war broke out between Greece and Bulgaria, he was driven forth with just what he could carry on his back. He was now keeping a little shop where he daily sold a few francs' worth of pork, tobacco, coffee, and salt to other refugees, each of whom received the equivalent of four cents a day from the government through the local postal savings bank. He invited me to have some coffee, but showed his relief when I paid for what I drank.

A lost American

The general lot of the Macedonian refugees, devoid of home, property, and everything else including hope, was dreary beyond description. But the attitude of some of the peasants on whom they were unwillingly billeted was expressed to me as follows:

The Bulgarian says: "We went down to Macedonia to set you free. Why don't you stay there instead of coming up here to take our jobs, to die in our houses, to fill us with trouble? My brother died in Macedonia. Oh, go home!" And the Macedonian replies: "Who asked you to come to trample our vines, kill off our herds, and bring the Greeks down upon us? I don't care if your brother did die in Macedonia. Mine is dead, too!"

As already explained, however, since 1877 the freedom of Macedonia had been the one sacred purpose of Bulgaria as a whole.

An irate officer

At Petritch I met a tall, rather handsome blond-bearded Bulgarian officer who spoke fairly good French, but who after a few minutes shook his fist in my face and broke out violently:

You Europeans have treated Bulgaria abominably. You do not understand us. You have allowed us to be robbed. Stambouloff was the greatest man in Europe; you had him murdered, and now when Bulgaria has been insulted, plundered, and slaughtered, you stand by and raise no hand for justice.

To my quiet explanation that I was not European, that I sympathized largely with him, that I acknowledged the greatness of Stambouloff, and that I unfortunately could not prevent the crimes of which he complained, he seemed to pay no attention and went on with his tirade. Finally a brother officer drew him aside. I offered to shake hands, but he scornfully refused.

As we entered the automobile some fifteen minutes later he again appeared, still harping on Stambouloff, but his mood had changed; he was now not only willing to take my hand as an American, but he seized it and kissed it, and kept kissing it as long as he could hold on. Meanwhile for our protection several Bulgarian

officers not affected by wine occupied the running boards as far as Kula.

The Bistritza

This little burned hamlet lies on the north side of the Bistritza — "Clear-River" — which forms the present artificial boundary between Greek and Bulgarian Macedonia. There we witnessed the joint iniquity of the tyranny of the frontier and a cutthroat tariff. This concerned the "Turkish tobacco" produced around Strumitza, a considerable town in the rich upper reaches of the Strumica, which flows into the Struma from the west near Petritch. That product was formerly shipped to Salonica by train from Strumitza Station,[1] a few miles west of the town across a low divide in what had now become the Serbian frontier. But after the unnatural division of Macedonia among her three neighbors, no persons from the valley of Strumitza were allowed to cross the line to reach their own railway station. Produce had therefore to be taken on camels or in carts drawn by buffalo — occasionally by horses — down to the Bistritza bridge.[2]

Tyranny of the frontier

On the day of our arrival some hundreds from "the little Dead Sea of Commerce," as Markham phrased it, were encamped at Kula with their loads of tobacco. Two Greek buyers, the only persons allowed to cross the bridge, made all the purchases, thus maintaining a complete monopoly. At the same time a frontier tariff of 33 1/3 per cent was levied by Greece. On the south side of the bridge the tobacco was reloaded on camels or in wagons drawn by the unsympathetic

[1] On the Belgrade-Nish-Salonica line.

[2] By the Treaty of Neuilly, Strumitza (though almost entirely Bulgarian) was transferred to Serbia by the Supreme Council, on the ground that the change removed the frontier of Bulgaria farther away from the railway line.

FRONTIER BRIDGE, BISTRITZA RIVER

RUINS IN BURNED PETRITCH

blue-eyed beast which in Europe passes by the name of "buffalo." It then went down to Demir Hissar, some thirty miles away, to be carried by rail to Salonica, where, after paying port charges, it entered the commerce of the world.

CHAPTER FORTY-EIGHT

I

On the Greek side of the Bistritza, just above the bridge, was the pitiful village of Raikovska, and near it the Greek camp of "*Christos Aneste Hellas*" (Christ save Greece), with about two hundred soldiers under General Evangelos Tsanos. This courteous official met us in the middle of the bridge to examine our papers, already endorsed by the Greek consul of Sofia as well as by Bulgarian and Turkish officials. He seemed very doubtful, however, for no one had ever before tried to enter Greece by the back door. While he deliberated, two soldiers on the bank shouted, in Greek of course: "Americans! That's Dr. Jordan! We know him; he's all right." This at once settled the matter, and we accordingly bade Markham, our escort, our chauffeurs, and the automobile a grateful goodby. The commander now welcomed us cordially and showed the party every possible courtesy. One of our sponsors, it transpired, had kept a *Xenodocheion* or lodging house on Third Street in San Francisco, the other a candy shop in Oakland!

A certificate of character

In the company, those who had volunteered from America could usually be picked out by their more independent bearing. Six or eight of these took us up the wooded hill to Raikovska, mostly composed of women and children, all men of military age being gone, and there secured for us a room over a little shop. They then foraged so successfully that for supper we had bread, cheese, and fried eggs — the last a luxury rarely enjoyed by soldiers. For bedding

Raikovska

they borrowed the dowry of a newly married woman, six heavy rag carpets or mats. A proverb current in the Orient asserts that "*Dieu a créé trois choses nuisibles; le serpent, la punaise, et le Turc*" (God created three noxious things: the snake, the bedbug, and the Turk). One of the men being detailed to stand guard, he wished to come into the room and walk back and forth all night in front of our bunks; we persuaded him, however, to patrol the passageway. *A cutting proverb*

These young fellows were largely coal miners from West Virginia. Nicolas Monstrousis (from New Hampshire) was very enthusiastic about "Constantine XIV," and the capture of Constantinople which was to restore the glitter of the ancient Byzantine Empire. Yet the others showed scant interest in military glory, and Sergeant Mille Volos from West Virginia said to me confidentially: "I don't see what all this is about; I don't know why Christians should want to cut each other's throats." Volos was extremely interested to find out where in the world they were; they only knew they had marched up from Salonica to guard a bridge in the woods over some petty river. So I gave him my map of the Balkans, than which nothing could have been more appreciated. *Legitimate doubts*

As pay each soldier drew a much depreciated *drachme* (franc) every month. Conditions in camp were all very primitive. The men slept in a barn-like structure, a screened-off raised platform at one end being occupied by an officer with a writing desk. Breakfast and supper consisted of coarse, sandy bread, cheese, and coffee. For the noonday meal — which we shared with the company — we had half-cooked beans boiled in a huge caldron, the thin broth serving as soup. *Lot of the soldier*

A suggestive incident

At one time the news that some one had waded across the Bistritza from the other side set the whole camp in an uproar. The culprit proved to be only a Roumanian (Vlach or Wallachian), whose race is scattered far and wide in Macedonia. He was at once hustled back to Bulgarian soil and the affair thus ended without casualty, though it showed how easily tension might turn into violence.

Almost up to the end of our stay the General seemed suspicious in regard to Holman's camera, not allowing any photographs to be taken. He now came to me, however, to inquire softly in French if my secretary would be willing to photograph them all. I said he certainly would, and the company was accordingly lined up on the highway. Here Tsanos and I stood in front, the men behind. A Vlach from Raikovska having crowded in among the latter, he was immediately thrown out with a vigor which would have done credit to a football squad.

Looking "pleasant"

For the journey from "Christos Aneste Hellas" to the railway, we had ordered a carriage by telephoning from the camp to the barracks at Demir Hissar. It was very slow in coming, however, and we finally got horses at Raikovska and started to ride down. Jean Papamilos from West Virginia then volunteered to go the whole thirty miles as a guard against brigands and told the commanding officer that if he might accompany his "American friends," he would at once start back on foot after seeing us safely to our destination. But before we started the General graciously allowed him the privilege of spending the night with the Demir Hissar garrison.

Our enthusiastic friend

The Raikovska horses had never seen a carriage and when ours came in sight, my mount "threw fits."

Fortunately I was able to get off without accident, after which he broke away and left for home at a dead run. The vehicle itself was a singularly ancient state equipage, with a high seat in front and a formal top behind, but it held all three of us comfortably; and we soon invited Papamilos, who was running alongside, to ride on the step. Toward nightfall we reached the end of our journey, the ancient Turkish town of Demir Hissar, Sidero Castro in Greek, both names meaning "Star Tower" and referring to the ruins of an old Turkish lookout on the great cliff which towers above the town. Before the war, this city of eight or ten thousand people contained about an even number of Bulgarians, Turks, and Greeks, the latter occupying the quarter nearest the river.

A state carriage

After the battle of Kilkis, the chief encounter between Greeks and Bulgarians in the second Balkan war, the Bulgarian army broke and fled, not so much because it had been defeated as because the men were eager to get back to block the Roumanian invasion threatening their own homes. The line of retreat crossed the Struma a few miles to the west of Demir Hissar, whence the Greeks sallied out and killed some three hundred wounded borne in the rear. A company of Bulgarians then turned back to the town, killed the Greek priest who seemed to be the leader, and burned the whole Greek quarter. After the Treaty of Bucharest, Bulgarians and Turks were alike expelled, and the Greeks spread over what remained of the city.

Atrocities at Sidero Castro

The chief hotel, "Xenodocheion tee Orthodoxou Ellenikos Koinoutou" (Communal Inn of the Holy Orthodox Greek Confession), we found far from sumptuous; the only place to wash, for instance, was an alcove containing a coal-oil can filled with water

Primitive accommodations

and provided with a wooden spigot. The cheap iron bedsteads had no bedding to speak of, what there was being thoroughly infested with the dominant insect of Macedonia. For meals we went to a Greek café, not bad but adorned with bloodthirsty posters, the worst I ever saw, in which "*Konstantinos Boulgarophagos*" (Bulgar Eater) figured conspicuously.

The donkey and the camel train

While we were there a long procession of camels laden with Turkish tobacco from the Bistritza came up the winding street and crossed the high stone bridge. Tied together in line, the string was led by a gallant little donkey which, though undirected, steered the proper course. A donkey has more brains than a dozen camel-drudges; these, if left alone, go straight ahead, paying no attention to roads or hedges.[1] As to camels I have met, I recall Will Thompson's caravan song:

> Orderly and dutiful, the little door of years
> Opens up in Wonderland! the camel train appears.
> Who that knows the gorgeous East, their magic can withstand?
> Velvet-footed camels on the road to Samarkand!

A mile behind the picturesque but dilapidated town stands its station on the road connecting Constantinople and Salonica. This had formerly done a large business, running daily two first-class trains each way.

[1] "If docile means stupid . . . the camel is the very model of docility. But if the epithet . . . designates an animal that takes an interest in his rider . . . the camel is by no means docile. He takes no heed of his rider . . . walks straight on when set agoing, merely because he is too stupid to turn aside, and then should some tempting thorn or green branch allure him out of the path . . . he is too dull to turn back into the right road. . . . An undomesticated and savage animal rendered serviceable by stupidity alone. . . . Neither attachment nor even habit impresses him . . . never tame but never wide-awake enough to be exactly wild." SIR F. PALGRAVE in *Encyclopædia Britannica*

EN ROUTE FROM THE BISTRITZA TO DEMIR HISSAR

GREEK TROOPS AT CHRISTOS ANESTE HELLAS

CAMEL TRAIN LED BY DONKEY, DEMIR HISSAR

There was now but a single mixed train — with little demand for that — and the empty goods-vans (freight cars) left at the different stations had been turned over to Greek refugees expelled by the Turks from Adrianople and Kirk Kilisseh. At Demir Hissar there were six or eight of these vans, each holding four or five families. *The lot of the refugee*

The Greek government allowed a small daily ration of rice, and the children ran over the neighborhood looking for thistles, cornstalks, and weeds with which it could be cooked. The weather was delightful, so that the young ones found the experience novel and interesting, but their elders looked utterly wretched. They had been given from two hours to four days to move on, and were not permitted to sell anything or to leave their homes except for the Adrianople station, whence they were transported to Macedonia. A Greek, who spoke some Italian, restrainedly summed up the situation as "*duro*" (hard).

One child had brought with her from the Black Sea a tiny box of shells of the *Litorina*, a small shore snail, which I bought, to her delight. A woman offered a box of handkerchiefs for two *drachme*, and was greatly relieved when afterward I returned them to her little girl. At the best there was not much to be done, but we purchased some useful things, food especially, for various individuals in the multitude. These slight efforts at relief evoked something akin to worship on the part of the poor women. But not a single person begged from us; all seemed too proud to ask for anything. *Easily won gratitude*

Waiting at the station, we were accosted by a Greek soldier who enthusiastically explained in English

Enthusiastically American

that he had just paid 500 *drachme* to secure his release from the army. First he was going back to "Old Greece" to see his people, and then return to the greatest country in the world, where a man could make of himself whatever he chose. He had in fact been promised his former job as steward on a coastwise steamer southward from New York!

"Thessalonike"

From Demir Hissar to Salonica, every station had its group of refugees. At the burned town of Kilkis only an array of tents appeared. Not far beyond, the road passes sapphire Lake Doiran, a center of camel breeding. It then crosses the hills and runs down a narrow rich valley to Salonica. There we found quarters in the cosmopolitan "Hotel of Mount Olympus," directly facing the great peak, once the home of the gods. To the south stand the also classical heights of Pelion and Ossa, which in imagination the ancients used to pile one on the other.

Salonica is splendidly situated and will sometime be one of the great ports of Europe; but the waste of war, the arbitrary cutting off of the back country, and the piling up of tariff and other charges were then making it almost impossible for the people to live. Plainly bankrupt, Greece was intending to support herself on the wealth of her half-ruined acquisitions. In the French *Journal d'Information* of Salonica, for April 22, 1914, I read the following:

> Salonica is now passing the most critical moment in its history. The Government of Athens treats its new provinces like the hen with golden eggs: impost taxes and increase of customs duties follow continuously and with an insolence and nonchalance quite stupefying. The Turkish taxes are maintained, even those not known in Greece, while other Greek taxes are imposed without

end. The economical situation has become frightful. Commerce is in complete collapse. The Hellenic government votes millions for the extension of the port of Piræus, and the cow to give the milk is New Greece.

Albanians in Thrace

From the same journal we learned that Serbian officials had driven Albanians out of Novibazar into Turkish Thrace, where they were occupying the properties of the recently exiled Greeks. Afterward Adrianople presented a petition to have the Albanians sent on to Anatolia and the Bulgarians brought back,

as they are now our friends and no longer a source of danger, while as workers they are unsurpassed. The Albanians, on the other hand, are more used to the *Mauser* than to the spade, their greatest skill being that of cattle thieves.

Walking along the principal street near the very spot where King George was assassinated three years before, I happened to see Constantine and Sophia drive by in their carriage. Many Turks — teamsters, workmen, loafers, merchants, gentlemen in cafés smoking long pipes and waiting for something to turn up — still remained in Salonica. The few Bulgarians left were mostly "hellenized," a process frequent in the coast towns.

Refugees from Thrace

In a large field to the east of the city were encamped some ten thousand Greek refugees from Turkish Thrace gathered in army tents around a large artificial fountain. Going about among these people, Holman took a number of photographs. Though utterly miserable, they were upheld by the thought that when the Bulgarians and Turks had all been banished from the Salonica district the property left behind might be turned over to them. For it

Race evictions

should be explained that while enormous numbers of Bulgarians and especially of Greeks were being evicted from Turkish Thrace, the same sort of thing was going on in Greek Macedonia. According to local records, 243,807 Turks were forced to leave Salonica in the steerage between August, 1913, and February, 1914, bound for the Dardanelles or Constantinople. Meanwhile upward of 40,000 Spanish Jews, finding life in the city intolerable, had sailed for New York.

In Athens it was generally claimed that the migration of Greeks from Thrace was due to "persecution by resentful (Turkish) refugees, tolerated by complacent officials." On the other hand, some asserted that the return in multitudes to Salonica arose from a "desire to settle under the blue and white flag" in a land supposed to be flowing with milk and honey. It is pretty evident, however, that the first theory came nearer the truth.

All this misfortune harks back to the Treaty of London. The Concert of Powers should either have sought to do justice in Macedonia or else have let the region entirely alone.

John Henry House

Some five miles to the east of Salonica lies the agricultural mission of John Henry House. This enterprising American missionary had taught the Macedonians how to till the land and develop model fields of Indian corn and other grains, easily doubling the ordinary product of the country. He had also imported blooded bulls from England, and was considering the bringing over of some race of sheep which would produce from five to ten pounds of wool instead of the pound or two borne by the local breed,

GREEK REFUGEES FROM THRACE, DEMIR HISSAR

MONTENEGRIN GUARD, ROBERT COLLEGE

lineal descendants of those of Bible times. I accordingly wrote to Burbank asking him to send Dr. House specimens of his spineless cactus which might prove useful as fodder. At the mission I gave a lecture in English on the condition of Europe, which the students, largely Bulgarian, were able to follow.

A pest-ridden station

On low ground near the sea two miles beyond stood an agricultural college founded by the Turkish government, then taken over by the Greeks. This was an utter failure, the swampy land round about being rife with malaria-bearing mosquitoes which rendered the place almost uninhabitable. For the same reason the whole Salonica region was regarded as very unwholesome. The modern remedy of a petroleum layer over standing water had not yet found favor with the Turk.

The Bulgarian student who drove the mission carriage was the victim of a gross piece of Greek brutality, suffocation in a crowded cell so small that but half its inmates could lie down at once[1] and most of them died before release.

2

At Salonica Mez left us, hurrying back to Munich to preside over the Corda Fratres Congress, held (as already indicated) under discouraging circumstances.[2] Holman and I then sailed eastward on the *Meran* of the Austrian Lloyd line. The steerage was crowded with Turks fleeing from Salonica, some bound for Gallipoli, the majority for Constantinople. From the deck we noted the three lofty promontories famous

[1] An incident told in part in the English edition of the Report of the Balkan Commission, page 188. See also this chapter, page 605.

[2] See Chapter XLV, page 553.

in classical story, Cassandra, Longos, and Athos, the last of which bears the renowned monastery.

Kavala

In the morning we came to Kavala, the most picturesque and impressive of Ægean cities, built largely on a bold headland, partly on a low isthmus which connects with the bordering hills, a long, curving barren ridge. Kavala possesses an excellent harbor, the only natural outlet for Eastern Bulgaria ("East Rumelia") and Bulgarian Thrace. On the hill above stood in ancient times the town of Philippi, where Brutus and Cassius were defeated by Octavianus and Mark Antony. But how, I ask you, did those old warriors move their armies all the way from Rome with no adequate means of transportation and almost no roads, through unfriendly and scantily populated lands?

Its Roman aqueduct

A superb Roman aqueduct still carries water high above the isthmus to the center of town on the headland. I marveled again that the ancients in all their experiments with water never hit on the idea of pipe lines which would follow surface configuration, instead of their open stone aqueducts with an even slope from mountain spring to city fountain.

A native exquisite

In the market place paraded a "perfectly good" Greek dandy, a type quite new to us. He wore the complete national holiday costume, all pure white, with short, well-starched, *bouffant* skirts, and a smile of satisfaction which deepened when Holman asked the privilege of taking his picture.

On the boat a young man from Chicago who had been buying tobacco for an American firm had told me some ghastly stories of atrocities committed in Kavala by Bulgarian *comatadji* on Turkish neighbors. These were verified by the captain, who, referring to the

miscreants, said: "*Ce sont des sauvages. Ce n'est point fini — rien n'est fini*" (They are savages. It is by no means finished; *nothing* is finished).

Atrocities committed by whatever side during the second Balkan war were justly and accurately discussed by the Carnegie "Balkan Commission of Inquiry" of 1913. Going over much of the same ground at this time (six months later) I was able to verify many of the statements and conclusions of the commission. This consisted of the following:

Austria: Dr. Josef Redlich, professor of Public Law, University of Vienna.

France: Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, Senator; Justin Godart, jurist and member of Chamber of Deputies.

Germany: Dr. Walter Schücking,[1] professor of Law, University of Marburg.

Great Britain: Francis W. Hirst, editor of *The Economist;* Henry Noel Brailsford, journalist.

Russia: Dr. Paul Miliukov, professor in University of Moscow, member of Duma.

United States: Dr. Samuel T. Dutton, professor of Education, Columbia University.

Valentine Williams[2] defines a commission as "a costly way of finding out what everybody knows." He said to me: "The atrocities were not deliberate; the armies were out of range of the press, and a year of war had entirely cut off the soldiers from public opinion." A Bulgarian officer is quoted as saying: "The Greeks kill and we kill. We follow with bitter hearts still more bitter orders!" On the

Certain extenuations

[1] Schücking proceeded no farther than Belgrade, where he was turned back by the false statement that the commission, finding its task impossible, had already dispersed.

[2] See Chapter XLIV, page 514.

other hand a Greek officer asked: "What should a gentleman do under orders? What would *you* do?"

Paschich, prime minister of Serbia, himself a Bulgarian, certainly tried to abate the excesses of Serbian military officers among the Bulgarian population about Monastir. According to a letter from Belgrade to the *Berliner Tageblatt* in March, 1914, he planned for generous adjustments in Macedonia so as not to oppress the population, and to merge the old era without bloodshed into the new. But the officers in the field insisted that military dictatorship and sharp repression must continue at least five or six years "in order to acquire sufficient energy to combat the fearful nationalist agitation."[1]

The old story of enforced order

Leaving Kavala, we passed along the marshy shore of Porto Lago to Dedeagach, a pretty town with well-shaded streets, many warehouses, and (in the distance) a large mosque. The land is fertile, but the shore-line is straight, with no anchorage for stormy weather. Not far beyond in a swampy plain lies Enos, the southwest end of the arbitrary "Enos-Midia line" drawn by the Great Powers in 1912 between Bulgaria and Turkey. Offshore rises the low but rocky island of Thasos, with Samothrace in the distance, Lemnos and Imbros lying still farther in the offing near the mouth of the Dardanelles. These Ægean islands are of the same general type — harsh and craggy, scantily populated, and covered with straggling forests.

Dedeagach

All four were claimed by the Greeks, yet the Turks insistently clung to Imbros and Lemnos, regarding them as necessary to the defense of Gallipoli and the

[1] "*Um die zu befürchtenden nationalen Agitationen mit genügender Energie zu bekämpfen.*"

Dardanelles. But the Greeks said: "There is none except ourselves against whom you need to defend the Straits; we will take the islands, therefore, and see to your protection." Strangely enough this assurance did not satisfy the "Young Turks," who soon, under German direction, showed unexpected energy and expended much money in fortifying Gallipoli peninsula. *Two ways of thinking*

Near the entrance to the Dardanelles we observed the old Turkish fortress, replaced the following year by modern defenses. Through the Sea of Marmora the boat passed by night, arriving at Constantinople in the early morning, when the incomparable vision of the mighty mosque of Santa Sofia and the minarets of old Stamboul burst upon us. At the dock we were taken off by an American Embassy launch, which immediately proceeded — against the swift current of the Bosporus — to Robert College, located on a high bluff at the very extreme north of the city near Rumilly Hissar, an ancient Roman watch tower. Here we remained, during our stay in Constantinople, as guests of the president, Dr. Caleb F. Gates, and his excellent wife. *Robert College*

The college buildings command a majestic view of the Bosporus, the city, and the valley of the "Sweet Waters of Asia" (*Les Eaux Douces de l'Asie*), a pretty stream flowing down from the Anatolian hills across the Straits. The "Sweet Waters of Europe" (*Les Eaux Douces de l'Europe*), tributary to the famous estuary known as "The Golden Horn," lie to the northward of the city.

It is impossible to praise too highly that admirable institution which has brought to the Near East the best thoughts and methods of American democracy, and has made its influence powerfully felt among the

primitive peoples and antiquated governments by which it is surrounded. I was further gratified to see that a department of Engineering had been lately added to the already extensive equipment. Vocational training is a pressing need of the youth of the whole region.

Panaretoff

At the College I met Dr. Stephan Panaretoff, the wise and scholarly professor of Bulgarian, who next year became minister from Sofia to Washington. There his patient influence had much to do with preventing our country from declaring war against Bulgaria and Turkey, an act which might have greatly diminished our future influence in the Near East.

Perils of chemical formulas

A rather rigid censorship was exercised by Turkey over the mission schools. In a textbook on Chemistry a government official interpreted the frequent mention of H_2O as a covert sneer at the Sultan — H_2O clearly meaning Hamid II = o! And in one of the readers he found the following dangerous exhortation:

> Stand! the ground's your own, my brăves!
> Will you give it up to slăves?

This he took to be a hint in favor of yielding Constantinople to the Russians; in any event he detected evidence of *Slavic* intrigue.

Woman's College

By way of slight return for the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Gates, I twice addressed the faculty and advanced students, once on conditions in Europe and once on Human Eugenics. I also spoke at the neighboring but then wholly independent Woman's College of Constantinople, the efficient president of which, Dr. Mary M. Patrick, had in 1883 joined me and my friends in Venice.

ROBERT COLLEGE, CONSTANTINOPLE

Magnificence and dirt

Constantinople has perhaps the most beautiful site of any city in the world, and its majestic cathedral-mosque, its domes and palaces, give splendid evidence of former glory. But these are now everywhere inextricably mingled with the results of modern incompetence, cruelty, and greed. Unkempt and shabby, Stamboul's magnificent areas seem to be occupied by a dirty camp of peddlers preyed on by grafters, the streets are narrow, crooked, and rough, and successive conflagrations followed by no attempt at restoration have devastated the heart of the old city.

The fate of the dogs

The dogs, once so conspicuous about town, had all been gathered together not long before our visit and carried to an island in the Sea of Marmora, where they were left to destroy each other, Islam having a religious prejudice against the taking of life, that of man excepted! But with the south wind the odor became intolerable, so that finally the animals were turned over to a glover, who made use of their skins.

Morgenthau

In the course of our stay I was invited to a luncheon at the American Embassy by Dr. Henry Morgenthau, the sagacious representative of the United States at the Sublime Porte. A number of Turks were present on that occasion, among them Rustem Bey, a man of mediocre ability, then newly appointed minister to the United States. But some one told me he was Polish by birth, and only recently converted to Islamism! It will be recalled that his tenure in Washington soon ended on account of indiscreet utterances in which he compared the atrocities in Armenia to "lynching bees" in the South. This point of view of course ignored the fact that in the one case crime was committed in the name of the law, in the

other wholly in defiance of it and under conditions which by our system cannot yet be reached by the Federal Government, each state being responsible for misdeeds within its own borders.

Referring to Rustem, the governor of a neighboring province said to me: "We should have thought better of him had he turned Moslem *after* his appointment, for we have no use for a Christian who adopts our religion just to secure office."

Creating public opinion

When I was there, the Germans were "busily engaged in creating public opinion in their own inimitable fashion."[1] That is, through the use of money they had secured complete possession of the Young Turks. According to a saying current among the British residents, "Old Turk, Young Turk, old dog, new collar"; and the new collar bore the plain mark of "Made in Germany."[2]

The New Turks

The Turk, like the Prussian, fails to understand the feelings of other people. He is, however, very polite and soft-spoken, uses good French, and ordinarily gives little sign of cruelty or arrogance — in Byron's words, "as mild-mannered a man as ever scuttled ship or slit a throat." Talaat Bey, Minister of the Interior, "the uncrowned king of Turkey," was the brains of the triumvirate which constituted the infamous "Committee of Union and Progress," Enver Bey and Djamael Bey being the other two members. The Young Turk revolt which brought these men to the front began with the officers of the garrison at Monastir, but spread sufficiently to result in the

[1] John Reed.

[2] A report of the British minister then at Constantinople stated that in May, 1914, about £13,000,000 in bar gold was sent from Berlin to the Moslem government.

deposition and imprisonment of the Sultan Abdul Hamid, "Abdul the Damned," who was replaced by a figurehead.

3

Tcheraz

Because of limited time I was unable to visit Armenia, but I had already met many prominent people of that country, especially in Paris and London. In these days they were still hoping to exchange Moslem for Russian domination. Perhaps the most conspicuous of them, already long in exile, was Mirzasse Tcheraz, whom I had known in Paris. In 1878 he drew up the main clauses of the Treaty of San Stefano, which freed Bulgaria and provided for Armenia's welfare. Unhappily this excellent adjustment was soon displaced by the sinister Treaty of Berlin, Disraeli's much-trumpeted "Peace with Honor," which under the guise of protecting Armenia put her again at the mercy of the Turk.

San Stefano and Berlin

In London I met Safrastian, another leader, who later took an active part in the uprising of 1915 and the disastrous events which followed. The sufferings of their nation have been without parallel in the civilized world, but I have nothing to add to current knowledge, nor any suggestion as to the way out of the *impasse* in which poor Armenia still finds herself.

Smyrna

From Constantinople we took a Russian steamer plying to Smyrna and Athens. The former — which we reached in the morning — rises from the gulf in a splendid amphitheater, magnificent when viewed from the water. Not far outside the harbor lies the great rocky island of Chios, fringed with fishermen's huts and crowned with green forests. Small wonder

that Venizelos, then the real ruler of Greece, in his rising ambition aimed at the annexation of Smyrna and its hinterland, known as "Magna Græcia." This plan had historical justification at least, for Smyrna was a Greek city more than a thousand years before the Turks left Turkestan.

A dream of the eyes

Though we rested at anchor for the day, I was unable to go ashore with Holman because of a sudden illness due to an infection caught in the Greek camp.[1] The malady lasted for a week and a half, its chief feature being inability to digest food — a condition unaccompanied by fever but vexed with optical derangements and illusions such as arise from starvation. These began with a round black shade which occupied the center of vision, so that progress about unfamiliar ways might not have been quite safe.

In Athens

Next morning at Piræus we immediately took a carriage for the Hotel Hermes in Athens, but after this interesting drive I found myself obliged to go to bed. There I had the unique experience of seeing the pattern on a floor-rug slowly elevate itself, reach out its paws to comb its whiskers, spread out a tail like a flying squirrel, and finally sail through the open window toward the Acropolis. I then noted that such subjective apparitions may assume shapes quite unlike those traditionally incited by alcohol!

My optimistic local physician not finding much the matter and so giving me no help, after a couple of days I thought best to advance leisurely toward Cannes. We accordingly took the train for Patras, passing on the way what is left of the ancient city

[1] Diagnosed later in Naples as bacillary dysentery.

of Corinth and observing with interest the dry watercourses brightened by the roseate bloom of oleander. From Patras to Brindisi is a night's run, with a stop at Corfu; there, in spite of weakness, I arose to take a fleeting glance. Arrived at Brindisi nothing looked natural — the tramcars seemed covered with snow, the trees fantastically shaped like the scrolls in Greek sculpture. Our stone hotel had the general atmosphere of a cellar, the chickens of the neighborhood (a slim gamecock breed) kept up a continuous racket, and my sole comfort was in drinking a little broth made from one of the most vociferous. Finding the conditions intolerable, therefore, I decided to move on to Naples. The train was uncomfortable and slow, losing time all the way; but a courteous Naples attorney who shared our compartment, seeing that I could not sit up, guarded it from all intruders, even to the extent of persuading a dozen men to crowd in together next door.

Patras to Naples

We reached our destination three hours behind the schedule, to be then held by the customs office and the quarantine until after eleven o'clock. At the "Hôtel d'Angleterre" the porter was at first unwilling to take me in, not being allowed to receive men under the influence of drink! We finally convinced him that I was not in that class. In the morning, upon the advice of the kind-hearted doctor who answered Holman's call, I was removed to the well-equipped "Ospedale Internationale." There they provided me with two devoted nurses, one English and one Russian, while the German director gave my case careful attention.

A haven of refuge

In the dark I saw a slow-moving procession of faintly outlined forms marked at intervals by bright

Unwelcome visions

eyes which shone like jewels. To right or left at times appeared the swirl of water among red seaweed, or again a flood of it rising through tall grass. Outside my window stood a tree with limbs which assumed the form of freakish scrolls, and I constantly wondered what it might really be.

After about a week I awoke one day ravenously hungry and free from all illusions. My tree was plainly a Grevillea; I also noticed that the nurse took neither temperature nor pulse that morning. This sudden turn for the better emboldened us to leave by the night boat for Marseilles. This proved a rough trip but its rocking helped me to sleep, though in the Straits of Bonifacio between Corsica and Sardinia I got up to look at the rocky, barren, wind-swept extremities of the twin historic islands.

From Marseilles, Holman went over to Cannes for my family. Now happily reunited, we lingered for a little in the Midi. At Toulon I introduced Miss Jessie to *bouillabaisse*, dear to lovers of Thackeray.

Avignon and Les Baux

Then turning northward toward Paris, we stopped at "Papal Avignon, with its castle rising sheer above the Rhone stream"; here I rested for a week, spending many hours under the vines of an old convent garden. Meanwhile, however, we drove at times along the river, with one particularly charming trip through historic St. Rémy up to the ancient, highly picturesque, and ruined city of Les Baux on a rocky outpost of the Alpilles overlooking the wild Val d'Enfer. This being June, the native broom was in its prime, clothing the rugged hillsides with a mantle of brilliant gold. A few miles from St. Rémy we passed through Maillane, a sleepy little village notable only as the home of the poet Mistral.

CHAPTER FORTY-NINE

I

In Paris, Rivière made us welcome at his ample establishment on the Boulevard de la Madeleine, where a vacant apartment had been prepared for our reception.

An official conference

I now received an invitation to attend a conference of European statesmen called together on June 26 by the society entitled "La Paix par le Droit." The meeting took place at 24 Rue Pierre Curie, with D'Estournelles de Constant in the chair. Among those present were Dr. Heinrich Lammasch[1] of Vienna, Dr. Theodor Curti, editor-in-chief of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Paul Eyschen, premier of Luxemburg, Georges Bourdon of *Figaro*, George H. Perris of the London *Chronicle*, Nicholas Murray Butler, and a number of others prominent in France, England, Belgium, and Holland. Norman Angell and Théodore Ruyssen had taken part in previous meetings, but, as I remember, neither attended on that day.

Relating my Balkan experiences I dwelt especially on the plight of the refugees, and expressed the conviction that a customs union leading toward federation offered the only hope for peace in that region. But what they most desired was my judgment of the work of the Balkan Commission of Inquiry.[2]

The Conference gave special consideration to

[1] See Chapter XLIV, page 521, Chapter LV, pages 764–766, and Appendix L.
[2] See Chapter XLVIII, page 605.

possible means of saving Europe from the "patriotic" press, with its reckless incitement of international hate. Certain newspapers in Germany, France, and Great Britain — doubtless in Russia also — were stoutly maintaining that war being inevitable, the sooner it came the better. In this connection Bourdon presented an elaborate tentative plan for an international journal so endowed and controlled as to be safeguarded against the assaults of nationalism, and present only the truth. But no one appeared hopeful as to the future. Curti, a man of large intelligence, seemed disturbed at the conditions in Germany, and Eyschen — broad-shouldered and genial — as frankly worried over the position of Luxemburg and Belgium.

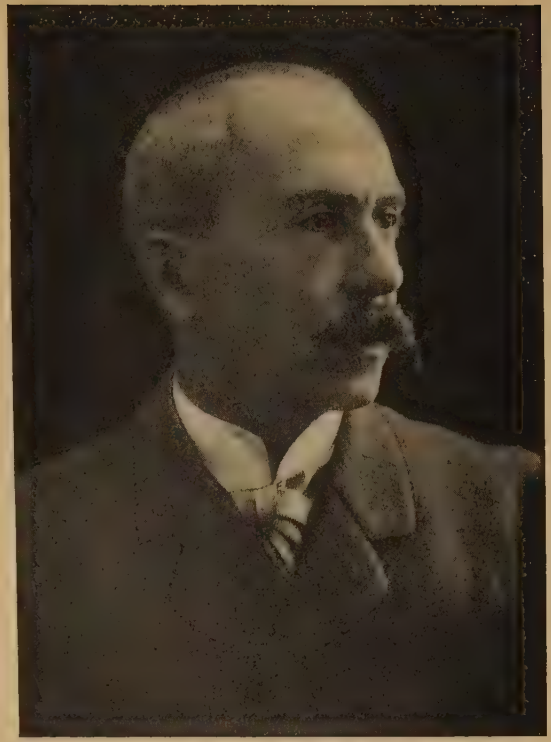
Need of immune journalism

Meanwhile an important international congress of business men was holding a session in Paris. With the Boston delegation had come my friend Bryant [1] in the interest of world peace, a matter which deeply concerned most members of the conference.

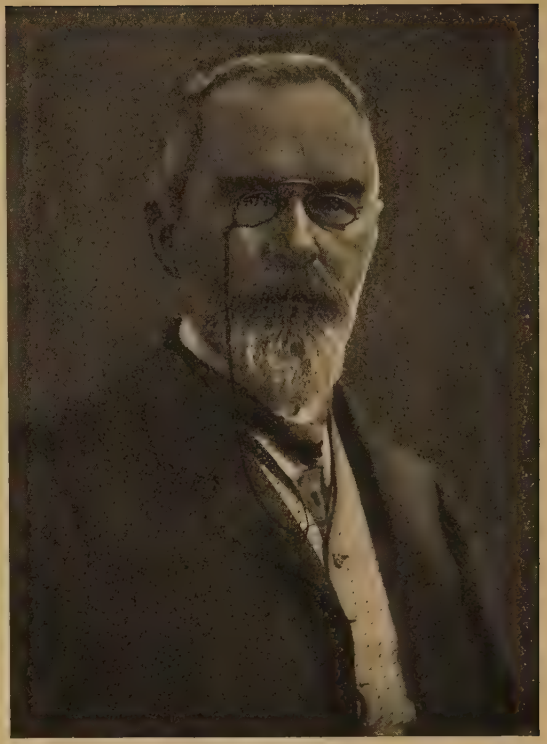
One evening we attended a dinner given by the distinguished physiologist, equally eminent as a pacifist, Charles Richet, professor in the University of Paris. Present on this occasion was Albert of Monaco. I sat between two brilliant women, both admirably witty, one of them being Madame Puech, formerly professor of French at McGill University, now wife of the editor of *La Paix par le Droit*. Never before had I had so severe a conversational trial, for clever epigrams sparkled on both sides of me and in my attempts to translate and frame answers I was always many laps behind!

Richet

[1] See Chapter XXXVI, page 291.



CHARLES RICHET



HEINRICH LAMMASCH

Junkets in Britain

About this time, as a means of strengthening the "Entente Cordiale," Sarolea[1] had arranged in behalf of the British Government an excursion of leading Frenchmen to various watering places in England, with the customary extensions of hospitality. As a special courtesy, Mrs. Jordan and I were invited to make the rounds with the French delegation. I was, however, not yet physically able to undertake so fatiguing a trip, but we went over to London and attended the first gathering, a dinner at which many distinguished persons made brief addresses. Among those I personally met were Sir Ernest Shackleton, Dr. Vandervelde, afterward Premier of Belgium, and Dr. Reginald J. Campbell, the gifted preacher, an old acquaintance of mine.

Angell's summer school

Soon after, Norman Angell called together the younger English pacifists at a summer school of internationalism at Old Jordan's in Buckinghamshire, once the home of William Penn. The farmhouse served as residence, the ancient barn as meeting place. The roof of the latter was built over the ribs of a ship which recent investigations have identified as the bones of the *Mayflower*—that historic vessel having been sold and broken up after her return from Plymouth. Many students interested in world peace were present from Cambridge, Manchester, and London universities. It was Angell's custom to bring on each day some person from the outside, preferably a militarist or imperialist. When the speaker had stated his case, he would be searchingly questioned by the leader and his disciples. One of the most conspicuous and interesting guests was Gilbert K.

[1] See Chapter XLIV, page 514, and Chapter XLV, page 544.

The incomparable Chesterton

Chesterton, an adroit and versatile maker of paradoxes, an intense democrat with imperialistic leanings, a Liberal and a Catholic, hating the Prussians in order to admire them and at times admiring them in order to hate them.

My own contribution naturally concerned the Balkans, particularly the dangers arising from the mistakes of the Treaty of London and the mutilations due to the Treaty of Bucharest. Leaving then Old Jordan's, we motored into Wales, where I settled my wife and her companions at Bettws-y-coed, a very pretty village "in the woods," while Robert Young, Holman, and I made a hasty but informing tour of Ireland.

2

During our eleven days' trip we visited in turn Dublin, Drogheda, Belfast, Londonderry, and Omagh, interviewing all sorts of people with a view to learning the temper of the country. Our reception was everywhere friendly, and from many sources we secured frank statements of opinion.[1]

Dublin

Dublin is a very slow city, one of the most sluggish for its size in the United Kingdom. With many elegant buildings, it has also the most hopeless slums in Europe — broad streets of old stone houses, once fine but now crowded with drunken men, slatternly women, and dirty-faced children. "Liberty Hall," a forlorn "outpost of freedom" in their midst, was the chief local center of revolt against British law.

[1] Of the following account, written in 1919, certain paragraphs appeared in *Sunset* for May of that year. The distressing incidents which followed in 1920 I do not venture to discuss.

Plunkett and Russell

We were especially impressed with the wisdom and self-restraint of Dublin's foremost citizen, Sir Horace Plunkett, whom I had previously met on one of his frequent visits to the United States. He introduced us to his chief co-worker, the poet and publicist, George Russell,[1] equally well known as "A.E.," a big, handsome, tously-haired, brown-bearded Ulsterman, Protestant, and strong advocate of home rule; "Ireland's North Star," his friends call him. Sir Horace assured us that Russell was "the best man in Ireland," but others assign the same value to Plunkett. Of the soundness of their views, so widely discussed, I am fully convinced. These involve, in brief, dominion status for all Ireland essentially like that of Canada, foreign relations remaining under the control of the Empire.

Effect of half measures

We were, moreover, convinced that the longer this inevitable settlement was delayed, the more difficult and dangerous the problem would become. The question has been much aggravated by half measures, by "fawning kindness" met by reckless attempts at "direct action." The very fact that every move toward Irish freedom has taken the form of "redress of grievances" has itself been always a grievance of the first magnitude. "Men may take injustice standing up, but few will take justice lying down," says Francis Hackett.

"Plunkett's scheme is feasible," observed Russell to us; "that is what damns it, though not eternally, we hope."

Sir Horace has been the most helpful citizen of Ireland. Through his agency was passed the Land

[1] "I began to see that a poet could be also a wise and straightforward human being, something which before had seemed true only of 'A.E.'" SIGNE TOKSVIG

Prosperity in Ireland

Act, by which the great holdings of absentee landlords were broken up and sold to resident owners. Plunkett and Russell also developed the system of coöperative dairies, which enables farmers to produce butter and cheese of high and uniform quality, thus giving these Irish products a standing in the commercial world.

The current situation was concisely summed up by Sir Horace: "Home rule must be regarded as a *fait accompli;* meanwhile Irish history is for Ireland to forget and England to remember." The question is not one of better government or worse, but rather of government's relation to the people. It may be that "Dublin Castle" knows better what is good for Ireland than the Irish themselves, but unless the latter freely agree, the régime cannot be good. What Dublin Castle means is that force and fear make a better show of order than freedom and responsibility. To those who like it the goose-step represents a high degree of discipline, but a goose-stepping nation is not on the road to progress. That depends on individual initiative and efficiency.

Rule of Dublin Castle

When it is said that home rule in Ireland must necessarily be inefficient, wasteful, partisan, and priest-ridden, many will give assent. But home rule is the essence of democracy. It establishes a national training school in civics by which good government may in time be attained. There is no other way. Government for the people must be government *by* the people, it being an unchanging maxim of political science that whoever rules looks first to his own interest.

Men learn by trying

Opposition to home rule was voiced occasionally on social grounds. A titled Irish lady of Dublin, for

example, told me that she was against it "because of the violence of Irish factions." She also opposed agricultural development, land ownership, and the like "because they crowded out people of quality." "There are no longer openings of a semi-genteel order for young men and women. The farms belong to peasants, who spend no money for butlers and ladies' maids." This attitude, widespread among "people of quality" the world over, gives point to Hackett's sharp retort: "I would not wear a Norman coronet in Ireland and sit in the wind of antipathy for all the revenues of the land." *Aristocratic views*

Shortly after we drove down Amiens Street to the railway station *en route* to Drogheda and Belfast, a company of soldiers, followed by an unfriendly mob, passed the same way. Soon stones were thrown by the populace, after which some shots were fired by the soldiers, and a few persons were killed or wounded—"a regrettable incident" for which nobody seemed really to blame. But the affair was bitterly resented. People said: "In Belfast the soldiers would not have fired; the Belfast police cleared the streets for the march of the Ulster Volunteers. There is one law for Leinster and another for Ulster!" *An embittering contrast*

In Drogheda, County Meath, a very Irish town, scene of the Battle of the Boyne, the memories of William III and his Orangemen were still distressingly vivid after the lapse of more than two hundred years.

Belfast bustles witn enterprise, being comparable in that respect to Toronto, Detroit, or Melbourne, cities of approximately the same size and business *Busy Belfast*

activity. It is a great manufacturing town, building huge ships and weaving endless miles of linen. As a whole it is steadfastly opposed to home rule. It "will not submit to be taxed by the thriftless people of the South." Belfast scorns her southern neighbors although geographically she is almost surrounded by them, a colony of "the faithful" long ago successfully planted from Scotland on a heathen shore.

Ulster must remain Irish

But Ulster as a whole makes no imperative demand. It is after all part and parcel of Ireland, and it is by no means a unit politically, having its own minority problem. Tyrone in the center, a great farming district Irish to the core, stands unqualifiedly for home rule; so do Fermanagh, Cavan, Monaghan, and storm-swept Donegal on the west. Armagh and Derry are about half and half. This leaves only Down and Antrim wholly opposed — Down with the city of Belfast, and Antrim (the northeast corner of Ireland) with her group of Scottish farmers. The trade interests of Ulster coincide with those of the rest of Ireland and all the Irish are proud of Belfast, however aggravated by her obstinacy. "This pride rises up when the segregation of Ulster is urged."

The Orange and the Green

In Belfast generally we found the two parties sharply defined,[1] the Scotch-Irish austere, thrifty, grimly religious, worshiping (after the manner of men) a God of their own kind, and contrasting in every way with the easy-going, witty, facile Irishmen of the South. Yet in the city's greatest industry, the shipyard of Harlan and Wolff, we were assured

[1] The young people took matters less seriously. The Sunday we were in Belfast a company of Ulster Volunteers met on the parade ground a similar group of Irish Volunteers. Each party was provided with eight gamecocks, and one after another these birds enthusiastically fought out the battles between the "Orange" and the "Green."

by the manager, Mr. Sexton Payne, that home rule would bring about a more tolerant and therefore a more prosperous Ireland. The superior energy and industrial organization of Belfast, he said, would naturally tend to dominate, but each part would draw strength from the other and each would be weakened by separation.

Reasonable Ulstermen

I also met Catholic priests and editors in Belfast and Londonderry who were quite willing to consider the Ulster standpoint and go to any reasonable length in the way of guarantee against abuses by the Catholic majority. As a matter of fact, the priests generally disclaimed all desire to lead in politics unless the necessity should be forced upon them; and most intelligent men believed that under home rule issues other than religious would soon arise to divide the people.

"Exclusion of Ulster," said a broad-minded Ulsterman, W. A. Davey of the Ulster *Guardian*,

> would not leave in Ireland any wholesome division of parties. If the Ulster question did not exist, an anti-clerical party would arise. A free Ireland will not be continuously divided between Catholic and Protestant, Irishmen and Orangemen. Public opinion is in favor of fair play. It is not well to divide a country along partisan lines, to put all of one party off by themselves. But with Ulster bent on having her way, there is no chance of division among Catholics.

Belfast officials, however, were nearly all hostile to home rule. "We are not a bit afraid to fight, for tyranny is worse than bloodshed." "It's hard to have fought our way by constitutional methods and then find them of no avail." The populace seemed still elated over the recent gun-running (April 24) on the

Gun-running

Mount Joy from Hamburg. Doggerel slogans were much in evidence on posters and post cards:

> For it's north against rebel southern
> And Protestant against priest;
> The bitter hate of centuries,
> All gathered to Death's feast.
>
> * * *
>
> So, if ere it comes to using the guns that then were run,
> Who can foretell the ending of the ghastly war begun?
>
> * * *
>
> Ulster will be right,
> Ulster will fight.

And in Belfast cards showing Carson as a mailed knight on horseback redeeming Ulster from the papists were freely distributed.

The Belfast *Weekly News* declared the gun-running to be

> one of the most amazing events which ever occurred in the checkered history of the United Kingdom. However prosaically the record may be set down, it will send a thrill of amazement through every man and woman reading the simple story; for though unprecedented and so full of portent, the tale is merely the recital of events which, though most complex in detail, intricate in conception, and audacious in execution, worked out without a hitch.

Carson and the Kaiser

For this flagrant breach of law Sir Edward Carson was mainly responsible. In 1913 he visited Berlin and, lunching with the Kaiser, assured him of Ulster's determination to resist home rule—by force if need be; the "die hards" would never submit to Catholic domination.[1] This statement seems to have strongly

[1] I give this on the authority of Sir John McDonell. See pages 641–643.

impressed Wilhelm, and the gun-running followed in due season.[1]

Ulster disapproval

The affair was by no means universally approved, even in Ulster. A leading Presbyterian clergyman of Londonderry said to me that

> the government should at the beginning have stopped Carson's play with fire; prompt action might have made Sir Edward a martyr, but matters would have been no worse. To tolerate gun-running was a fatal mistake. Gun-running in Belfast means gun-running in Dublin.

"The essence of the case," said a Belfast editor,

> is an effort to save the British nobility and the Conservative party. Sir Edward Carson would like to be arrested. It would take the whole thing off his shoulders.

Still another Ulster Liberal observed that

> the government should have crushed out lawlessness and prevented the drilling of troops, no matter on which side. They have allowed violent speeches, gun-running on both sides, and parades with arms.

Political vicissitudes

British Liberals (notably John A. Hobson) demanded Carson's indictment for treason. From this fate he was saved (it is said) by the mediation of John Redmond. Strangely enough, however, through the intricacies of coalition politics, Sir Edward soon went into the Cabinet as Minister of Justice, while Sir Frederick E. Smith, his lieutenant, vociferous, ubiquitous, and imponderable, eager "to shed any blood but his own," was made a peer.[2]

In 1916 Sir Roger Casement, an impracticable idealist, tied himself up with the Germans in the

[1] See Chapter XLII, pages 482–483.

[2] As Lord Birkenhead; his superior later became "Lord Carson of Duncairn."

cause of Irish independence and was sent to the Tower and executed, while some of his associates—poets, teachers, and dreamers—were hastily shot under martial law. "One law for Dublin, another for Belfast." This may not be a fair way of stating the case, but so it looked to Dublin, which city, however, had countered in July, 1914, with its own gun-running episode.[1]

The Kaiser both going and coming

Both factions had in turn hoped for help from the Kaiser. In Belfast it was frequently said that as head of the great Protestant Church he would never allow Ulster to fall under Catholic control. Later Dublin extremists argued that Ireland and Germany, facing a common enemy, should unite in a common cause. Meanwhile Wilhelm and his agents had not the slightest interest in the Irish beyond their possible service in harassing Great Britain.

From Belfast we went on to the pleasant city of Londonderry, which rises picturesquely above Loch Foyle, a lake-like glaciated arm of the sea. Here we found feeling less bitter and the parties about evenly divided, though memories were very long. Presbyterian and Methodist elders talked as if they themselves remembered the cruel siege of their city by the Catholic Lord Antrim in 1689, when the people were forced to eat rats and nettles until at last a ship from London broke the chain drawn across the narrow entrance of the Loch. From Dr. Thomas Witherow, professor in Magus College, we received valuable help, and his "Siege of Derry and Enniskillen," although written by a Protestant, was commended to us by Catholics as both just and accurate.

Siege of Derry

[1] So far as I have heard no official notice was taken of this incident, the onset of war pushing Irish matters into the background.

Tyrone in Ulster

Directly south of Derry lies Tyrone, one of the largest counties of Ireland, geographically the heart of old Ulster but mainly Catholic like the rest of the country. In the recent splitting, Tyrone and Fermanagh were left with the Belfast schism — notwithstanding the obvious will of the people — in order to give an appearance of substance to "New Ulster," which otherwise would have been only a narrow rim of the northern seaboard.

From Omagh, the capital of Tyrone, we drove in a jaunting car, least comfortable of vehicles, to see one of the many peat bogs of the region. These are glacial ponds filled with the débris of centuries of decaying moss — *Sphagnum* — and other vegetation.

"Best elements" opposed to home rule

The political freedom (not necessarily independence) of Ireland is long overdue, and the right policy has been evident since the days of Gladstone. But no British statesman has ever had a chance to carry it out, each attempt having been thwarted by the ultraconservative element; that is, British Tories have systematically played on the prejudices of Ulster to further their own interests in England, the maintenance of privilege being their real purpose.[1] This was, however, masked by the assertion that in Ireland the "best elements" should govern, the people as a whole being manifestly unfit. The ideals of British conservatism have always involved some form of aristocracy. The social function of the "upper classes" is not creation but domination; in themselves they see the natural rulers of the masses. The "better elements" of England — as self-defined — have little care for Irish necessities. They are bent

[1] See Chapter XLII, page 483.

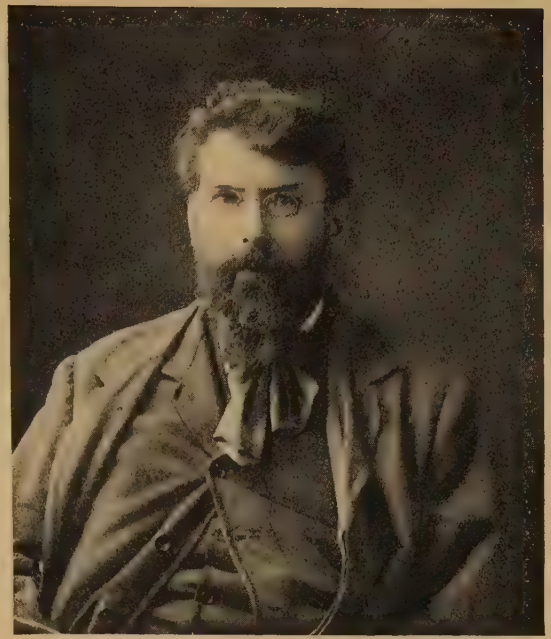
on holding Ireland whatever the cost, if thereby they may hold England! Men cling to nothing more persistently than to unearned privilege, and with Liberalism firmly in the saddle the "decline of aristocracy" is only a matter of time.

The deeper needs of Ireland are industry and education. The great work of Plunkett and Russell has been belittled by some critics as being material rather than spiritual, but it is along material lines that first aid should be given. The exigencies of Imperial politics thrust the country into poverty. Spiritual elevation cannot take root in squalor and hunger. The virtues of self-respect and self-reliance will arise through self-extrication from long-standing evils. "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." Poverty weakens the energies of life; it is the cause of the ignorance, insanitation, unthrift, and violence of which Ireland has long been more or less justly accused.

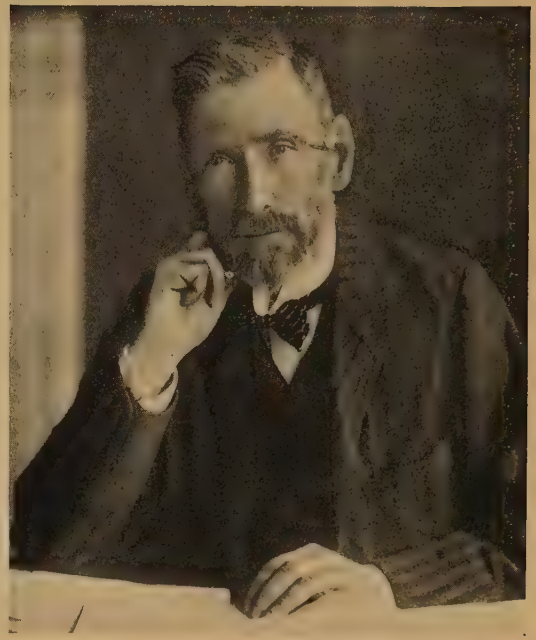
Effects of poverty

Again, true freedom is of the mind, not of the body. Public education is a vital necessity to the next generation in Ireland. She has now a disproportionate number of old people, more or less ignorant and helpless. Her vigorous population has for generations been skimmed by emigration and by military service. Half of young Ireland is in America. She can recover in but one way — by taking hold of her future for herself. Ireland belongs to the Irish; her problems must be solved in Irish ways and by the coöperation of all. Moreover, in my judgment, no Irish republic wholly independent and resting on American support can be possible or permanent. To this conclusion Ireland may in time give assent, for she is especially subject to "changing winds" of

Ireland's weakness



GEORGE RUSSELL ("A. E.")
From portrait by H. Lawrence Lloyd



SIR HORACE PLUNKETT
From portrait by Lafayette, Ltd.

emotion, her leaders being prone to fluctuate between extremes. It is not easy to maintain concert pitch unless faced by vociferous opposition. George Russell once humorously admitted to me the tendency of his compatriots to revulsions of feeling: "When an Irishman says 'I will never marry,' I see orange blossoms over his head." *Changing winds*

In 1916 a Royal Commission was appointed to adjust Ireland's relation to the British Empire. The personnel of this body was excellent, its spirit high-minded, and yet from the first it was bound to fail because it was chosen in London — even its Irish members having no mandate from a home constituency. Thus its point of view was necessarily Imperial, and any concession to Ireland would be a British gift. Meanwhile there were elements within the commission whose chief purpose it was to see that the gift contained no substance. *The Royal Commission*

In my own judgment there is but one way out, and that itself grows more difficult with each administrative failure. Great Britain must allow Ireland the freedom Canada and Australia have won for themselves. County by county the country must choose its own delegates to its own constitutional convention, its authority limited solely by adhesion to the British Federation, with the necessary bonds of permanent alliance but absolutely free from dictation in matters of local welfare or interest. Ireland would then become England's sister state; and England as well as Ireland will be able to breathe more freely when the old relation of master and slave is done away with forever. *Way to peace*

BOOK SIX

August 2, 1914, to January 19, 1921

CHAPTER FIFTY

I

RETURNING from Wales by way of Cambridge, on Sunday, August 2, we stopped for a few hours with Dr. and Mrs. Oppenheim. During the past week war clouds had been gathering rapidly over the Continent, but Great Britain did not as yet feel vitally concerned. Diplomatic contentions were no novelty in European history, and the storm might blow over as it had in 1908 and 1911. If not, the professor and I both expressed the hope that England would not be involved. But nobody, not even certain members of the Cabinet with whom I afterward discussed the matter, knew whether confidential agreements existed between Sir Edward Grey and the French ministry.

The Sarajevo murder

The murder of Franz Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, made the way to war easier, as furnishing alleged justification for the attack on Serbia — a move certain to be resented by Russia. Whether or not this crime was planned by Tisza, Tschirsky, and Forgach — the trio who wrote the Austrian ultimatum — through the use of *agents provocateurs*, as plausibly asserted by Mr. H. Wickham Steed, I cannot say; but Hincovich, the Croatian attorney who represented the victims of the Friedjung trial at Zagreb, told me he believed it to be so.[1] Certainly

[1] The story of "the pact of Konopischt," as reported in the London press by Mr. Steed, though unverified, is at least plausible. Konopischt in Styria was the summer residence of the Archduke, and at his villa there he developed a wonderful rose-garden worth going far to see. In the spring of 1914, therefore, Kaiser Wilhelm and Admiral Tirpitz paid him a more or less quiet visit, ostensibly

the Archduke's plans for a triple monarchy and his marriage outside court circles awakened strong resentment in Vienna and Budapest, while on the other hand he and his spouse found favor with the Kaiser, who ennobled the lady. In any event, the affair at Sarajevo offered a better military opening than a pretext to be framed in Alsace.

The case of Serbia

But the current statement that Serbia started the war cannot be supported. The crime was committed by an Austrian subject and in Austrian territory. I know of no evidence to show complicity in the plot on the part of the Serbian government or the Serbian people. That a Serbo-Bosnian secret society was implicated is very likely; doubtless also Serbians generally continued to resent the seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908 and the judicial murders achieved or attempted in Croatia.

The fate of the Archduke was only an incident, and appeals to greed, patriotism, and revenge were all

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to view the fine display of bloom. But combining business with pleasure, as the three friends walked in the garden they considered a new plan for a Triple Monarchy. This involved the relinquishment of German Austria by the Archduke, who then should make good his transfer by combined war on Russia to secure Poland and Serbia. Two great empires would thus run parallel from the North and Baltic seas to the Adriatic and Ægæan, that of Franz Ferdinand consisting of Poland, Hungary, and Jugoslavia, the latter of which would comprise Croatia, Slavonia, Bosnia, Serbia, and most of Macedonia.

According to rumor the conference was overheard, and by means of *agents provocateurs* and Bosnian fanatics, certain Austro-Hungarian noblemen then compassed the death of the Archduke,—feared and hated (as already implied) in the court circles of both capitals. Replying to a request for more information, Mr. Steed writes me as follows:

"The article on 'The Pact of Konopischt' stands as I wrote it. My article was in the nature of explanatory comment on information that reached me from a quarter that I am still not at liberty to name. It was, however, the only quarter that was likely to know, even in outline, what passed at Konopischt. But I could not and cannot go bail for it. All I could do, and did, when it reached me was to explain the circumstances that rendered even so startling a story not inherently improbable."

of the nature of camouflage. Tension on the Continent had become so great that a strong man in effective opposition (Jean Jaurès, for example) took his life in his hands. A chance shot along the frontier might have precipitated the catastrophe, a fact more or less realized by observers for the last twenty years. *Jaurès*

On Monday morning war was declared against France, and the German General Staff, apparently without the approval of the Prime Minister, Bethmann-Hollweg, at once invaded Belgium. Now that the war is over, in a spirit of generosity toward a conquered foe which at the point of the sword has confessed guilt, several American and British publicists have discredited "the Myth of the Guilty Nation," evoking Burke's dictum that you "cannot indict a whole nation." It is of course manifest that a "whole nation" could not unite for crime or conspiracy. But conspiracy actually existed on the part of German military leaders, and culminated in crime of the first magnitude. At the best, also, the German people as a whole were guilty of docility and acquiescence, a rôle for which they were fitted by nature and especially by training. Brutality is the "Nemesis of Docility."[1] *Invasion of Belgium*

When the war was young and relatively popular, Winston Churchill was reported to claim it as *his* war. Isvolsky, in Russia, made the same assertion for himself. But the Pangermanists knew better.[2] The war was theirs; no others were in position to bring it on. Its sources lay deep down in elementary

[1] See volume thus entitled, by Edmond Holmes.
[2] See Chapter XLV, pages 554–555.

impulses, the fear of the loss of power and privilege. The dreary records of rival diplomats sparring for time teach us little of causes or purposes. From these one may prove anything or nothing; reality is found in actual deeds. That the ministries of Germany and Great Britain alike hoped to avoid war may well be believed. Yet the final decision lay not with diplomatists or people, but with a weak egotist vacillating between rashness and cowardice, obsessed by love of military display.

A bootless task

To quote from Friedrich Förster, one of the bravest and most enlightened of Germans, son of the Berlin astronomer and professor of Education in the University of Munich:

> The era of Bismarck led naturally to the World War. Did the German people want war? The answer must be divided. Certainly, as a reckoning with Russia, as a step toward world expansion, a small but mighty group wanted a world war. These were the military, the Pangermanists, the ironmongers, the great capitalists.[1] A larger body did not want war but

[1] That war was desired and expected, in German army circles at least, is evidenced by the following extracts (which I translate) from a captain's letter to a cousin (in America), who placed the original in my hands:

"Duisburg am Rhein,
July 28, 1914

"Dear L——,

"I am of course very heartily glad to know that you are coming, but I cannot say yet whether or not you will find me 'at home,' for we are today facing either a European military movement (*Waffengang*) or a totally rotten peace. In Russia and France strong revolutionary movements, in England virtually a civil war, — our chances against the Slavs and Frenchmen are not bad. *Unfortunately* it seems as though the German 'Michael' will again submit to having the wool pulled over his ears. On the whole, however, public opinion is so favorable that, in case the big crash really comes, the war will end as it did in 1813–15, 1864–66, and 1870–71! . . .

"Above my desk there is suspended the Iron Cross that my beloved father earned for himself in the winter of '70–'71; perhaps it is destined that I, too, may square accounts with the big-mouthed Frenchmen and the Slavs. These

joyously hailed it for its expected fruits. What of the Kaiser? Did he plan the war? Undoubtedly not. His was not a character to plan anything. To bring on a world war requires a demoniac strength of will and nerve which this weak and shifty ruler did not possess.

He toyed with the idea of a world in flames, in which the German Kaiser would be absolute victor, crushing all opponents. . . . His heart was ice cold, and touchily sensitive, at one time in wild eagerness for the fray, then suddenly overcome with fear, sometimes heedless of the future and again weak and cautious under some fresh impulse from outside. Thus he vacillated hither and thither, the very opposite of a self-contained leader, rather the very figure of a "new German parvenu," an unsteady, characterless, noisy personage, with never a conception of what "princely attitude" or "royal dignity" should be. . . .

He was influenced by expressions such as this of General von Lobell: "Wait no longer, let the war come; then the world will learn something. In two weeks we conquer France, then

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uncivilized Servian assassins are a fine set of protégés of the Parisian outlanders who are bragging so much about their culture, and of the Russians who are trusting in their enormous armies. Will England, as usual, play *tertius gaudens?*

"For every hundred of German boys that in the event of war at this time will have to give their lives *pro gloria et patria,* we shall, as conditions now exist in Europe, have to sacrifice a thousand in the not far-distant future, — if peace, a totally rotten peace as things now lie, shall be maintained. Therefore in many quarters people are saying here, 'For God's sake let's have no more of this disgraceful yielding, that was so foreign to the Germans under Bismarck's leadership!' Even the flies are laughing over the 'English arbitrator' who made such an eternal fool of himself during recent years in connection with the Balkan troubles.

"Even in case England because of its internal troubles should not deem the present time the proper one for the squaring of accounts on the Continent, Austria-Hungary, the German Empire, and Italy will have to remain firm. We do not want the war, but we are not going to let any one scare us. In Servia the German and Austrian flags will flutter side by side in the breezes, and Italy, too, will act true to its obligations in the Alliance, and will think it advantageous to enter the fray.

"Please be sure to read the *Deutsche Tageszeitung, Deutsche Zeitung, Neue Preussische Kreuz-Zeitung, Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, Berliner Neueste Nachrichten.* The *Berliner Tageblatt* is a Jewish international journal of lies.

"*Auf Wiedersehen,*

"Hans"

we turn to strike Russia to the ground, then march on to the Balkans to set up order there."

Thus it was; so cry out all documents, so it appears through all memoirs, so it burns inextinguishable in the consciences of all Germans who had open eyes and had not estranged themselves from their best and noblest friends in other nations: that the German people is lost, that it does not realize how deep it has fallen, and how harsh the punishment will be for its moral isolation and the breach of comity of which it has been guilty.[1]

Change in British feeling

General public opinion in England had long been resolutely set against war,[2] and the perilous alliance between Russia and France was widely regarded as a blunder only to be excused by the fear of German aggression;[3] but with the invasion of Belgium feeling changed, over night as it were.

On August 5, Sir Edward Grey made his famous speech in Parliament, setting forth Great Britain's relations and obligations in connection with the crisis, at the same time urging a declaration of war. Gardiner of the *News* afterward declared that all at once the world seemed to turn black before his eyes, so keen was his forecast of the terrible future involved

[1] From "Mein Kampf gegen das Militärische und Nationalistische Deutschland," a noble volume by Förster, issued in 1920. See Chapter LV, page 768.

[2] On August 4 my cabman said: "There ought to be common sense enough in all Europe to stop this thing right now. Those that make war should be made to fight it. There wouldn't be any war then."

[3] In view of the continuous menace from German militarism and the open threats of the Pangermanists and other war agitators, one cannot greatly blame France for taking alarm. That her statesmen grasped at straws explains even if it fails to justify the disastrous alliance with the Tsar. Not only was Russian autocracy sure to crumble under severe strain, but the whole agreement was tainted with corruption. Paris brokers sold Russian bonds in great amounts to the common people, stipulating that half the sum borrowed should be spent on armament in France. Serbia was also borrowing in Paris and on identical terms. Dalsème, a wholesale dealer in leather goods, told me that the Serbian government was paying a hundred francs apiece for cheap saddles he was willing to furnish at twenty.

in the Foreign Minister's decision. On August 1 he had written:

> The greatest calamity in history is upon us — a calamity so vast that our senses are benumbed with horror. Every step at this hour may be irrevocable. The avalanche trembles on the brink, and a touch may send it shattering to the abyss.

Cabinet resignations

Parliament having declared war, Morley, Burns, and Trevelyan at once resigned from the Cabinet. Burns told me he had read "The Human Harvest," and had made up his mind that he "would take no part in any war, for any purpose," as the effects on the manhood of England would be so terribly disastrous. Borrowing friends having worn out his copy of the book, he now asked for another with my autograph.

A few days later Norman Angell, fully alive to the awful significance of the catastrophe which had overtaken civilization, gathered about him a group of friends and disciples at Salisbury House, near the Strand. Then in memorable words, "We were not successful — we were merely right," he summed up the situation.[1]

Lichnowsky

In a farewell visit to friends in the Liberal Club, Prince Lichnowsky, the German Ambassador, had

[1] In his recent volume, "The Next War," Will Irwin writes as follows: "From the pacifist literature which preceded our entrance into the European War, three books stand out in memory. Jean Bloch, a Pole, maintained that war could not be; the horrors of modern warfare were so great that men would not long face them. Events discredited Bloch; we found unexpected reservoirs of valor in the human spirit. Every week, along the great line, bodies of men performed acts of sacrifice which made Thermopylæ, the Alamo, and the Charge of the Light Brigade seem poor and spiritless. Norman Angell, writing from the economic viewpoint, predicted not that war could not be, but that it would not pay. The victor would lose as well as the vanquished. Events so far have tended to vindicate Norman Angell's view; perhaps the next ten years may vindicate him entirely. The third work, less known than the others, came out of Armageddon unshaken. It is Dr. David Starr Jordan's 'War and the Breed.'"

opened his heart, saying in substance, as reported to me:

> I cannot understand the English people. Only yesterday you were on "the verge of civil war." The King himself said so. The army was sullen, and your leading general had resigned rather than enforce the law in Ulster. To all appearance if a Continental war should break out England would be paralyzed, unable to take part in it. War is now on, and I find the whole nation united in its prosecution. This is the end of my diplomatic career, for I reported to the Emperor what seemed to be the fact, and it turns out that I was mistaken.

A gentleman deceived

Lichnowsky seems to have been mistaken also when he interpreted his diplomatic duties to be those of a peacemaker. Instead, he was apparently expected to keep England quiet while Germany got ready. At least, his subsequent disclosures point in that direction. After his return to Germany he wrote:

> Thus ended my London mission. It was wrecked not by the perfidy of the British, but by the perfidy of our policy.

From various quarters much criticism has been directed against Sir Edward Grey because of his lack of prevision and decision and of his alleged secret entanglements with France. I cannot feel, however, that he should be seriously blamed for any positive action, though he might well have been more alert and decisive. Much ground, I think, was lost through delay; and when he appealed to the German Government for a conference at London, he made, to my mind, a decided tactical mistake. He should have insisted on an immediate meeting in Berlin. Two years before he called the Balkan States to London to give them a scolding, and led

Ground lost

in a gross maladjustment of their affairs. Germany and Austria were not to be dealt with in similar fashion, and the invitation strengthened the war party; "Austria cannot be summoned before an Areopagus," replied the German authorities. A conference at Berlin would have thrown the Pangermanists and other war makers on the defensive, for the time being at least. To London they could not be dragged; at Berlin they could not have escaped publicity. *Grey's error*

Grey's failure seemed to me to rest not in intrigue — of which he has been more or less unjustly accused — but in lack of knowledge concerning the people and temper of continental Europe.

2

Early in August the German government put out a "White Book," which through quoted documents tried to justify Austria's dealings with Serbia, a state "within her own sphere of influence," and Germany's invasion of Belgium. A copy of this pamphlet being early sent me from Holland, it was apparently for a time the only one in London. In my judgment the authors utterly failed to make their case; neither the much-exaggerated criticisms of Serbia nor the geographical position of Belgium justified the initiation of war. *Germany's statement*

The British then issued their own "White Book," but with characteristic regard for routine they apparently made no effort to secure publicity, merely placing it on sale as usual in two bookstores, one for each party. Noting this fact, I told Sir John McDonell, Master of the Supreme Court, that Britain *The British version*

should lay her case before the world by publishing it in every European language and scattering it broadcast. Sir John reported the suggestion to Grey; the book was at once translated into French, German, Dutch, and Danish, and given wide circulation. That it dealt with all relevant matters may now be questioned, but from certain crushing facts Germany could not escape. The conflict was begun by the invasion of a neutral country protected by "only a paper bulwark," the military leaders (as Professor Hans Delbrück admitted) choosing to take "the odium" of forcing the war rather than to lose the advantage of first attack. Whatever we may think of diplomatic evasion on any side, the one tremendous criminal act remains.

Taking the odium

Another feature of British policy interested me personally. Soon after the destruction of Louvain, the Cabinet promised to lend ten million pounds sterling to Belgium at current rates of interest. This information was received with alarm by Senator La Fontaine, then a refugee in London. He and his associates felt that "signing bonds and pledging interest to the British Government" would be very disheartening to the scattered and outraged Belgians. Indeed, it might furnish a strong impetus toward yielding to Germany. Having brought this view of the case to the attention of Gardiner and some other Liberals, I offered the suggestion, natural under the circumstances and doubtless made by others, that the transaction be a gift, not a loan. I was soon after informed that no bonds would be required, while the money would be advanced only when needed, so as not to permit the invaders to levy on it — for they were at that time seizing all available coin in Belgian banks.

A gift, not a loan

Violations of recognized codes

Early in September, McDonell and I drew up a statement setting forth notorious violations of international law already committed by Germany, he furnishing the statutes and precedents and I gathering the facts to the best of my ability. This document we sent to President Wilson, urging him to verify the details and protest against any present or future infractions by either side. It seemed to us that such protest was unquestionably due from the greatest of neutral nations, one with no stake in the "Balance of Power"; and that if repeated whenever occasion demanded, it might modify war methods or even help bring the conflict to an end. In any case it would be an expression of world opinion to which the German people might become increasingly sensitive.

Mistaken view of America

The Prussian war party then counted fully on American sympathy, or at least acquiescence. It was freely asserted that "Americans care for nothing but money and success," and Germany's success they thought virtually assured. It was, moreover, affirmed that most of ten millions of "German-Americans" would stand by the Fatherland and vote as directed from Berlin. Vigorous protest might have disillusioned at least a part of the nation. But the conventional message of congratulation from Washington on the Kaiser's birthday and the President's personal exhortation to strict "neutrality in thought and action" in the United States tended to strengthen German belief in American approval.

Appeal to Carnegie Endowment

Our letter to Mr. Wilson having elicited no response, I next urged the Carnegie Endowment (though also without success) to send to Belgium a neutral group like the Balkan Commission of Inquiry to investigate alleged atrocities. For while some of

the stories told may have been hysterically over-drawn, it was only too evident from the accounts of the several bands of Belgian refugees in London that the invader's conduct needed to be laid before the world.

Stranded tourists

American tourists also were meanwhile crowding into London, upward of 200,000 of them having been caught in Europe at the outbreak of hostilities. Some were in serious straits, and hundreds had been forced to leave their effects behind. Fortunately, however, their manifold interests were looked after by our warm-hearted and efficient Ambassador, Walter Hines Page, who turned for help to Herbert Hoover, the outstanding figure in the American colony. With the generous coöperation of the Hotel Savoy, Hoover immediately organized an elaborate system of mutual aid whereby the more fortunate of us served the less so until passage home could be secured.

Hoover and the C.R.B.

The extraordinary efficiency of this American effort afterward led to the singling out of "the one man who can organize anything" as the natural director of relief for the Belgians, already victims of excruciating distress. But the story of Hoover and the "C. R. B." has been many times told,[1] and I had no direct part in it. It seems to me, however, the noblest as well as the most difficult great work ever achieved by any group of men in a foreign country.

Through August and early September I observed the varying currents of British opinion. In the beginning there was no hatred, rather a surprised bewilderment accompanied by dread of the future. "London," said a prominent public man to me, "is like

[1] Vol. I, Chapter XVII, pages 409–410.

family vault!" This attitude changed rapidly with the bombardment of the unfortified watering places of Scarborough and the Hartlepools and the laying of mines in the fairways of commerce. But the English cannot be frightened, and exasperation merely intensified determination. The Kaiser's own reference to Attila in 1900 [1] now fixed the current epithet of "Huns," an appellation many German officers were doing their worst to justify. *Wrath, not fear*

About the middle of August three Americans arrived from Berlin with a batch of German papers got with difficulty past the Customs Office. "The simple honesty" of these sheets, filled with official telegrams and "free from partisanship," seemed to them to contrast most favorably with the tone of the London press. Looking at the uppermost of the pile, a *Frankfurter Zeitung*, the most steady-headed, anti-militarist journal on the Continent, as I have said, I noticed on the front page a translation of an address reputed to have been just delivered by John Burns in the Royal Albert Hall, warning England against the terrors imminent in a Mohammedan uprising. This interested me, for I knew that neither Burns nor any one else (preachers on Sunday excepted) had made a public speech since the beginning of the war. I therefore mentioned the matter to Burns (who was more surprised than indignant), and also to Alfred Spender of *The Westminster Gazette*, who made of it a special feature. Later, I understand, the *Zeitung* admitted it had been imposed upon. *A bold lie*

All sorts of rumors, however, flew about London, the most amazing perhaps being the Russian myth. According to this story a great body of soldiers from *The Russian myth*

[1] See Chapter XXVI, pages 29–31.

Circumstantial evidence

Archangel had been landed near Aberdeen and were being sent down by night to Southampton, thence to be shipped to Belgium. Journalists averred that an Under Secretary of War, secretly despatched to Petrograd, had there arranged for a consignment of troops. Witnesses had observed them at the station, some had heard the Russian language, others had seen Russian coins paid out for refreshments; at Oxford train after train had thundered by at night. Only two men I met seemed wholly skeptical. Baron Korff declared that the exodus from Archangel would be physically impossible, and McDonell apparently doubted its inherent probability. Afterward it transpired that the whole thing was based on the transfer to Southampton of a detachment from Scotland.

The Liberal Club

During this period I often took luncheon at the National Liberal Club, most frequently in company with Burns and John M. Robertson, Parliamentary secretary to the Board of Trade. The latter, though strongly against entering a Continental war, was still more opposed to Prussian theory and method. This attitude he vigorously set forth in "War and Civilization" and other books and essays. Another interesting man I often met at the club was Samuel K. Ratcliffe, an author and lecturer of pronounced Liberal tendencies.

One day I had a discussion there with Harry Jones then assistant editor of the *Chronicle*, on the subject of making war without the consent of the people. Price Collier had asserted in "Germany and the Germans" that the "Kaiser had only to press the button to bring on war; the people would have nothing more to do about it than either you or I." Jones admitted that to be true in Germany, and in Russia as well

but maintained that in Great Britain it was different because at any time Parliament may refuse to support the Cabinet and thus force its immediate resignation. Consequently, even though a Foreign Minister should declare for war, as Sir Edward Grey had lately done, the nation, represented by Parliament, really had the veto power.

War has right of way

Such provision, I contended, gives scant protection in a critical time. For wholly apart from the merits of the case in point, no legislative body will unseat a ministry after a strong and moving address like that of Grey's, whether convincing or not, though at the time, of course, British sentiment was undoubtedly with the minister. Jones then agreed that the British system was, after all, wholly inadequate as a safeguard, and said that the American method of giving Congress sole power to declare war must certainly be better. I doubted, however, whether Congress would ever prove a trustworthy barrier against an emotional appeal by a President. The two arguments, not without validity, "We must present an unbroken front" and "What else can we do?" are always potent at an hour of crisis.

England had meanwhile come to realize that the "immoralists meant what they said." A cheap edition of "Germany's Next War" by Bernhardi was now displayed in every bookstore, and the writings of that heavy-witted but consistent imperialist[1] were read in England as they had never been at home.

Sieper

Yet Bernhardi was after all not the whole story. In October (1914) Dr. Sieper[2] said to a group of Americans in Berlin:

[1] See Chapter XL, pages 414–418.

[2] See Chapter XLIV, page 514. In 1916 Sieper, though a strong man in

The two Germanys

You must remember that there are two Germanys, the one the loud, blatant group that for the present has control of affairs, the other the Germany that you will find only when you talk with men in the privacy of their own homes.

The next year, in a parliamentary debate, Josiah Wedgwood, since distinguished alike as a brave soldier and a friend of peace, spoke as follows:

I wish the country could remember that there are two Germanys and not one. We are fighting the Junkers and the Hohenzollerns, and I pray the war may end by smashing them. . . . But there is another Germany, a loving, peaceful Germany . . . moderate, courageous. *That* Germany has had nothing to do with this work. . . . Remember that these men are being driven to slaughter by the war machine. Remember this: we shall not end this war until we have separated the two Germanys.

3

After several weeks of most interesting but saddening experience we left London on the S. S. *Megantic* of the Dominion Line, and after landing in Montreal went to visit members of Mrs. Jordan's family in Worcester, Boston, and Newport — Admiral Knight,

---

middle life, died apparently of grief at the insupportable conditions. About a year before, I received from him a card which read as follows:

"München, 2 Februar, 1915

"Lieber Dr. Starr Jordan:

"Nehmen Sie freundlichen Dank für Ihre gütige Karte vom 14 Januar. Sie können sich denken mit welch schwerem Herzen ich durch diese schlimmen Zeiten hindurchgehe. Wir müssen glauben und vertrauen. *Es muss doch Frühling werden.*

"Mit bestem Gruss,

"E. Sieper"

("Friendly thanks for your kind note of January 14. You can yourself imagine with what a heavy heart I go through this miserable time. We must believe and trust. *It will yet be spring.*")

ADMIRAL AUSTIN M. KNIGHT, U. S. N.

her brother, being then president of the Naval War College in the last-named place.[1]

Our plea

In Boston I attended a meeting of the board of directors of the World Peace Foundation,[2] at which time we drew up the first pronouncement of its kind made in America after war began. In it the Foundation pleaded for "a European concert, with a representative council in place of entangling alliances and *ententes*." We further urged "drastic reduction of armament," an "international police to protect all nations alike from outlaws and pirates," and "open and democratic control of treaties and foreign policies." We also demanded as a matter of justice that no territory should be transferred without the consent of its people. But we suggested "no steps for immediate action," for at this time it was "not possible to devise any way of reaching the war-making authorities in the leading nations."

Peace a lost cause

This was the last meeting held by the directors, the trustees, after Mr. Mead's illness following his return from Europe, having modified the policy of the Foundation and later limited its efforts mainly to the reprinting of documents. A somewhat similar course was naturally adopted by the Carnegie Peace Endowment,[3] the idea being that attempts to influence Europe would be futile and possibly mischievous. But with the Endowment as with the Foundation, work for peace was encouraged until America's entry into war seemed imminent. After that all such efforts were sure to be misinterpreted and had to be practically abandoned. *The time to*

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XIV, page 326.
[2] See Chapter XXXVI, pages 291–292.
[3] See Chapter XXXVII, pages 338–342.

Time to oppose war

oppose war is before it begins. "The only way you can keep out of the war," the wise Belgian manufacturer, Henri Lambert, assured me, "is to stop it before you get in."

But James Brown Scott, secretary of the Endowment and a director of the Foundation as well, urged at the beginning a quietism more complete than seemed to me necessary, expressing his attitude as follows: "It is the present duty of the American Peace Society [1] to withdraw as it were within itself, and wait until the world is again ready for its message." As will later appear, I felt that so long as we were still on solid ground the friends of peace should make themselves heard. Meanwhile, however, conditions in Europe grew worse and worse, German officials becoming more and more blindly brutal; and most peace lovers were forced to admit that there might come a time when we should enter the war on the side of the Allies rather than see military autocracy dominate Europe. That America could not permanently hold aloof seemed evident, yet many hoped that she might remain a "City of Refuge" and do her part by means of conciliation, arbitration, and reconstruction.

America as a City of Refuge

On our way back to California we made as usual a brief but enjoyable stop in Chicago at the home of my wife's brother Charles, and another visit of two or three days in Provo (Utah) with our son Knight and his wife, whose wedding had occurred about a year before. This was the result of a romance I had myself in some sense brought about, though quite unwittingly.

[1] To which we all belonged.

Iona Knight

Miss Iona, one of the three daughters of Jesse Knight,[1] a prominent and much-beloved citizen of Utah, had been partly prepared for Wellesley College at the Westlake School in Los Angeles directed by Miss Vance and Miss De Laguna, two Stanford graduates. Having later completed the required work under Dr. John C. Swenson, Stanford '98, upon his earnest recommendation she recalled her credentials from the East, applied for admission with us, and started for Palo Alto. As it happened that I was taking the same train from Salt Lake, Mr. William Knight asked me to see his sister safely to her destination—a pleasant duty because of her fine character and attractive manner. Arrived at Stanford, she spent the first night in our home. Then began a wholesome friendship between the two young people which gradually ripened into warmer feeling and led to their marriage in September, 1913. They are now the parents of two charming children, Lee Knight and Ruth.[2]

Our duty as I saw it

After my return home I gave a dozen lectures in neighboring towns before a variety of organizations, my general plea being that we should keep out of the war, meanwhile endeavoring to end it by a negotiated peace followed by some form of international federation. I then went East again to attend the annual meeting of the Carnegie Founda-

[1] A curious double coincidence in names!

[2] In June, 1917, our son applied for enrollment in the Naval Reserve, and on October 1 reported for active duty and began his training at San Pedro, California. There he soon received an ensign's commission, and was detailed for service as executive and navigating officer on the U. S. S. *Iroquois*, mainly engaged in convoying sub-chasers from New London to the Azores. The work was arduous and often dangerous, but he came home unharmed after the signing of the Armistice with the rank of junior lieutenant. He has since remained in the Reserve, ready for any possible call — which, nevertheless, he hopes may never come.

tion in New York and the Association of American Universities[1] at Princeton. In connection with these usual duties I made twenty-nine addresses in different cities before societies and clubs, breaking the record one day with three in Washington and two in Baltimore!

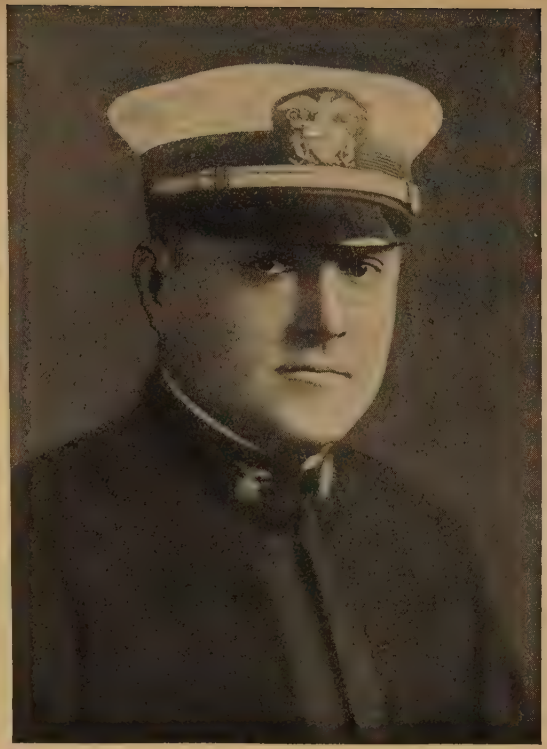
About half of the lectures being given under the auspices of the World Peace Foundation, Bryant accompanied me to look after details. All the talks were free, however, though gifts along the road more than paid expenses. The largest contribution was that of Edward A. Deeds of the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio, a corporation which had refused a remunerative munitions contract on the grounds that it was opposed to war and all European nations were represented among its employees. Later events so changed the aspect of affairs that Mr. Deeds himself entered one of the services.

The armament makers

The question of the sale of guns and shells to belligerents was already vexing the public mind, the activities of armament makers seeming to tend directly toward involving us in war. Yet I was not able to convince myself that traffic in munitions should be debarred, as prohibition in that matter would play directly into Germany's hands. But with rapidly increasing alarm we realized the enormous profits in armament and the later assumption of control and monopoly in national patriotism.

My message was everywhere cordially received. In New York I spoke before the National Economic Club, the Quill Club, and the Peace Society, the first two occasions being dinners and the last a

[1] See Chapter XXVI, pages 1–2.



KNIGHT STARR JORDAN, 1918

ERIC KNIGHT JORDAN, 1920

session in the parlors of the Hotel Astor. At the Economic Club, Congressman Augustus P. Gardner and Dr. Bernhard Dernburg were on the program. Gardner's speech was a scarcely disguised plea for the immediate entrance of the United States into the war on the side of the Allies. Dernburg, to whom had been assigned the impossible task of winning over American opinion to the side of Germany, spoke in a quiet and guarded fashion. Indeed, he made the impression of a reasonable, competent man engaged in an impossible and unwelcome duty; instead of voicing his own thought he seemed obliged to utter phrases assigned him from Berlin.

Half-hearted advocacy

The notable feature at the Quill Club dinner was a report by the secretary, Dr. Charles P. Fagnani, professor in the Union Theological Seminary, of an address given at a previous meeting by Dr. Hugh Black, one of his colleagues. According to Fagnani, the Scottish theologian's thesis could be summed up in two sentences: "Damn your military necessity. What the hell are you doing in Belgium?" The subject of my talk at the Astor was "Making Wars Inevitable" as the result of overload of armament and the operations of saber rattlers, war traders, and exploiters of backward nations.[1]

A vigorous thesis

[1] "The nations of Europe had piled up tinder so high that any man's match could have set it off — the natural result of safeguarding peace by war preparation. It has been clearly enough shown that no war can bring profit to any nation in these days and that war is utterly futile as a process for reaching any definite end. . . . To say that war is inevitable is finally to make it so. The armed peace has come to its end and the wreck of Europe is complete. The Europe we thought we knew and which we studied and loved is gone forever. . . . When war becomes honorable, it will have gone a long way toward becoming impossible. An old French proverb says that 'war without rapine is like tripe without mustard,' too insipid for a man of spirit. The one ultimate hope is that instead of a Concert of Powers, ever out of time and tune, we may have a concert of peoples, a gathering not of soldiers, war agents, and diplomats

At the Boston Economic Club

In Boston I spoke at a dinner of the Economic Club, an affair which yielded one of the most dramatic moments in my career. Four others also addressed the gathering — Professors Albert Bushnell Hart, Leo Wiener, and Kuno Francke of Harvard, and Dr. Charles J. Albert of Berlin, recently arrived in America with the ostensible purpose of awakening sympathy for the German cause.

Hart made a forceful indictment of German war methods. Wiener discussed the envious and quarrelsome temper which he claimed to be characteristic of individual Germans, saying among other things that "the majority of German police cases were of the nature of provoke," and that "in America quarrels among German professors gave university presidents more trouble than any other single cause whatever." Francke, a sweet-tempered gentleman, spoke with kindliness and dignity of the better qualities of the German people. I dealt with the crushing biological effects of war, and condemned the policy which had imposed this fatal condition on Europe.

Dr. Albert

Albert, a fluent and plausible young attorney, claimed to have brought with him facsimiles of documents found in the national archives at Brussels which, he alleged, incriminated the rulers of Belgium by proving a secret understanding between them and the British government. What right the Germans had to the loot he did not explain, though insisting that all their operations were perfectly

but an assembly of good men devoted to the common welfare. The peoples will be weaker, exhausted in money, in courage, in intelligence, in hope. The standards of life will all be lower. War relaxes the stamina of coming generations. The 'human harvest' that war must yield is that of lessened human efficiency." (As accurately reported in the New York *Evening Post* of November 17.)

justified under international law. He also contended that the documents (which, however, as King Albert had publicly stated, contained nothing that had not been known to Germany at the time) showed that in case of war Britain would be permitted to attack Germany through Belgium, and the Fatherland had therefore merely exercised its necessary right of defense.

Special pleading

He then went on to discuss at length the methods by which treaties may be abrogated, his argument resting on a series of quotations from a work on international law by Dr. Oppenheim, whom he pronounced an authority of highest rank on the subject. The purport of these disconnected extracts was not easily grasped by his auditors, who had, nevertheless, the feeling that they were being imposed upon. Knowing that they were, I asked the privilege of adding a few words.

Dr. Oppenheim was one of my personal friends, I said, and American scholars held his treatise in great esteem, it being used as a textbook in the Naval War College. I was therefore glad to hear just praise awarded that distinguished scholar, a German born in Freiburg, where he was once professor. Later, because of his unquestioned eminence, he was called from the University of Basel to Cambridge. I happened to have in my pocket at the very moment a letter from him which I would like to share with those present. This read as follows:

Oppenheim's letter

Cambridge, Aug. 8, 1914

Dear Dr. Jordan:

When we met last we did not know that Germany was perpetrating the greatest international crime which has been committed since the time of Napoleon I, namely the violation

of the permanent neutrality of Belgium. This deliberate act has changed the face of the case entirely and nothing can be done but to fight and try to vindicate the authority of international law.

I cannot tell you how I am suffering. I am entirely thrown out of gear. I sometimes think I shall not live to see the end of this dreadful war.

Very truly yours,
L. Oppenheim[1]

A closed discussion

Albert in answer lamely regretted that Dr. Oppenheim had "seen fit to take a sentimental rather than a legal view of the matter." But he had nothing more to say, and so far as I know, did not again appear in public as a defender of invasion.

4

Morris Jastrow

While in attendance at the University Associations meeting at Princeton on November 6, I had a conference with Dr. Morris Jastrow, the distinguished Oriental scholar of the University of Pennsylvania, and together we drew up a letter to the scholars of Germany, an appeal for coöperation in restoring peace in Europe. Several American professors signed it, among them Dr. Joseph Swain of Swarthmore and Dr. Edwin G. Conklin of Princeton. But we were advised that it would be treated with scorn by the recipients as an ineffective effort to influence great world issues, and so it was never sent, a fact I now regret.[2]

It had special reference to the notorious "Manifesto of the Ninety-three Intellectuals" (issued on

[1] In December, 1919, after five years of earnest public service to the cause of his adopted country, Dr. Oppenheim passed away.

[2] See Appendix G (page 810).

October 11), which with justice has been more severely criticized than any other product of German scholarship. This made six assertions, all beginning with the phrase, "*Es ist nicht wahr*" (It is not true). These were (in substance) as follows:

The Manifesto of the Ninety-three Intellectuals

1. It is not true that Germany is to blame for this war.
2. It is not true that we have violated the neutrality of Belgium.
3. It is not true that the life or property of any single Belgian citizen was harmed save in the bitterest defensive need.
4. It is not true that our soldiers were brutal at Louvain.
5. It is not true that our conduct of war has been contrary to law.
6. It is not true that the war against our so-called militarism is not a war against our Kultur.

This stupidly untruthful pronouncement naturally made a painful impression on the very persons it was particularly designed to influence. Its origin was recently indicated to me in a personal letter by Dr. Arnold Klebs, an American scholar now resident at Nyon, Switzerland. According to Klebs, Dr. Ludwig Fulda (of Frankfort), who accepted the current view of the origin of the war as set forth in the *marche-route* German press, saw with growing alarm that public opinion in this country was turning rapidly against Germany. Returning home, he declared to Ehrlich, the great pharmacologist, that "some energetic expression of indignation by the leading German intellectuals was needed to counteract the vicious propaganda against German culture, especially in America." To this Ehrlich assented, but he afterward said that "silence would have served the purpose better."

Fulda's alarm

Wehberg's investigations

Dr. Hans Wehberg of Düsseldorf, one of the highest authorities on International Law, published [1] near the close of the war an analysis of the current feeling of many of the signers of the unfortunate document. Fifteen of them were no longer living; twenty-three could not be heard from; sixteen still held the same views. One of these last (Von Duhn) "had gone over the document sentence by sentence and would not change a word." The remaining thirty-nine took a very different attitude. Dr. Wilhelm Förster never gave permission to use his name; Dr. Schmidlin claimed "never to have seen the senseless and luckless manifesto." Most of the signers did not see the document and assented by telegraph without clear understanding of its contents save that it had been approved by Drs. Harnack and Nernst. Some repudiated it almost as soon as it appeared. Eight "would not have signed had they understood what it was." Still others "would have denounced it had the crimes in Belgium been known to them at the time." Thirty-nine stated that they could "not now stand for the assertions made." Speaking for the majority, Dr. Herbert Eulenberg said:

Misgivings

> For four weeks, though with misgivings, we all believed that Germany had exercised only her sacred right of defense. On that ground alone we then supported our military group.

A short time afterward, by way of partial atonement, sixty-eight other "professors and statesmen of Germany" issued their manifesto, asserting the nation's good intentions but warning the people of dangers ahead. Among other things they stated that "Germany entered the war with no thought of con-

[1] *Berliner Tageblatt*, October 27, 1918.

quest . . . but measures must now be taken which shall not lead to conquest in any form."

The German position

In November of this year Ostwald sent to Mead (as secretary of the World Peace Foundation) the following statement, which I present as throwing light on the position of many German scholars:

1. The war is the result of a deliberate onslaught upon Germany and Austria by the Powers of the Triple Entente — Russia, France, and England. Its object is on the part of Russia an extension of Russian supremacy over the Balkans, on the side of France revenge, and on the side of England annihilation of the German navy and German commerce. In England especially it has been for several centuries a constant policy to destroy every navy of every other country which threatened to become equal to the English navy.

2. Germany has proved its love of peace for forty-four years under the most trying circumstances. While all other states have expanded themselves by conquest — Russia in Manchuria, England in the Transvaal, France in Morocco, Italy in Tripoli, Austria in Bosnia, Japan in Korea — Germany alone has contented itself with the borders fixed in 1871. It is purely a war of defense which is now forced upon us.

3. In the face of these attacks Germany has until now, the end of August, proved its military superiority, which rests upon the fact that the entire German military force is scientifically organized and honestly administered.

4. The violation of Belgian neutrality was an act of military necessity, since it is now proved that Belgian neutrality was to be violated by France and England. A proof of this is the accumulation of English munitions in Maubeuge, aside from many other facts.

5. According to the course of the war up to the present time, European peace seems to me nearer than ever before. We pacifists must only understand that unhappily the time was not yet sufficiently developed to establish peace by the peaceful way. If Germany, as everything now seems to make probable, is victorious in struggle not only with Russia and France, but

attains the further end of destroying the source from which for two or three centuries all European strifes have been nourished and intensified — namely, the English policy of World Dominion — then will Germany, fortified on one side by its military superiority, on the other side by the eminently peaceful sentiment of the greatest part of its people and especially of the German Emperor, dictate peace to the rest of Europe. I hope especially that the future treaty of peace will in the first place provide effectually that a European war such as the present can never again break out.

6. I hope, moreover, that the Russian people, after the conquest of their armies, will free themselves from Czarism through an internal movement by which the present political Russia will be resolved into its natural units; namely, Great Russia, the Caucasus, Little Russia, Poland, Siberia, and Finland, to which probably the Baltic Provinces would join themselves. These, I trust, would unite themselves with Finland and Sweden, and perhaps with Norway and Denmark, into a Baltic Federation, which in close connection with Germany would ensure European peace and especially form a bulwark against any disposition to war which might remain in Great Russia.

7. For the other side of the earth I predict a similar development under the leadership of the United States. I assume that the English dominion will suffer a downfall similar to that which I have predicted for Russia, and that under these circumstances Canada would join the United States, the expanded republic assuming a certain leadership with reference to the South American Republics.

8. The principle of the absolute sovereignty of the individual nations, which in the present European tumult has proved itself so inadequate and baneful, must be given up and replaced by a system conforming to the world's actual conditions and especially to those political and economic relations which determine industrial and cultural progress and the common welfare.

Seeck's view

From Dr. Seeck I received a letter to the same general effect, asserting that the war was a blunder of British diplomacy, devised by the "infamous marplot," Edward VII. In this and other communica-

tions from university men the activities of the Pangermanists, both military and journalistic, seemed to be utterly ignored. Apparently the professors did not read war journals. Dr. Rudolf Leonhard of Breslau in a personal letter (in English) dated November 22, 1915, wrote, for example, as follows: *Assertions of Leonhard*

> Unhappily it is true that some writers (who are not Junkers) have published (before the war) opinions of an exalted patriotism, recommending unjust attacks against innocent neighbors. I never heard such things before the war and only in the last weeks I received indeed proofs of the existence of such a literature. . . . We all know how things have happened because we lived here at the time of the beginning of the war. We all know that the Emperor had not the least intention to seize Belgium. We know that the war prepared long ago was made in order to destroy Germany's legal influence in the world. Our Junkers are a very harmless people who did their duty. . . . Germany does not struggle for glory. She struggles only for defense. The success is not in our hands, but the interior peace of the soul, which is higher than human reason, will make us endure every hardihood even for years and years.

In answer to these distinguished scholars let me now quote from Fried's "Psychology of Blame": *Fried's summing up*

> . . . Every nation has its advocates of imperialism, chauvinism, nationalism, militarism, but in Germany alone have these doctrines been unfolded without limit, developed without check, and separated by no bar from the power of the state. The result is all the more tragic because before the beginning of the war a change for the better had been felt in Germany. Only another decade, perhaps half a decade, and the catastrophe would have been averted.

CHAPTER FIFTY-ONE

I

Through Texas

In the late spring of 1915, through the urgency of my friend Slayden, I was invited to make a tour of the cities of Texas in the interest of world peace, under the auspices of the Association for International Conciliation. Otis H. Castle, a Stanford law student, a loyal, wholesome young fellow, now went with me as secretary. Later also he accompanied me on a second tour of the same sort from Portland to Cleveland. On these and other trips I took a large number of Belgian meal cards of various communes sent me by Mrs. Hoover to sell to people in my audiences at a dollar each; I thus secured about $3000 for the "C. R. B." And in October I was asked to write a poem to be placed on sale for the "Belgian Fair" given at Palo Alto under Mrs. Vernon Kellogg's efficient management. Being called elsewhere, however, before the verses (which follow) were finished, I requested Dr. Raymond M. Alden of the Stanford department of English to round them out.

For Belgian relief

BELGIUM

Land of long days of happiness,
  Of pale gray skies and windmills tall, —
  Wide is the world, and thou art small,
But yet we love thee none the less.

Land of sweet bells and faith serene,
  Of solemn sunset calls to prayer
  Brooding above the darkened air —
(*But sweet bells jangle at Malines*).

By fair Liège, whose storied dead
  Sleep in her great cathedral's nave,
  The Meuse rolls on, with glittering wave —
(*Lo! her green current turns to red*).

At Bruges the belfry tells its tale
  Of days when ugliness was crime,
  And bids us hark the ancient chime —
(*I only hear a child's low wail*).

Namur o'erlooks fair lands outspread
  Where hamlets of Brabant are seen
  Standing knee-deep in meadows green —
(*Soft — 'tis a new-made grave you tread*).

At Ghent the great bell Roland tolls
  Where through six centuries long the tower
  Has summoned freemen to their hour —
(*It mourns a thousand passing souls*).

And old Louvain, Louvain the wise,
  Hugs to her breast the precious store
  Forgathered of our ancient lore —
(*But hungry flames fill all her skies*).

And Ostend, by the gray North Sea,
  Dreams of her ancient hardihood;
  (*A sea more grim, of steel and blood,
Surges behind her ceaselessly*).

Howe'er the tide of battle roll,
  There bides what none can burn or raze —
  The Flemish spirit of old days,
The ageless freedom of the soul.

Land of long days of frightfulness,
  For faith and honor crucified,
  Though thou art small, and earth is wide,
We still shall love thee none the less.

The "Lusitania"

Meanwhile, on May 8, the whole civilized world had been profoundly shocked at the sinking by submarine of the passenger ship *Lusitania*. Events which preceded and followed this egregious piece of folly are too well known to need recapitulation. But that some Germans saw it for what it was will be evident from the following extracts from a letter (in English) written by Fried to Mez, the latter being with me at the time:

Switzerland, May 11, 1915

Since Saturday, when the news of the sinking of the *Lusitania* has reached me here, I am ill from excitement. It is surely the most appalling thing that has happened in this war. The justification of Germany makes a very poor impression on me; the so-called warning of the German Ambassador is not more urging in its tone than, for instance, a warning at a new-painted bench.

The fact that more than 1200 passengers risked to make the journey in spite of the warning is looked upon in Germany as a contempt of this warning. I take it rather as a respect to the German people as the 1200 passengers did not think possible such an action. They were mistaken. To you as a German I can say it, that one must be ashamed of oneself. And with all this one must keep quiet, whereas one would like to cry out from fury and indignation. How can these moral damages ever be repaired? Those who have willed this war care very little about this, as to them it is of little difference whether Germany is morally isolated after this war.

Most horrible is the way this great crime is judged by the German press: cool regret but agreement to this action. Indeed the press may be excused because it is not able to write what it wants to. But it should not write anything at all and could just as well simply note the fact without any comment. I have great fear that finally even America may join in the war. The sympathies will be gone forever there. I hope that Germany will be clever enough to bring the case before an arbitration court, as England has done in the *Alabama* case and that

Germany will at least be willing to pay the indemnifications asked for.

In June there was held at Philadelphia a conference called by Mr. Taft, President Lowell, and others to develop a scheme submitted shortly before by Hamilton Holt, which took the form of "The League to Enforce Peace." Because of previous engagements I could not attend, and I objected to the word "enforce," because in the nature of things peace cannot be enforced. Nevertheless, taking the view that the *sole objective was peace*, and every movement toward that end should be welcomed, I joined the society as one of its original members.

Can peace be enforced?

In any event — whatever the name or definition of the effort — the future would determine its substance, the ultimate ideal being a community of peoples with the rough edges of assertive nationality smoothed away and replaced by "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind." The essentials of the plan were later accepted by the President and formed a basis for the much-discussed "League of Nations" which through his insistence was incorporated in the Treaty of Versailles. There the statement concerning enforcement reappeared as Article X, "the heart of the covenant" according to Mr. Wilson, but treated by his opponents as the chief stumbling block in the way of acceptance by the United States Senate.

Estes Park

During the summer of this year, in connection with my lectures at the Colorado State Normal College at Greeley, Castle and I motored up the rugged canyon of the Little Thompson River to Estes Park, a great rock-walled glade on the north side of Long's Peak. Here in 1901 Mrs. Jordan and I had spent some delightful days in company with a

group of Kansas-Stanford friends, including Kellogg, Campbell, and William H. Carruth, then of the University of Kansas, but who twelve years later succeeded Anderson at Stanford. This park is noted for the majesty of its setting, for the Green-back Trout which swarm in the two Thompsons and the near-by St. Vrain, for the rare Evening Grosbeak nesting in its sparse forests, for the big Mountain Sheep of its snowy slopes, and for its beautiful cerulean Columbine, the "state flower" of Colorado.

N.E.A. for 1915

While abroad the previous year, I had been elected president of the National Education Association of the United States for 1915. This session was held at Oakland, California, during the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco, a special effort being made to give the gathering international significance. Thus representatives from most of the nations of the world were invited as guests and asked to appear on the program. Notable among the visitors were

The Buissons

Dr. Ferdinand Buisson of Paris, formerly minister of Education — who afterward published an appreciative volume on his impressions of the congress and of the American school system — and his brother, Benjamin Buisson, director of the Schools of Tunis. The resolutions passed by the association (largely drawn up by Dr. Ellwood P. Cubberley of Stanford) constituted a ringing indictment of militarism, its causes and effects. My presidential address dealt with "Eugenics and War," a topic vital to any coherent statesmanship; and numerous persons of prominence spoke in favor of international conciliation and expressed their hope for a speedy ending of the great fratricidal conflict.

In October of this year I served as chairman of the World Peace Congress held in San Francisco under the auspices of the Carnegie Church Peace Endowment. For the opening discourse I spoke on "Ways to Lasting Peace." This talk, expanded, was afterward published in book form.[1] It contains a critical analysis of the various resolutions and attempts looking toward rational settlements when war should end. A plea for a world alliance or some degree of federation, with autonomy for repressed nationalities, constituted the general motive.

"Ways to Lasting Peace"

Among other speakers were Dr. James A. Macdonald of Toronto, John Mez, Crystal Macmillan of London, Mirza Ali Kuli Khan, Persian chargé d'affaires at Washington, and Dr. Ng Poon Chew, the eloquent Chinese editor of San Francisco.

The congress was eminently successful, though an interesting collateral arrangement fell through in peculiar fashion. This incident concerned one of the most important conventions held in connection with the Panama-Pacific Exposition; that is, the National Insurance Congress, which also convened in early October. As an important part of its deliberations, one day — Friday the 8th — was to be devoted to world peace. Later, by way of giving still greater weight to the matter, Saturday as well was set apart; and finally, as the Carnegie Church Endowment had arranged for its gathering at practically the same time, the insurance people requested that we combine with them to the extent of fixing upon Monday, October 11, for a joint program in Festival Hall at the Exposition. This arrangement seemed unusual, but was explained as being due to the great interest

Insurance peace congress

[1] Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

felt by insurance men in the subject of peace. It was also stated that their congress would continue for some days afterward.

Energetic preparation

I was now asked to act as chairman of the meeting, and Mr. Garner Curran, a special secretary brought in as promoter to secure publicity, issued a circular in the name of the Insurance Congress. Under instructions, therefore, I invited a number of speakers; nevertheless, because no provision for personal expenses had been made, I refrained from asking any one who was not to be in the vicinity at the time.

Kingsley

Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life, accepted my invitation, but being called away before the day set, gave his address as part of the regular insurance program. This was an admirable discussion of the need of federation among civilized states, and urged especially the adoption of interchangeable citizenship as a remedy for perverted nationalism and congested patriotism.

I myself had been asked by the local management to prepare two papers, one (as chairman) on war and business, the other on governmental obstacles to insurance, with particular reference to the paternal policy of enforced insurance and pension extracted by the German government from each man's earnings. They even went so far as to offer to print a large edition of the second paper for distribution in insurance circles along with one on "Insurance against War," also especially written by Josiah Royce, the distinguished Harvard philosopher.

"Insurance against War"

In the beginning we were given positively to understand that the whole insurance system and "high finance" behind it were in favor of peace.

But a change in this respect set in during the summer, after the sinking of the *Lusitania* and parallel acts had stirred the indignation of right-minded people everywhere. Yet the date for the Insurance Congress approached without visible change of policy. The only indication of altered purpose came with the printing of the daily program for the first week; this contained no reference to "Insurance Peace Day," already widely advertised, and no allusion to the planned extension of the congress beyond Saturday the 9th.

A change of heart

Upon inquiry I was informed that an announcement for the following week, including the joint meeting on Monday the 11th, would be distributed later. It never appeared, however. But according to the printed program, my address on "Governmental Obstacles to Insurance" was slated for two o'clock on the afternoon of the 9th. I therefore presented myself shortly before the indicated hour, to find nobody in the hall and to learn that the congress had adjourned *sine die* at noon that day. Later it was privately intimated that word had come that insurance had parted company with peace. Probably the local managers found it simplest to slip out without explanation, not even to Curran, leaving the combined program to be handled by the Peace Congress as it pleased.

The affair went off well enough, a large audience being present; but in my address on war and business I felt it due my hearers to explain that out of the hundreds of members of the Insurance Congress whose officers had specially urged a joint meeting, only two were present — my cousin, Henry B. Hawley of Des Moines, president of the Iowa Peace

The joint congress

Society, and Rolla V. Watt of San Francisco, both prominent alike in insurance and conciliation.

The congress over, I left immediately on an extended lecture tour covering many cities of the Middle West, eastern seaboard, and South. In Terre Haute I was joined by Alfred W. Kliefoth, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, later a member of the American Embassy at St. Petersburg.

Cousin Harvey again

From the University of Virginia, Harvey E. Jordan accompanied me as far as New Orleans. In the matter of popular approval this trip proved on the whole the most successful I have ever undertaken. Its proceeds, as well as those of the preceding spring and the autumn of the next year, I laid aside for certain plans then forming in my mind for mediatory efforts in Europe — a matter to which I shall soon return.

Of special note were the cordial welcomes extended me at Madison, Ann Arbor, Boston, the Broadway Tabernacle in New York, Washington, and the University of Virginia.

2

At about this time a society called the "Organisation Centrale pour une Paix Durable" was established in Europe with headquarters at The Hague, its president being Senator H. C. Dresselhuys, and its secretary-director Dr. B. de Jong van Beek en Donk, an active and enthusiastic pacifist. I became one of the American members of the group, the executive committee of which was made up of an anti-militarist from each of the leading countries, France excepted, the natural bitterness toward Germany existing in

Van Beek en Donk

that nation making the coöperation of even Romain Rolland or Théodore Ruyssen impracticable.[1]

As an organization we undertook the coöperative study of the problems of durable peace, publishing from time to time the conclusions reached by individual members. For the first of the two volumes of the "Recueil des Rapports" (1916) I contributed the leading article, entitled "Annexation and Conquest." In this I maintained the following thesis:

"Annexation and Conquest"

No right of conquest shall be recognized and no military necessity to the prejudice of neutral people or of neutral nations. No annexation or transfer of territory shall be made by force, as a result of war or conquest. In case a transfer of allegiance should concern a homogeneous civilized district accustomed to self-government, a plebiscite should rule. No transfer shall be made except in accordance with the will of the people expressed in the secret ballot and without duress, the basis of suffrage being that already recognized in such region, preferably "one man, one vote." Whether any given district or province shall vote as a whole or in smaller units must depend on the actual conditions in the region concerned.

Also "certain allied propositions":

All extortions of indemnities by force of arms must be condemned as of the moral status of highway robbery. . . . All use of military intimidation as political argument is fundamentally wrong because opposed to security and progress. . . . Finally, the success of any plan for durable peace must rest on the acceptance in good faith of Article 9 in the "Minimum

[1] The executive committee comprised the following persons: Theodor Adelsward, Sweden; R. Altamira, Spain; Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, United States; G. Lowes Dickinson, Great Britain; Alexander Giesswein, Hungary; Halfdan Koht, Norway; Heinrich Lammasch, Austria; Achille Loria, Italy; Paul Otlet, Belgium; J. Scherrer-Füllemann, Switzerland; Walther Schücking, Germany; Th. Stauning, Denmark; Dresselhuys and Van Beek en Donk, Holland.

The Minimum Program

Program"[1] which provides for the abolition of secret treaties, with the permanent elimination of tortuous, wrangling diplomacy and methods of medievalism.

Coincident with the many published schemes looking toward the ultimate establishment of permanent peace there were several attempts at positive action

[1] As laid down by the Anti-Oorlog's Raad of Holland, the nucleus of the Organization for Durable Peace. The "Minimum Program," continuously urged by the Organization up to the Treaty of Versailles, reads as follows, the italicized lines being my own:

A. Matters to be considered in the Treaty of Peace.

1. No annexation or transfer of territory shall be made contrary to the interests and wishes of the population concerned. Where possible their consent shall be obtained by plebiscite or otherwise.

2. The States shall guarantee to the various nationalities, included in their boundaries, equality before the law, religious liberty, and the free use of their native languages.

3. The States shall agree to introduce in their colonies, protectorates, and spheres of influence, liberty of commerce, or at least equal treatment for all nations.

B. Matters concerning the Hague Conference and Courts.

4. The work of the Hague Conference, with a view to the peaceful organization of the Society of Nations, shall be developed.

The Hague Conference shall be given a permanent organization, and meet at regular intervals.

5. The States shall agree to submit all their disputes to peaceful settlement. For this purpose there shall be created, in addition to the existent Hague Court of Arbitration, (*a*) a permanent Court of International Justice, (*b*) a permanent International Council of Investigation and Concilation.

6. The States shall bind themselves to take concerted action — diplomatic, economic, or military — in case any State should resort to military measures instead of submitting the dispute to judicial decision or to the mediation of the Council of Investigation and Conciliation.

C. Matters concerning individual nations.

7. The States shall agree to reduce their armaments.

8. In order to facilitate the reduction of naval armaments, the right of capture shall be abolished and the freedom of the seas assured.

9. Foreign policy shall be under the effective control of the respective nations. Secret treaties shall be void.

D. To the above I ventured personally to add:

10. Progressive removal of restraints on trade.

on the part of the Pope, Mr. Wilson, and groups of private individuals with whom I became more or less allied. Therefore, in view of the gravity of the situations which followed, I feel it a duty to myself and my friends to try to make my own relations and reactions as clear as possible. "A literary work," says Dr. Guérard, "is a dialogue between the author and the public, in which the former more or less frankly answers his invisible questioner."

War I hold to be in itself and under all circumstances abhorrent — demoralizing and ruinous to every legitimate interest of humanity.[1] It was, however, evident that the United States could not indefinitely retain its unique position. This country, moreover, though officially neutral until April 2, 1917, was never so in spirit and hardly so in policy. Complete neutrality, indeed, soon became wholly impossible, nor do I believe it was reasonable to expect it. When overt acts shock the moral sense, there is no obligation on man or nation to be truly neutral.

Neutrality impossible

But hitherto we had preserved our unity and democracy by isolation from the hidden strife known as the "Balance of Power." The conquest of Tripoli and Morocco, France's pact with the Tsar, the long array of secret deals dignified when convenient by the name

Secret treaties and other iniquities

[1] I accept the words of Thucydides as quoted by Professor Gilbert Murray: "One of the worst things about war is that it takes away your freedom and puts you in a region of necessity. And in that region you become accustomed to the doing of ugly impossible things."

A similar idea has been more fully expressed by Charles F. Dole: "It is because war goes so far down the road to Avernus, because it forgets, ignores, and destroys the highest values of life, because it bids men affront and deny their good will and sacrifices the fruits of the spirit to hatred, that we abhor war."

And again, still more explicit, is the indictment of Professor George Santayana of Harvard: "It is war that wastes a nation's wealth, chokes its industries, kills its flower, narrows its sympathies, condemns it to be governed by adventurers, and leaves the puny, deformed, and unmanly to breed the next generation."

La course vers l'abîme

of treaties, were alien to our policy. "The race for the abyss" (*la course vers l'abîme*)[1] had raged furiously while we looked on as unsympathetic spectators. Furthermore, though the overwhelming crime of bringing on the war was Germany's alone, other nations were chargeable with "contributory negligence" or even occasional provocation.

In all our dealings with Europe, we had made it plain that America would form no alliance, close or limited, and the second election of Mr. Wilson rested on the fact that "he kept us out of war." That negative position, however, could not be indefinitely prolonged; circumstances demanded either intervention or mediation, each admitting of no delay, and each requiring firm and positive action upheld by "sustained nerve."

Having, then, reason to think that some form of mediation guaranteeing the integrity of Belgium and France might be within the range of possibility, and no one else taking the lead, I conceived a plan of my own, to the carrying out of which I reserved (as already explained) the proceeds of various lecture campaigns, with promise of further aid, if needed,

A plan for mediation

from certain friends. In brief, I proposed to go to Amsterdam or Berne with a small group of well-informed Americans, and, working in coöperation with the Central Organization, call in for consultation certain men of character and influence, English, French, and German, in the hope of developing some scheme of progressive mediation which might lead to a "covenanted peace." And I was ready to give money and time even to a bare possibility of success.

Then, however, we did not realize that "the Sys-

[1] Jules Prudhommeaux in *La Paix par le Droit.*

tem" (as, for want of a better term and without prejudice, I may venture to call it), the powerful organization which has its seat in the seaboard cities — and which, when it chooses, largely controls the press, the banking system, and the financial plexus — had virtually decided that we must enter the war. For the changing tone of the press Germany indeed gave persistent justification, so that during the course of 1916 public opinion slowly veered toward taking part in the conflict. And as regards the country at large, our final participation was wholly altruistic. Certain interests promoted it for selfish purposes, but these did not sway people in general nor did they control the President.

Urge toward war

An interesting sidelight is thrown by Gabriel Hanotaux in his "Histoire de la Guerre." Writing of a meeting on the eve of the battle of the Marne between three Americans — Herrick, Sharp, and Bacon — all former ambassadors to France, he says:

Converting America

La rencontre des trois ambassadeurs américains à Paris, en ces circonstances épouvantées, peut avoir à elle seule une haute signification. L'un d'entre eux qui était en même temps l'ami intime de Roosevelt avait avec celui qui écrit ces lignes un entretien qui mérite d'être rappelé. "En Amérique," disait-il, "il y a 50,000 personnes qui comprennent la nécessité pour les États-Unis d'entrer immédiatement dans la guerre à vos côtés. Mais il y a 100 millions d'Américains qui n'y ont même pas pensé. Notre devoir est que les chiffres se retournent et que 50,000 deviennent 100 millions; nous y parviendrons."[1]

[1] The meeting of the three American ambassadors at Paris, under these frightful circumstances, had in itself a high significance. The one among them who was at the same time an intimate friend of Roosevelt had with him who writes these lines an interview which merits being recalled. "In America," said he, "there are 50,000 persons who understand the necessity for the United States to enter immediately into the war by your side. But there are 100 millions of Americans who have not even thought of it. Our duty is to reverse these figures so that the 50,000 shall be the 100 millions; in this we shall succeed."

The resumption of submarine warfare at the end of January, 1917, put an end to any possibility of effort on my part in Europe, although I still hoped that something might be accomplished on Mr. Wilson's initiative. But with that matter I shall deal fully in a subsequent chapter.

3

Jane Addams and European chancelleries

At the October Peace Congress I was asked to be the medium of a personal message to the President as a result of Jane Addams'[1] campaign in Europe the previous spring. At that time, accompanied by several other women, she went abroad in the interest of peace, taking as assistant Louis P. Lochner, secretary of the Chicago Peace Society, an energetic young graduate of the University of Wisconsin. In the course of their round, the party visited the chancelleries of all the belligerent nations, receiving from each the impression that efforts for mediation on the part of the United States, with or without the coöperation of other neutral nations, would be not unwelcome and might prove successful. Not satisfied with mere verbal assurance, however, Miss Addams secured from each foreign secretary a guardedly favorable statement of his attitude toward her mission. These papers were of course confidential, but copies had been sent to the President, to Henry Ford, and to me.

The Woman's Peace Party

On the basis of information contained in them, representatives of the Woman's Peace Party passed at the congress in October a resolution favoring an

[1] See Chapter XXXVI, page 293.

effort at "continuous mediation" in coöperation with other neutral nations, preferably along a plan submitted by Miss Julia Grace Wales, an instructor in the University of Wisconsin. Accordingly, as their envoy, I went to Washington, accompanied by Lochner, and on the morning of November 12 was granted an interview with the President, who received us cordially and seemed deeply interested in our statement of the case. I formally handed him the documents secured by Miss Addams, with the contents of which he was already familiar.

Continuous mediation

During the hour which followed, the President listened attentively, apparently in sympathy with the plans presented. I urged him to take the lead in proposing mediation, and in case this should not bring immediate results, to provide for continuous mediation on the part of men of international horizon from the neutral countries. That in this or any other plan serious difficulties would be encountered, I freely admitted, but it would seem that something of the kind offered the only solution short of bankruptcy and universal collapse. To this idea Mr. Wilson expressed himself as "an unwilling convert," but he "now firmly believed in it." Said he: "I have been revolving this proposal in my mind dozens of times; I wish I might see my way clear to it. But there are certain objections. Some of the neutral nations in Europe have governments out of sympathy with their peoples; the Allies might object to mediation as a partisan measure, and in any conference America must take the risk of being outvoted by other neutrals, which might do more harm than good."

The only solution

In reply I urged that in any such conference the

America's leadership

United States would naturally and necessarily be the dominant figure, and the work would certainly move on a higher plane than temporary military advantage. The President's administration had been distinguished by doing unconventional things — his direct messages to Congress, for example, and his A. B. C. (Argentina, Brazil, Chile) Conference on Mexican affairs. He was big enough to frame his own precedents. The vital fact was that suffering peoples looked to him to lead them out of darkness. The suppressed and struggling liberal groups, containing the best minds in Europe, would surely rally to the support of such a conference. Were it once established, they would then persistently knock at the doors of their chancelleries demanding that the move for peace be given a respectful hearing.

I then mentioned certain letters I had received from people tired of war, quoting from a German colonel in a hospital in Lorraine. This officer wrote me thus:

> You will easily know my view now, when I tell you that you were wholly right in what you say in "What Shall We Say?" of January 19, 1915 . . . especially the last two paragraphs[1] contain all that I would say and prove by many details.

[1] The paragraphs referred to read as follows:

"If we want peace we must prepare for it, guarding it at every angle, and reducing, so far as we can, all war's incentives. When nations are armed, a very few men, a very small accident may turn the scale. To lose at one point is to lose all. It is the armament itself which is the true cause of war. Trade jealousies, race antipathies, land hungers — all these are mere excuses which would not of themselves lead any nation to fight. It takes a vigorous agitation, war scares, war appeals, and unlimited lying to get these taken seriously.

"The safeguard for peace is the minimum, not the maximum of armament. As to this, Washington — who warned us so sagaciously against entangling alliances — had also this word of caution: 'Overgrown military establishments are, under any form of government, inauspicious to liberty, and are to be regarded as peculiarly hostile to republican liberty.'"

We also suggested that the approach of the Christmas season, to be followed by another winter of horrors, gave valid reasons for immediate action, and the religious fervor then rising abroad might be led into constructive channels. The Christmas idea — mediation between the past and the future — seemed to impress the President, who nodded gravely. *Christmas a time for peace*

We further argued that if Holland or Sweden should go ahead without us, America would be laid open to the charge of getting rich out of war, though only a few of our people were thus engaged. "Only a few," repeated the President.

That newspapers in belligerent nations often grossly misrepresented events, we admitted, but in any case the press could not conceal the fact of a conference, nor obscure its recommendations. In spite of the rigors of censorship, news leaked out in Germany, and the heroic anti-imperialists of the "Bund Neues Vaterland" would uphold efforts for peace at the risk of their lives. *Facts not to be concealed*

As we left, I assured him of the full support and coöperation of Miss Addams and her associates, whom for the day I represented. He seized my hand firmly and said: "I assure you, gentlemen, that you have done me real good." But in response to Lochner's question as to the time of action, he said: "It is for me to say when the right moment, in my judgment, arrives."

In New York, a few days later, I called upon Colonel Edward M. House, the President's personal mainstay in matters of European diplomacy. House is a quiet, unselfish, keenly observant man who had already twice visited different chancelleries in Mr. Wilson's interest. His advice, I felt, would be of *Colonel House*

great importance in connection with current efforts at mediation and the personal work I had thought of undertaking in Holland or Switzerland. Both matters interested him, but he characterized my tentative plan as "a long shot," though perhaps worth trying. He further assured me that my views as to conditions in Europe tallied perfectly with his own, which he freely expressed.

"A long shot"

Boardman lecture

In Philadelphia on November 19 I gave the "George Dana Boardman Address on Christian Ethics" before the University of Pennsylvania, my subject being "World Peace and the College Man." From this I quote several paragraphs:

"The picked half million!" Thus William T. Stead used to speak of the college men of Great Britain. "It is theirs to command while the world must obey." They are the men who must think for themselves, and the man who can think should be the man who can act. To this potent group the men before me belong. You are among the chosen million of America, and to you I wish to say a word as to the world catastrophe in which you with the rest of the civilized world are now involved.

It is your right and your duty to see things as they really are, with the eye of a scholar rather than of the partisan. It is your privilege and your duty to help others see them so. The scholar should know the things that abide in human affairs and distinguish them from those that are temporary and illusory. . . . His business is the truth and the application of truth to the affairs of our race. . . .

Men of the University of Pennsylvania, scholars already made and scholars in the making, I appeal to you to do your part in thought and action in this, the greatest crisis of the civilized world. What is your relation to the problems of war and peace? Where do you stand when the work of restoration comes, when you shall be called upon as experts in the healing

of the wounds of a continent? What shall you do to keep our nation firm on the basis of law and right?

Never in the history of the world was the need of wise leadership greater than now, never were the stakes so great, never was blind action more futile. Effort misdirected may do harm at times, but very little good. "Small efforts," said John Stuart Mill, "do not produce great effects; they produce no effects at all." Hence the need for strong effort, for clear-headed, uncompromising wisdom; and the possession of such wisdom is the birthright of the educated man.

There are three duties before the world today. These are to keep America law-abiding, to stop the killing, somehow, when we can . . . and to strengthen the human conscience so that such a world crime may never occur again. In this work, let us hope, each of you may find his part in its completeness. It will test the mettle of the world's manhood for the next fifty years, and it will give in full measure the long-sought "Moral Equivalent of War."

The "Oscar II"

An event of unprecedented character and universal interest marked the end of the year. This was Henry Ford's Peace Crusade, which left New York December 4 on the steamship *Oscar II*. The story of that spectacular venture has been many times told, but rarely sympathetically. It is only fair to say, however, that it was a serious attempt to stop the war, and if successful would have been a world service of incomparable value.

Rosika Schwimmer

Ford, a man of kind heart and somewhat unsophisticated mind, is a genius without parallel in his way, being (as all know) one of the outstanding figures in American business. The initial suggestion of a peace demonstration in Europe came from a clever young woman possessed of boundless audacity though not noted for discretion; the idea was then taken up enthusiastically by Rosika Schwimmer, a visiting journalist from Budapest, and a few ladies in

Detroit. The boldness and novelty of the project appealed to Mr. Ford, who immediately prepared to carry it into execution.

Emotional oratory

Frau Schwimmer, emotional and intense to say the least, played the part of dominant spirit. She had frequently urged that America had only to act and the war would be over, though she never made it clear just how we should go about it. Once when I spoke in Chicago on the same platform, my account of the obstacles in the way of European peace moved her to tears, and she said I had discouraged her more than any one else. For this I was of course sorry, but I had then only begun to skirt the edge of the truth! Miss Rebecca Shelley, temperamentally optimistic, felt sure the expedition would be a marvelous success and begged people to drop everything else and come along. Meanwhile "to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas" became the accepted slogan, and it was even suggested that the feat might be accomplished by wireless telegraphy.

"Out of the trenches by Christmas"

The preliminary letter sent out by Mr. Ford was a worthy expression of feeling:

> Envoys to thirteen belligerent and neutral governments have ascertained in forty visits that there is a universal peace desire. This peace desire, for the sake of diplomatic etiquette, never can be expressed openly or publicly until one side or the other is definitely defeated or until both sides are entirely exhausted.
>
> For fifteen months the people of the world have waited for the governments to act; have waited for governments to lead Europe out of its unspeakable agony and suffering and to prevent Europe's entire destruction. As European neutral governments are unable to act without coöperation of our government and as our government for unknown reasons has not offered this coöperation, no further time can be wasted in waiting for governmental action.

In order that their sacrifice may not have been in vain, humanity owes it to the millions of men led like cattle to the slaughterhouse, that a supreme effort be made to stop this wicked waste of life.

The people of the belligerent countries did not want the war. The people did not make it. The people want peace. The world looks to us, to America, to lead in ideals. The greatest mission ever before a nation is ours. . . .

More than slogans needed

At Starkville, Mississippi, seat of the State Agricultural College, I received a telegram earnestly inviting my wife and me to come at once to New York to sail with the Expedition, which I was assured would lead to a "Committee of Continuous Mediation" to be chosen from among those on the ship. Later messages were even more urgent. But I could not accept the invitation, as I had no faith in the success of a movement so organized. To begin with, the slogans lent a touch of *opéra-bouffe*, and the proposed method of selection of a Mediation Committee must, in my judgment, defeat its own ends. For I felt that such a body to be effective would have to be composed of experts in International Law and European History chosen with utmost care. Miss Addams, who viewed with apprehension the bizarre phases rapidly assumed by the "Crusade," was in any case detained on account of ill health.

Publicity versus patience

The scheme involved two contradictory ideas — world-wide publicity on the one hand and constructive mediation on the other. Something could be said for either line of action, but not for the two together. A demonstration demanded the widest publicity — mediation was possible only in quiet and without advertisement.

The *Oscar II*, however, carried many able and

Some of the Crusaders

high-minded people — Dr. Jenkin Lloyd Jones,[1] Mrs. Joseph Fels, Miss Wales, Professor Emily Greene Balch of Wellesley, the Rev. Charles F. Aked, John D. Barry of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, Mrs. Alice Park of Palo Alto, Miss Inez Milholland, and a group of students, one from each of several universities. Lochner as secretary was to be assisted by Mrs. Ada Morse Clark, my own private secretary at Stanford. Fifty or more reporters were also taken along, as a whole doing themselves no credit, their rôle with few exceptions being to ridicule and discredit the group to which they were attached.

An Unofficial Commission of Mediation

By election on the way over, Aked, Frau Schwimmer, Mrs. Fels, Barry, and Lochner were chosen for an "Unofficial Commission of Mediation," with Mrs. Clark as secretarial associate. But the strength of neither Frau Schwimmer nor Aked, both of them eloquent speakers, lay in constructive work. Peace conferences of considerable interest were nevertheless held at Stockholm and The Hague, and Lochner (on whom management finally fell) showed much energy and skill in bringing about coöperation. The Commission remained in active service for a year or so. On the President's declaration of January, 1917, in favor of "peace without victory," its position became that of the United States government and Mr. Ford recalled the two remaining workers. What might have been accomplished under other conditions no one can say; but a test could have been made at vastly less expenditure.

After the return of the *Oscar II*, on Mr. Ford's invitation I spent a day with him in Detroit, finding

[1] Head of the Abraham Lincoln Center of Chicago, Civil War veteran, thoroughgoing pacifist, and one of my most valued friends, recently deceased.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES

JANE ADDAMS

much of interest in the man as well as in his amazing production of automobiles and tractors. Like Edison and Burbank, with both of whom he has much in common, he has well served his fellow men. I tried to engage him in a plan for quiet and inconspicuous continuous mediation. He seemed much interested, but so far as world peace was concerned he had shot his bolt and had gone back to his own field.

A day with Henry Ford

CHAPTER FIFTY-TWO

I

During 1914 and 1915 I had gathered much material concerning the Pangermanist League with its schemes for absorption and conquest, and in January, 1916, I contributed to *The Scientific Monthly* an article entitled "The Ways of Pangermany."

Ways of Pangermany

In contrast with democratic freedom, order, and justice, I analyzed the Prussian theory of "the State," [1] involving control by an irresistible but avowedly benevolent paternalism. If the people were satisfied, well and good; but contented or not, they were fed and then shorn. The democratic state, on the other hand, is a voluntary combination of human units for mutual benefit to assure those general needs which can be better attained by public coöperation than by private enterprise.

Two theories of loyalty

According to Bismarck the principle on which the State [2] rests is loyalty to the leader. Our British race has never accepted this point of view, professing adherence to higher and more permanent ideals. The one theory works itself out in monarchy, the other in individual freedom.

The German industrial system which forced labor into channels of efficiency without regard to individual will or initiative was inseparable from German militarism. France required three years of military service, with conscription in war time, but her

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter xi, page 277.

[2] *Das Prinzip der Staatenbildung ist für die Germanen die Treue zu ihrem Führer.*

military organization seemed temporary, arising from well-grounded fear of a neighbor, and has no direct connection with industrialism. Britain and America are essentially unmilitary — that is, democratic; they develop much greater individual initiative, less of enforced or group efficiency.

"The Two Germanys"

I now prepared also a volume on "The Two Germanys" dealing with the efforts of sane men to redeem their country, as well as with the purposes of the Pangermanist oligarchy. But this book was courteously declined by two publishers, who considered the people at large to be interested for the time being in only one side.

Sir Francis Webster

Early in 1916 I became acquainted with Sir Francis Webster, of Arbroath, Scotland, a leading Liberal and a close friend of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Lord Morley, and Francis W. Hirst. Webster has large interests in New Mexico and Oregon, and was spending considerable time in California, where our similar views on political questions brought us into close association. He is deeply interested in conciliation movements and in the spread of democracy, one of the mottoes of his life being "Live and let live." At his request — and largely as his composition — I prepared a peace petition signed by 550 "hyphenated" citizens (about 400, however, American-born), the whole representing all nationalities included within our great "melting pot." Nearly half of these were German, Germany having furnished the largest percentage of immigrants within the generation, as a vast majority of those of British parentage came in earlier years.

The appeal was placed in the hands of about

Inspiration from Scotland

twenty-five university students, members of "International Polity Clubs" in different parts of the United States. Some of my English friends attributed the move to German origin, but the suggestion came wholly from liberal Scotland. The text of the document read as follows:

AN APPEAL FOR COÖPERATION TOWARDS LASTING PEACE

We, the undersigned, loyal citizens of the United States of America, ourselves or our immediate ancestors born in some one of the countries now at war, are confronted by the following facts:

That the great war is bringing ruin to Europe and to civilization everywhere, since it is working unparalleled havoc in the best racial elements in each nation concerned, thereby exhausting the near future and entailing impoverishment, both physical and mental;

That, by the continuance of the war, an increasingly intolerable burden of sorrow and misery is thrown on the noncombatants, men, women, and children, of all nations concerned, those who had no part in bringing on the war and no interest to be served by it;

That, in our judgment, no gain, political, social, or spiritual, which may possibly result can compensate for the immeasurable loss of human blood, intellect, and energy the war entails, nor for the overwhelming material waste and distress it has already caused — or counteract the feelings of fear, hatred, and revenge which it everywhere engenders;

Therefore, irrespective of issues originally involved, we are convinced that hostilities should be brought to an immediate close. We cannot believe that a sweeping victory for either side will offer real or final solution of any problem, since attempts to gather fruits of victory would leave an increasing legacy of fear and hate, the seed for future wars. We question whether military operations can of themselves bring the war to an end, and the longer it continues, the more insistent and complicated become the problems involved.

We therefore urge all people within the United States to lay aside passion and prejudice, and to use all possible means towards casting the undivided influence of this great neutral

nation on the side of an immediate and a lasting peace, based on the principles of international justice and not dependent on the fortunes of war.

March 21, 1916

An agent of Germany

In April of this year, in connection with a meeting of the Simplified Spelling Board, I was waylaid in Chicago on my way home by one Geldesmeester, a Dutch agent of Germany. He professed to be influenced by a spirit of revenge toward England for her part in the Boer War, and seemed obviously dejected at the entire failure of his attempt to create sympathy for Germany. In his judgment she was eager for the cessation of carnage. But he could give no evidence that the German government loved peace well enough to restore stolen goods, the visible results of its raid upon civilization.

President Lovett

In June I went to Houston, Texas, to give the address at the first Commencement of Rice Institute. This visit had been promised for some time, as four years before I was unable to be present at the dedication exercises of that vigorous establishment. Under the leadership of its accomplished president, Dr. Edgar Odell Lovett, it has risen to a front rank among Southern educational institutions.

Julian Huxley

Its faculty, made up of young men of promise, contained two in whom I was especially interested — Guérard, my companion in Alsace,[1] and Julian S. Huxley, grandson of the great naturalist, a physiologist now on the staff of Oxford University. Dr. Huxley is a singularly amiable man and a clever investigator with a gift at exposition. During the war both he and Guérard felt the call of country, enlisting in service in France.

[1] See Chapter XLIII, pages 501–502.

Leaving Houston for a lecture tour through Louisiana, Texas, and Oklahoma, I was accompanied by Samuel B. McCann, a capable graduate student of the Institute, at present a member of the faculty.

2

Stormy outlook in Mexico

Meanwhile things looked very black along the Mexican border. The revolution which exiled Porfirio Diaz had left his distracted country in a state of great confusion. Many unfortunate Americans had thereby lost life or property, and many others stood ready to turn these facts to their own advantage. The feeling that Mexico must be "cleaned up" was growing throughout the country, and while the urge for intervention came largely from those with selfish ends, thousands of honest citizens had been led to believe that order could be restored only through conquest; German agents, moreover, were intriguing to bring about a conflict which would keep us out of Europe. It ought, however, to be remembered that atrocities were by no means confined to the Southern side, for cattle rustlers from the border states were criminally unscrupulous.

In Oklahoma City, after my last lecture, I received by telegraph the following request, dated June 28:

> The American Union against Militarism, believing that the people of the United States and Mexico are deeply opposed to war, is asking three representative Americans to confer unofficially at El Paso with three representative Mexicans in an immediate effort to delay further hostilities, bring about mediation, and devise a way of protecting American lives on the border without an intolerable violation of Mexican sovereignty. We earnestly appeal to you to help the country in the crisis.

This was signed by Amos Pinchot, Lillian D. Wald, Oswald Garrison Villard, Frederick Lynch, and Crystal Eastman.

Having telegraphed my acceptance, I started for El Paso, expecting to meet there Bryan and Frank P. Walsh, who had been selected as the other two American representatives. Afterward, however, they decided not to join the commission; Moorfield Storey and Paul U. Kellogg were then appointed in their stead. Storey is a leading jurist of Boston, a fine, strong man of the old-time type, with Puritan conscience unimpaired, Kellogg a wise young man of broad, humanitarian sympathies, who edits *The Survey*. Crystal Eastman, an active liberal, served as secretary.

Storey and Kellogg

The Mexican delegates were Luis Manuel Rojas, Modesto C. Rolland, and "Dr. Atl." Rojas is director of the *Biblioteca Nacional* of Mexico, and presided over the Constitutional Convention at Queretaro in 1917. An unusually intelligent and scholarly gentleman of sound judgment, his ignorance of the English language was more than compensated by his intimate knowledge of Mexican affairs. Rolland, an optimistic, friendly civil engineer from Yucatan, with a good command of English, had then, at least, an office in New York. "Dr. Atl" is the Aztec pen name of a rather mysterious person, the editor of a labor journal, a small, keen-eyed, shrewd, and suspicious man who spoke no English and viewed affairs, both in Mexico and the United States, from the standpoint of discontent. He seemed to have many enemies in El Paso, and an anonymous clipping warned me to beware of him as a "gringo-hater."

Rojas and his colleagues

Reaching El Paso on the morning of Monday, June 26, I found Rolland at the fine new Hotel "Paso del Norte." Later in the day Bernard Gallant, a young journalist, arrived to act as my secretary, having been sent on from New York for that purpose. By this time, however, Washington had been fixed upon as the more suitable place for the meeting of the commission. The other members were therefore requested to go directly to that city.

Alarming conditions

There was great excitement in the border town over the immediate prospect of war. Hundreds of men from various regions had gathered there to urge it on, and the two rival newspapers, the *Morning Times* and *Evening Herald*, were aflame with the prospect. The raid on Columbus, the consequent invasion of Mexico by United States troops under General John J. Pershing, and the armed clash at Carrizal, all following in rapid succession, had produced a sudden crisis between the two countries.

As a result, alarming telegrams from Washington appeared in the local press:

> Complete submission by Carranza within twenty-four hours or war was the last word of the Administration tonight. Peace or war by Wednesday hangs on Carranza's reply. There was apparent reluctance on the part of the Administration advisers to declare war on Mexico.
>
> The practical military men of Congress, however, were convinced that only a flat declaration of war would meet the situation.
>
> Additional reports received by the War Department today are accepted as giving full confirmation from official sources of reports that the American troops were treacherously ambuscaded at Carrizal.
>
> The question of responsibility for that attack is now considered as fully placed on Carranza, since the treachery is

proved and Carranza has admitted responsibility for the orders upon which the ambuscade was carried out.

Army staff officers were angered today by published reports that the American cavalry at Carrizal exceeded their rights, and that thereby blame is attached to them.

War chiefs work all night.

The Columbus raid

But to go back to certain events shortly antedating this international crisis, on the 9th of March, Mexican raiders supposed to be under the command of Francisco Villa, rebel and bandit, descended on Columbus, a town not far from El Paso. The United States government thereupon despatched troops in pursuit, with instructions to bring in Villa, dead or alive. The special circumstances leading up to the raid were never made clear to the American public. Concerning some details of this matter, however, I secured documentary evidence.[1]

El Paso "holocaust"

At that time all immigrants crossing from Ciudad Juarez on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande over the International Bridge to El Paso were taken in hand by the city officials of the latter place in the interest of hygiene; and on March 6, as a precaution against the spread of lice — the carriers of typhus germs — a score of men were given a gasoline bath. During the process a "hobo" under arrest threw a lighted match into a tub of the inflammable fluid, thus setting the jail on fire. In this "holocaust," as it was afterward locally known, eighteen Mexicans and a half dozen imprisoned tramps were burned alive. One Mexican saved himself by plunging into

[1] Upon my presentation of the facts (for part of which see Appendix J, page 718), Hon. Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, said to me: "It is unfortunate that we did not know of this at the time."

the river, and then reported at Juarez that "El Paso was giving Mexicans a bath in burning oil."

The citizens of Juarez were already "chronically sore" over "indignities suffered at the International Bridge," whence they had been frequently "kicked and cuffed back into Mexico by the El Paso police." Such treatment, they declared, "was enough to anger any people on earth." The news of the "holocaust" naturally spread like wildfire, and Villa is reported as saying that "he would make a torch out of every American he could catch."

Villa's threat

He also sent word to American papers in El Paso that he would raid Columbus on March 9. The motive for this curious action is not clear, unless he possibly hoped to bring about either mediation or monetary compensation. On the other hand, the alleged attitude of the local commandant at Columbus is hard to explain, for it is reported that upon hearing of the threat he deprived his men of their cartridges. Doubtless he thus thought to prevent bloodshed, though in this he was not successful.

After the American troops had gone about 400 miles into Mexico, Mexican officials, as will be remembered, forbade further advance, a limitation hardly to be accepted by Pershing without instructions from our government. But in a large way he was careful to avoid needless conflict with the *de facto* authorities. Notwithstanding his precautions, however, several encounters took place, the principal one at Carrizal, where an American company proceeding under orders found the way blocked by a detachment of Mexicans. El Paso papers described this incident as "a treacherous ambuscade," a view generally accepted in the North.

Carrizal

During the day I was occupied with a constant stream of correspondents wanting to secure my point of view, and the two local journals treated me fairly, with a single exception on the part of the *Times*. But both papers were hot for war, looking forward to intervention to end bandit invasions, riot, robbery, and murder, and thus make the border safe and business in the interior once more as profitable as in the palmy days of Diaz.

Populace inflamed

The populace was, however, less considerate than the reporters, most of whom were far from sympathizing with "the human vultures," to borrow a phrase from General Funston. I received a few insulting and threatening messages over the telephone, and I learned that it had been arranged to greet Bryan with rotten eggs, had he appeared, because while Secretary of State he opposed war with Mexico.

On the first evening, moreover, two gatherings were held to work up a scheme for giving me tar and feathers, and riding me out of town. But Judge Clark took a very strong stand against such procedure, saying that it would disgrace El Paso and make the town a byword throughout the nation. Others also rallied to my support. James P. McNary, whom I had known as a boy in Bloomington, now president of the local First National Bank, was very courteous, and with two friends, members of the Chamber of Commerce, frequented the lobby of the hotel during my stay. I also learned afterward that he kept a watchman on guard, both day and night, to prevent the possibility of violence.

McNary

There were a number of loyal Stanford men in town, and Mr. A. J. Robertson, a member of my Botany class at Cornell in 1870, arranged a Cornell-

Stanford luncheon at the University Club. In my talk before this kindly group I urged mediation and arbitration — the latter in accordance with a special treaty made with Mexico in 1849, which it was now proposed to treat as "a scrap of paper." Even admitting that the best interests of Mexico and of civilization might sometime demand intervention, I insisted that such action should not hinge on local disputes or temporary pretexts, nor take place in response to the feverish eagerness of transient visitors to the border.

Another scrap of paper?

My colleague, Rolland, thoroughly devoted to Carranza, claimed that he did the best possible under difficult conditions. But not many whom I met in El Paso thought him a man of either character or ability. People spoke well of Obregon, however, while Villa (the "Enchanted Captain") was generally regarded as a warm-hearted, hot-tempered, impulsive creature, "an untamed Maya Indian who had gone wrong through the combined influence of power, women, liquor, and blood."

"El capitan encantado"

Army officers, everywhere in evidence, conducted themselves with dignity, taking no part in heated discussions. One said to me: "We are here to obey orders." For Funston, Pershing, and Hugh M. Scott, I heard only words of praise.

A few steady-headed business men, engineers, teachers, and clergymen deprecated war-talk and worked quietly for peace. But the populace was eager to conquer and annex with incidental pillage — while some of the large landholders spoke of the necessity of "stabilizing" properties secured through Diaz concessions. In no other American city, I was told, were there laid so many plots that would not bear the

"Stabilizing" concessions

light, every possible effort being made to force the hands of the government. The mayor was especially active. To Gallant he said: "I shall be ruined and my town will be ruined if this harmless old gentleman keeps on. *We are prepared for war. We don't want peace.*"

Shearers and shorn

To analyze the seething assemblage, there were many refugees who had lost property or friends in the Revolution and for whom one necessarily felt deep sympathy; there were "Científicos," of which group Don Luis Terrazas, the greatest landholder in Mexico — then a refugee from his own imperial estate — may serve as type; there were "Cléricos," hoping to recover the vast tracts taken at one time or another from the religious orders — *caritativos* and *contemplativos* ("charitable" and "contemplative") suffering alike; there were agents of the great concessionaires; and, finally, a motley crowd to whom the outbreak of war would mean the "First Chance" for looting, just as American intervention was the "Last Chance" for Científicos and Cléricos.

Call to Albuquerque

Meanwhile the mayor of Albuquerque and after him the mayor of Santa Fé invited us to meet in his city. There was, in fact, no special reason for remaining in El Paso, which we found "uncomfortably hot" in two senses of the word. I therefore left on the evening of the 27th, Rolland and Gallant following the next day. In Albuquerque Dr. John D. Clark, a Stanford man, professor of Chemistry in the University of New Mexico, took us on a long automobile excursion to the mountains, during which we held a conference. But a telegram then called us to Washington to meet with Rojas, Atl, Storey, and Kellogg. On the way, at the request of Hamilton Holt, I wired

to *The Independent* an article giving our impressions and the reasons for helping rather than fighting Mexico.

The first meeting of the full "Unofficial Commission," of which Storey became chairman, took place at the New Willard Hotel on Wednesday, July 5.[1] But as soon as Rojas reached Washington — that is, on July 4 — identical telegrams in Spanish, prepared by him and signed by himself and me, were sent to Wilson and Carranza.[2] These urged a ten days' armistice, diplomatic as well as military, until disputed matters could be cleared up. Indeed, the diplomatic factors[3] seemed the more dangerous, for Pershing conducted his perilous and no doubt unwelcome task with rare discretion. A breathing space, we thought, might permit the governments to come to agreement on the appointment of a Joint High Commission, a time-honored method of averting war first practiced by John Adams. Such a group could patiently and in cold blood consider all questions in

Appeal for a breathing space

[1] At a subsequent gathering of Harvard Alumni in Boston, Mr. Storey spoke as follows:

"Now if we are civilized, let us sit down over a council table and discuss this question before we go into war. What can we gain by war, even if we had the whole of Mexico? We should be undertaking to impose our government on an unwilling people with a result which we saw the other day in the streets of Dublin.

"The League to Enforce Peace might as well dissolve tomorrow if they cannot control the action of their own country. If we cannot make the United States arbitrate this miserable difference, what hope is there that we could ever influence the nations of Europe? This is our opportunity. If we have sense and character enough, this war can be stopped. If we choose to sit by we shall get into a situation which nobody can foresee and out of which no good can come. In the words of Grant, 'Let us have peace!' "

[2] This message having some historic value, it will be found in Appendix H of this volume (page 812).

[3] According to a Chinese proverb, "if two women talk long enough there will be hair-pulling." The same statement, as a Chinese president once observed, applies to Foreign Offices, which he said should be closed in times of crisis.

dispute between the two countries. Wilson having decided to accept the proposition if initiated by Carranza, the affair was finally arranged, largely through the tireless efforts of Lincoln Steffens, the well-known journalist, who attended most of our meetings, carried our messages to the White House, and made himself variously useful; the plan was supported also by David Lawrence, another leading writer. And Professor John W. Slaughter, who had lately spent six months in Mexico and was well supplied with information as to concessions and business factors generally, aided us materially.

Steffens

The American members of the Joint Commission, soon chosen by the President, were Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, George Gray of the Circuit Court, and John R. Mott — all admirable selections. The sessions [1] were long and doubtless tedious, and in the end Carranza refused to sign the protocol which had been prepared. How could he when it legalized a more or less permanent retention of the American expeditionary forces in Mexico? He might perhaps have welcomed such a circumstance, or been willing to ignore it; but he could not officially *legalize* it without arousing resentment which would involve serious political danger to himself. To the Mexican mind the bandit chief appeared a minor peril compared with the "Coloseo del Norte" whose limitless strength seemed about to overwhelm their country.

Fair but unacceptable

The conference was, nevertheless, successful in developing on both sides a better understanding of the situation and its difficulties. Moreover, its final adjournment without any written agreement was soon followed by two important acts on the part of

Virtues of conference

[1] Held first at New London, afterward at Atlantic City.

the United States: first, the appointment of Henry P. Fletcher as minister to Mexico; second, the withdrawal of Pershing's forces, a move accomplished without special incident. Meanwhile, the scare having subsided, the swarm of agitators departed from El Paso, leaving local factions to wrangle like coyotes over a bone.

Watchful waiting

Thus Wilson's policy of "watchful waiting" had justified itself in essentials, though defective in some details, and will, as he foresaw, earn the favorable verdict of history. Whether or not our unofficial efforts contributed to the final result I do not know; I simply tell the story for what it is worth.

Honorable concessionaires

It should by no means be assumed that all the capitalist corporations operating in Mexico were at any time in favor of intervention. Many of the most influential concessionaires — Daniel M. Burns, John E. Milholland, George Foster Peabody, and William Kent, for example — were wholly opposed to a policy of violence. Milholland is a practical idealist, a business man of large experience, extended acquaintance in America and Europe, and a vigorous interest in many reforms. Politically an ardent Republican — formerly on the staff of the New York *Tribune* — he is also a strong suffragist and a thoroughgoing democrat. On July 7, while the Unofficial Commission was still in session at Washington, he wrote me as follows:

> No province of the old Roman Empire was ever looted by corrupt proconsuls more shamelessly than Mexico has been by the grabbers of all nations, among whom those of the United States stand *facile princeps*. I am not sure that the rich mines in which I am interested are not part of an ancient steal under the flimsy disguise of a Diaz concession. Whether they are or

not, I will see them all in northeast Hades before I will ever give voice or vote for this government to make war on the unfortunate victims of greed in its most shameless form, and of the most arrant tyranny that has disgraced the American continent since the days of Cortez.

Colonel Burns' views

In like vein on August 5 Colonel Daniel M. Burns of the San Dimas mines, for thirty years an investor in Mexico, said in the San Francisco *Bulletin:*

Various groups of foreign interests which have exploited Mexico and have fattened in the process, now desire Intervention. But their point of view is not mine. I do not wish to see Mexico blotted out in blood by this nation because it is the stronger, or to have tens of thousands of my fellow-countrymen slaughtered because I chance to have some dollars invested there.

Burns also made the following statement:

In Mexico itself it has not been hard to find evidence of a fine foreign hand. One instance will suffice.

I overheard a braggadocio Mexican exhorting a crowd of his countrymen, in perfervid style. His appeal was to drive the hated Americans from the land by whatever forceful means were necessary. So violent and inflammatory was his language, that I gave the man a sharp rebuke when I met him later alone. He expressed great surprise. "Why, Señor," he said, "do you not understand? I am working for your countrymen. I am employed to stir up Mexicans so that they may commit outrages against Americans and their property to such an extent that the government of your country must intervene. Then everything will be lovely for you and me."

The man showed no embarrassment, still less shame — no more than the well-groomed interests that bought his infamy would have displayed in telling their side of the story. Nor should it be assumed that his treachery was typical of Mexicans. In all lands and at all times there have been men ready to sell their country for a price.

Violence again urged

In 1919, after the attempt of the Carranza government to tax or otherwise control the oil interests in Tamaulipas and Vera Cruz, armed intervention on the part of the United States was again strongly urged. I then sent to *The Public* the following satirical discussion of the situation:[1]

Mexico Next!

According to the press, the next number of our international program must be the pacification of Mexico. It is, indeed, regarded as our plain duty to bring order to that distracted country, and it is obvious that the best way to do this is to extirpate the distractors, meanwhile taking charge of the national property. Fortunately this will offer little embarrassment, as 47 per cent of it ($1,057,000,000 out of $2,434,000,000) is already in American hands, and more than half the rest in the control of our British allies.

It is, moreover, urged that we must act at once. The reasons for this policy I may set down as the "Ten Points":

1. It may be that the Covenant of Nations will come into operation. This would give the world at large the right to pry into our methods and purposes. That would be intolerable.

2. President Carranza goes out of office in 1920. His successor may be of a different type, which might prove very embarrassing. As it is, President Carranza can always be counted on to return an irritating answer in a crisis; by his friends he is described as a Spanish replica of the Senior Senator from Massachusetts. Nevertheless, the Mexican President may as well learn from our experience that public property once deeded to a corporation is gone forever, and that all effort to regain it is energy altogether wasted.

3. At El Paso in 1916, when we proposed to police Mexico, "the Old Man put his foot down." But a change of administration is due in 1921, and we must be ready for the emergency.

4. Now is the time to act. We may never again find a Congressional Investigation Committee so steadfast as today. We may trust the Senator from New Mexico and his colleagues

[1] Issue of September 20, 1919.

from Connecticut and Arizona to uphold most impartially the rights of our land and oil-holding corporations.

5. If we hesitate we may have to face the claim that a Treaty of Arbitration, signed in 1849, provides that all differences shall be referred to a world court, and that the Pious Fund dispute concerning the California Missions was composed under this treaty, Mexico accepting the adverse verdict and paying the sum claimed.

6. If we delay some one may compile a list of outrages on our side of the boundary, or even unearth the record of the El Paso "Holocaust" of March 6, 1916, which led three days later to the raid on Columbus. We may even find some one asking for the title deeds of the Standard Oil, Mexican Eagle, and other corporations devoted to the uplift of Mexico.

7. To be compelled to maintain a subsidized brigand in order to ward off national taxes is a humiliation to these corporations as well as to the great nation under their control.

8. The boundary line from Brazos Santiago to Tia Juana, running chiefly through desert country, is unreasonably long, too long for us to keep in order, and its gulches on both sides are beset with horse thieves and cattle rustlers (locally known as caballeros and vaqueros), making them as unsafe as the edge of the black belt in Chicago or a San Francisco street at midnight. We must therefore blot out this line. To this end the boundary should be moved southward to the Canal Zone, in which case we should have less than 50 miles to patrol instead of 1756 as at present.

9. We are the "Coloseo del Norte," and behind us looms the still more colossal figure of "Manifest Destiny." The "lesser breeds without the law" must be taught to know their place.

10. Only through wars and rumors of wars can we maintain universal compulsory military service, the only remedy we know to counter the self-determination of labor.

Is there not somewhere a proverb reading: "If we hold the money of a nation we care not who makes the laws"?

3

My work with the Unofficial Commission overlapped certain obligations in New York, for on July 3

N.E.A. in New York

the National Education Association held its meeting in that city. As retiring president I occupied the chair at the first general session in the huge Madison Square Garden, the largest auditorium in the world. Leading notables — Governor Charles S. Whitman, Mayor John P. Mitchel, Dr. John H. Finley, Superintendent of Public Instruction, and others — gave addresses of welcome, all of them stressing the superlative excellence of the great Empire State which had invited us to share its hospitality. Introducing President Taft,[1] the principal speaker of the day, I referred to "a fact I had almost forgotten until reminded of it by those glowing eulogies; I was born in New York!"

Taft defends the League to Enforce Peace

Taft's address was a defense of the "League to Enforce Peace," which he upheld against the charge that the principle of enforcement, if not a violation of the national Constitution, might automatically carry the United States into war. The program ended with the formal inauguration of my successor, Professor D. B. Johnson of Rock Hill, South Carolina.

At a section meeting of teachers held next day in the Hotel McAlpin, I reviewed the Mexican situa-

[1] I had three times before appeared in public with Mr. Taft. The first occasion was in the Harvard Stadium at Cambridge. This proved to be a most trying place, because if one looks straight ahead from his station in the middle of the curve, nobody can hear; if he turns to the left or right, only one half his audience even knows that he is talking! That day there were four of us on the program. I was to come first — Taft, the new President, last; but as he seemed distinctly bored, I earned his gratitude (permanently, I hope) by changing places with him. The next occasion was on the Stanford football field in 1915, at which time I presided. On the third occasion, at the Unitarian Convention in San Francisco somewhat later, Taft occupied the chair. At the close of the meeting he invited me to take an automobile ride about the city, during which I more than ever recognized his generous tolerance and abounding good nature. Referring to some of his critics, he said: "At least they cannot get around the fact that I have been President of the United States." His references to "Theodore" and the latter's lack of interest and training in Law were kindly and interesting — but they need not be repeated here.

tion, explaining the causes and nature of the Revolution and commending the main features of Wilson's policy.

On August 1, this being the end of the academic year following my sixty-fifth birthday, I became automatically Chancellor Emeritus of Stanford University.[1]

A plea for Natural History

Later in the month I assisted in the dedication at La Jolla (near San Diego) of the new building of the Scripps Institution for Biological Research affiliated with the University of California. On this interesting occasion I made a plea in behalf of "old-fashioned Natural History," the study of animals and plants

[1] On this occasion I received the following communication, beautifully inscribed and bound:

The Board of Trustees of the Leland Stanford Junior University to Chancellor David Starr Jordan, Greeting.

At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Leland Stanford Junior University held on the 16th day of May, 1916, the following resolutions were adopted:

On the occasion of the retirement of Chancellor David Starr Jordan from office, we, the Board of Trustees of Leland Stanford Junior University, desiring to place on record our deep appreciation of the lifelong service rendered by him to the cause of education, now therefore

Be it *Resolved*, That we recognize that as President and Chancellor he has laid our University and the American people under lasting obligations. An eminent scientist, a great teacher, an inspiring personality, and an organizer and administrator of high ideals and wide vision, he has made an enduring impress upon the fabric and spirit of Stanford and upon educational progress in America.

Resolved, That we gratefully acknowledge the cordial coöperation and wise counsel which we have always received from Dr. Jordan as President and as Chancellor, in our personal and official relations with him, and that we assure him of our lasting regard and affection, confident that the future will bring still further fruition of his knowledge and experience and of his zeal for the promotion of the highest interests of humanity.

(Signed) W. Mayo Newhall
President

Leon Sloss
Secretary

as completed organisms in relation to their origin, life-history, and surroundings.

An extended campaign

In the fall of this year I spent ten consecutive weeks on the road, thus making the most extended of all my lecture tours. As secretary I took with me Harold Vincent Aupperle of Grand Junction, Colorado, a Stanford senior, captain of the track team, and one of the staunchest and most devoted of all my disciples.[1] Starting at Seattle on October 1, I gave addresses in the larger towns eastward to Boston. Returning by way of Denver, Salt Lake City, and Boise, I reached home on December 10, having spoken sixty-five times during the interval.

At Bloomington, the largest audience ever known in the town appeared in compliment to my work there twenty-five years before. A similar assembly greeted me on my return to Appleton after an absence of forty years.[2] In Springfield, Illinois, I visited the old home of Lincoln, preserved as he left it in 1861, interesting in its neat simplicity and containing papers of various kinds carefully written by him in a clear, legible hand. Early November found me at Battle Creek, Michigan, as guest of Dr. J. H. Kellogg, who, realizing that I was overdoing, induced me to remain at his famous sanatorium for a week. To him and his skillful assistant, Dr. C. C. Hubly, I owe a debt of gratitude for putting me on my feet again and giving wise advice for the future.

A noted sanitarian

In the Cooper Union, a noted New York center for popular discussion, I spoke in opposition to a prominent "Big Navy" man. The audience was

[1] For an account of young Aupperle's Red Cross service and death in Belgrade, see Chapter LIV, pages 746–747.

[2] See Vol. I, Chapter VI, page 124.

quite out of sympathy with his point of view, and at the end asked questions hard to answer. Some of these being manifestly unfair, I turned in to help him make his position clear.

While in New York I was asked to meet with and serve as chairman for the "American Neutral Conference Committee," a group of men and women interested in peace through mediation rather than "prolonged attrition," or war to the bitter end. Among those active in the movement were Jacob H. Schiff, George Foster Peabody, Hamilton Holt, and numerous persons of wealth and influence as well as of humanitarian purpose. Besides a number of admirable short addresses, we had a communication from Charles P. Trevelyan, a Liberal member of the British Parliament, in the form of an "Open Letter to President Wilson." This had not been entrusted to the mails, which even then were frequently violated, but was delivered in person by a young clergyman, David Anderson. Said Trevelyan: *Trevelyan's letter*

> The one hope for the preservation of our western civilization would be the United States. . . . The relative strength of America grows as the vitality of Europe is ebbing away. It is not alone the loss of money and of credit; not only the waste and desolation of provinces during the war, and the economic catastrophes which will follow everywhere in its wake, not only the millions of dead and maimed among the young men. It is the complete collapse of the old national standards. . . .
>
> In the last resort, the continuance of war depends on hate. If, however, some voice so loud that it reverberates across the seas, so important that the censorship could not exclude it, *spoke not to the governments but to the peoples*, a change would begin to come. In these days the essence of a democratic appeal is that it should be incessant until it is fully understood. If this

message is heard in louder and ever louder tones across the Atlantic, it will end by being the policy of the world. It will take the place of the fury of war denunciation, of the threats of annihilation and of the ravings of revenge of which we are all so weary here.

Such acquiescence as there is in continued hostilities is due directly to fear. Every nation believes that its enemies were the aggressors and may make war again in a few years unless they are utterly defeated. . . .

Above all, I see that none of the issues in the war are as important as peace; that harm done by a peace which does not concede all that we desire is as nothing in comparison to the harm in Europe done by those who speak for what they falsely believe to be the interests of their separate nations. I am compelled by a profound conviction to speak for all the nations in the name of Europe. In the name of Europe I appeal to you to bring us peace.

Once more at home, I turned my attention again to the study of fishes, to which I had formally bidden farewell in 1913, and as a contribution to the stability of scientific nomenclature, I made a compilation — with data — of all the names applied to fish genera from the beginning by Linnæus in 1758 down to 1833. This memoir having been published by the University, I then decided to go on with the series, which I finally carried to 1920. The completed work, entitled "The Genera of Fishes," enumerates 7800 names; of these about three fifths are probably valid and destined to endure, and (as elsewhere stated) about 1200 of the whole number have been given by me or my students, Eigenmann especially.

Genera of fishes

Fossil fishes

During the summer of 1917 I came upon a most important ichthyological discovery in southern California — several groups of Miocene deposits containing great numbers of fossil fishes. This matter was brought to my attention by Dr. James Z. Gilbert,

teacher of Zoölogy in the Los Angeles High School, who then gave me a very fine and perfect fossil blue-fish which he had obtained from a brickyard in Los Angeles. In other places about the city and in the neighboring county of Orange, also, he secured some dozens of small fishes. All these, and a few more from Lompoc to the north, we described in a joint paper on "The Fossil Fishes of Southern California."

Lompoc lies on the north side of the Sierra Santa Inez, which forms the backbone of Santa Barbara County. This locality was first visited by Gilbert, then by Willard J. Classen, a Stanford student, and later by myself. It proved to contain one of the most remarkable fossil-fish deposits ever found, several thousand specimens, many of them well preserved, having been obtained there. These species I described in a paper entitled "The Fossil Fishes of the Diatom Beds of Lompoc, California." In a more elaborate memoir, "Fishes of the California Tertiary," also published by the University, I gave fine restorations of nearly all of them, the work of William S. Atkinson, our scientific artist.

A Miocene tragedy

A surprising feature of the Lompoc deposits is the presence on a certain "horizon" of millions of specimens of an extinct herring known as *Xyne grex*, diffused over four miles of surface wherever the stratum in question has been laid bare. As the individuals are all adult, one may presume that they entered the primeval flask-shaped bay to spawn, then were smothered by their own numbers, and finally buried under clouds of white diatoms. The deposit of these siliceous shells of minute plants, each too small to be visible to the naked eye, reaches here a depth of 1400 feet. The probable details of this alleged incident

were described by me in "Natural History" in "A Miocene Catastrophe."[1]

Ancestors of living fishes

The Miocene fish fauna of California is of peculiar interest as being largely ancestral to the present one, differences in which are due to the lapse of some two millions of years. My studies clearly show certain facts which may interest a few of my readers:

1. The present fauna of California is derived from that of the Miocene period, with a certain modern admixture from Alaska and Japan. In the Miocene fauna, so far as known, there are no types likely to have come over from Japan.

2. The Miocene fauna is transitional in having its roots in the Eocene or Cretaceous. But no fishes of either of these periods have been found in Pacific Coast deposits in America or Asia.

3. The Tertiary fauna of California is nearly all included in families still extant on the Coast. All of the species are distinct from their living allies, and most of them must be placed in different genera.

4. The most striking difference between past and present is the absence thus far of the viviparous surf fish (*Embiotocidæ*), which form so conspicuous a part of the existing fauna and would be expected in just the conditions in which the fossils have been found. As two different species of this family occur in Japan, it is possible that surf fishes are of Asiatic origin. Among the fossils secured are none showing affinity with Asiatic forms.

5. No species either distinctly tropical or distinctly subarctic appear among the Tertiary fishes of southern California. We must, therefore, conclude that the Miocene temperature differed little from that which obtains at present.

6. It is evident from the absence, partial or complete, of silt or other rain-washed material in the deposits containing fishes, that the region was arid.

7. The localities in southern California in which fossil fishes have been found are of two kinds: (*a*) former shallow inlets within a group of small islands, and (*b*) the old, deep, narrow-

[1] Vol. XXI, 1920.

mouthed bay of Lompoc now filled to the depth of 1400 feet with pure diatoms, containing multitudes of fishes, bones of a few birds, petrels and waders, an occasional porpoise, a very few shells and sea-worms, but no crabs or sea-urchins.

For this extended work on fossils I was already broken in, as twice before within fifteen years Dr. Branner had brought from Brazil a very interesting series of Cretaceous fishes which he turned over to me for study. I know of no more brain-racking effort than the attempt to make old bones live again, and especially to restore in imagination missing parts so as to figure how the creature looked in life. In the Serra do Araripi (province of Ceará) in eastern Brazil is an ancient beach on which fishes were often stranded at low tide, some four millions of years ago. Becoming then enveloped in fine silt which dried in the sun and gave them solidity, at next flood tide they were buried by new deposits. In 1841 Agassiz secured a number of these molds and described the bones and scales of several encased fishes of different species. Many similar concretions were found by Dr. Branner. One of them, however, resembled a baseball bat though flattened at one end so that we suspected it of concealing a fish. Splitting it carefully lengthwise we found this to be the fact; and so well preserved was the ancient "Tenpounder" that the black streaks along the sides were still plainly visible. Often the encased animal was completely petrified — bones, scales, and fins being turned into stone.

Unique and amazing!

CHAPTER FIFTY-THREE

I

With the advent of 1917, events moved with startling rapidity. For nearly a year prior to that time the *Sussex* pledge [1] had been maintained. Meanwhile President Wilson had addressed notes to the warring powers, requesting a definition of their purposes and looking toward some sort of negotiated adjustment. On January 22 he spoke before the United States Senate, declaring for a league of peace; for peace without victory at the end of the war; for freedom of the seas, and other guarantees of lasting peace.

Wilson's efforts for peace

Apparently he had grounds to feel that his plans might succeed. But the German administrative group which had been making ostensible preparations for an honorable settlement and held out against the proposed submarine campaign was suddenly relieved at the behest of the Tirpitz or "Vaterland" cabal. This change replaced Von Jagow by the futile Zimmermann, and Bethmann-Hollweg, the Kaiser's trusty shock absorber, by the dull routinist, Michaelis. Accordingly on January 31 the new Imperial government announced its intention to destroy neutral commerce with Great Britain by marking out a "war zone" in which all ships of whatever nation would be attacked and sunk by submarines. The terms on which a degree of immunity was promised American vessels were essentially insulting and impossible of acceptance.[2] On Febru-

Diver campaign

[1] Given March, 1916.

[2] When the astonishing news reached this country Lochner cabled to Berlin: "For God's sake stop diver campaign and state terms of peace."

ary 3, therefore, the President broke diplomatic relations with Germany, and Count von Bernstorff left for Berlin.

Imperative demand for war

The attitude of the American people was now still further embittered by the publication of the preposterous "Zimmermann Note,"[1] apparently intended as a decoy to embroil Carranza with the United States. Along the Atlantic seaboard then arose an imperative demand for declaration of war. This came from divergent sources which I shall later discuss. Opposed to immediate action was a large, ill-defined body of public opinion which still hoped that by some means our entrance into war might be honorably averted. Opposed also, and more or less vehemently, were a few socialistic combinations whose plans for class conflict were interrupted by international struggles, besides a certain number who hated England by habit, and many of German descent who favored the Central Powers.

[1] This communication as given out by the State Department reads as follows:

"BERLIN, *January* 19, 1917

"On the first of February we intend to begin submarine warfare unrestricted. In spite of this it is our intention to keep neutral with the United States of America. If this attempt is not successful, we propose an alliance with Mexico on the following basis: That we shall make war together and together make peace. We shall give general financial support and it is understood that Mexico is to recover the lost territory in New Mexico, Texas, and Arizona. The details are left for you for settlement.

"You are instructed to inform the President of Mexico of the above in the greatest confidence as soon as it is certain that there will be an outbreak of war with the United States, and suggest that the President of Mexico, on his own initiative, should communicate with Japan, suggesting adherence at once to this plan, at the same time offer to mediate between Germany and Japan.

"Please call the attention of the President of Mexico that the employment of ruthless submarine warfare now promises to compel England to make peace in a few months.

"ZIMMERMANN

"To German Minister Von Eckhardt, Mexico City"

For a curious annotation of the above, see Chapter XLII, pages 470–473.

As for the President, the progress of events, especially the wanton sinking of the *Ancona*, had irrevocably pushed him farther and farther from his former position. Of that he gave no definite outward sign, however, the unavoidable breaking of diplomatic relations not being necessarily a prelude to war. But the Sixty-fourth Congress being about to pass out of existence, he asked for virtually a free hand in dealing with foreign affairs during the nine months which would precede the convening of the next body, in order to avoid the necessity of summoning it even in a possible crisis. This request would have been granted but for the opposition of a dozen Senators whom he characterized as "willful," but who in my judgment were perfectly right, as under our Constitution Congress must be consulted in any serious international matter, and it alone has the power to declare war.[1]

Willful Senators

The President then issued a special call for April 18, a date soon changed to April 2.

This month of March was a very eventful one in my personal history.

Emergency Peace Federation

On the 9th came telegrams asking me to go East to advise with the Emergency Peace Federation, an unendowed group then recently organized in New York. The movement had its rise in "a sense of the pressing need of deliberate, balanced, constructive discussion of the issues confronting our country."

Upon my arrival, March 17, it was decided to form an unofficial commission to investigate possible

[1] The "willful twelve" were Clapp, Cummins, Gronna, Kenyon, Kirby, La Follette, Lane, Norris, O'Gorman, Stone, Vardaman, and Works.

alternatives to war. On Sunday the 18th I dined with Lillian D. Wald at the Henry Street Settlement House on the East Side. The news of the Tsar's downfall having just reached America, the Russians and Jews living around "the House in Henry Street" were rejoicing — prematurely, it seems — at the prospects of freedom and justice for Russia.

Fall of Russian autocracy

On Tuesday I went to see Colonel House to discuss the European situation. Wednesday afternoon Professor William I. Hull of Swarthmore and I addressed the Colonial Club. Thursday I spoke under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. at Columbia University, my subject being "Is War Eternal?" Friday afternoon I addressed another large audience of students on "The Present Crisis," Dr. Henry W. L. Dana (a grandson of Longfellow) making a very gracious introductory address. Indeed, at both meetings I was treated with special courtesy, without show of criticism or objection to what I had to say.

At Columbia

Nevertheless, it later transpired that my second appearance was not wholly welcome in some quarters. A fortnight or so before, though Count Ilya Tolstoy, son of the great Russian, had been advertised to speak at the University, the invitation was withdrawn almost at the last moment. The reason for this action was not made public, and the Count (whom I heard afterward) is far from being a firebrand. But when Dana applied for the use of Horace Mann Hall, the official responsible asked: "Have you already invited Dr. Jordan?" Dana replied that he had. "It is a very unpropitious time to speak on the present crisis," said the custodian, "but we cannot afford to

have another Tolstoy case;" and the meeting was therefore announced.

Thoughtful deliberations

The commission — which began its sessions on March 20 in the Holland House — consisted of a number of interested people who could remain for the necessary period.[1] From day to day persons especially fitted to advise, some holding views quite adverse to those of the majority, appeared by request before the group. We finished our work on March 23. Our conclusions were embodied in a pamphlet entitled "Alternatives to War." Of these, two lines were recognized and defined: (1) a Joint High Commission, and (2) a League of Neutrals.

A Joint High Commission

The first method, as drawn up by Professor Hull, suggested a joint conference of American and German statesmen in an attempt to discover some tolerable ground of agreement. Had our only purpose been the elimination of the submarine, this scheme might have proved practicable, but it would have made future intervention in behalf of the Allies illogical and perhaps impossible.

[1] Emily Greene Balch, professor of Economics at Wellesley.
Joseph D. Cannon, late of the Western Federation of Miners, Colorado.
Edward P. Cheyney, professor of European History, University of Pennsylvania.
Stoughton Cooley, editor of *The Public*.
William I. Hull, professor of History at Swarthmore.
John F. Moors, broker, Boston.
Harry A. Overstreet, professor of Philosophy, College of the City of New York.
Arthur Le Sueur, legal adviser for certain farmers' organizations, North Dakota.
Winter Russell, attorney and publicist, New York.
Mrs. Henry Villard, daughter of William Lloyd Garrison and chairman of the Emergency Peace Federation.
Louis P. Lochner, *Secretary*.
David Starr Jordan, *Chairman*.

The second proposition contemplated an organization which should first offer mediation, and then, if unsuccessful, should attempt to clear the sea of illegal or piratical interference. This plan was afterward carefully worked out and better stated by Professor Carlton Hayes of Columbia, still later amplified and given publicity by Paul Kellogg in *The Survey*. It would very likely have led ultimately to war, but it was defensible and dignified. If no feasible alternative appeared, however, we urged that Congress make a clear statement of America's aims in entering the war.

A League of Neutrals

Our pamphlet, as well as an additional one by Hull giving a historic *résumé* of Joint High Commissions, was at once widely distributed. Sympathizers had meanwhile decided to hold a great mass meeting in Madison Square Garden on the evening of the 24th. I had no hand in the preliminary arrangements and though consenting to be one of the speakers, was not convinced of the wisdom of such a gathering. The motives which bring people together on these occasions are naturally very much mixed, and some overzealous person is sure to say the wrong thing, an episode which catches the eye of the press. As a matter of fact, exactly this happened in the case of one speaker who had been most roughly treated in a war meeting in the same hall the night before.

Madison Square Garden meeting

On the other hand, I had been told that only by collections at a mass meeting could funds be secured for expenses already incurred. This was apparently true, notwithstanding the fact that certain friends gave generously, my own expenses (as I learned after my arrival) having been guaranteed in advance by one of the ladies. Statements current in part of the

press, that the meeting was controlled or financed by pro-Germans, had no foundation whatever. As to the number of German-Americans present I had no means of knowing; certainly they were not much in evidence—distinctly less so than Irish, Italians, or Jews. Reports of this and subsequent meetings were as a rule extremely incorrect and unjust. In Boston a representative of *The Christian Science Monitor* came "not to hear Dr. Jordan speak," he said, "but to see how much the newspapers lied about him!"

Journalistic amenities

The Madison Square Garden meeting was in its way impressive, upward of 12,000 persons being present, while some 3000 were shut out for lack of room. Among these last were 400 working women who had come from Williamsburg, Long Island, to protest against the rising cost of living. Milholland [1] presided, opening the meeting with an effective talk. The notable address of the evening was that of Rabbi Judah L. Magnes, a young man of fine intellect and a rich, full, cultivated voice.

Magnes

Contrary to certain published reports there were no disturbances of any importance, the accident of a broken bench due to a private rumpus being the only one noticeable. It was, however, apparent that a large part of the audience was moved by distrust and dislike of "Wall Street" and "The System," rather than by a desire for international peace! The note to this effect printed in *The New Republic* under the head of "More than Pacifism" told the truth.[2]

[1] See Chapter LII, page 700.

[2] "Any visitor to the recent crowded pacifist mass meeting . . . must have been impressed by its complexion. There were in it a large number of Germans, but they did not preponderate, and the meeting was far from being a pro-German demonstration. There were citizens of all conditions and faiths. There were women from the East Side with shawl-covered heads, men with flat

The week before, so I was told, three leading public men had come together at the Union League Club, with reporters present, and informally declared war against Germany; furthermore, an intolerant mass meeting had just been held in the Garden. Both incidents greatly exasperated the people of the East Side, for "the rich man's war is the poor man's fight," and a unanimous "boo" welled up from the crowd when the names of Root and Roosevelt were incidentally mentioned as recipients of the Nobel Peace Prize!

War prosperity a grim joke

Certain resolutions were passed by the audience, but I did not prepare them or know their contents until they were put before the meeting, although some phrases of mine were apparently drawn upon. And I must admit that participation laid me open

chests and pinched faces whose lives had been spent over stitching machines, street-car conductors, dock laborers, young excited men and women such as can be seen during any political campaign at street-corner gatherings, during any garment strike at union locals. These people were not thinking mainly either of international affairs or of unadulterated pacifist philosophy. But there were certain details of our social organism that had come close to them. . . . They had heard much of prosperity. . . . They had read of vast profits . . . one hundred per cent, two hundred per cent dividends of our great industrial companies as a result of war. The rising cost of living, it had been drummed into them, was a result of the war. They remembered the strikes . . . in this, that, or the other industry in which the financial powers had almost invariably been against them. Now the cry was that Wall Street wanted war; nothing could be more obvious. The spokesmen of the money power who had consistently opposed unionism and all extensions of democracy had been in vociferous evidence for a long time, asking the United States to fight in behalf of liberalism and democracy abroad. To the people in Madison Square Garden this had grown to be more than a grim joke — it was an insult, an outrage. . . . This . . . is a war against a predatory autocracy, and the United States is going into it with one of the best causes and one of the most hopeful purposes for which a nation ever fought. But the clean purpose and enthusiasm of the nation is poisoned by our own internal class struggle. Our plutocrats, whether they know it or not, are themselves largely responsible for the bitterness of the protest. It is they who have made the American purposes seem insincere . . . while we are fighting for democracy abroad, the American Bourbons dare no longer delay us in the task of perfecting it at home."

to any honest criticism of the purpose or declarations of the assembly. Unfortunately the attacks which followed this and other appearances by me were often far from honest and seemly.

Arguments for joining the Allies

As already implied, one could not fail to recognize that at this time several entirely different elements urged entrance into the war. The first group, wholly devoid of ulterior motives, thought it our duty to drive Germany out of Belgium and France and put an end, once for all, to medieval autocracy. With these I fully agreed as to the main facts, but believed that their aims might be accomplished by other means than war.

The second element was financial. Great Britain had in a fashion raised the signal of distress, being unable to go on paying cash for her enormous purchases of munitions and food in America, and so approaching the limit of credit. Already upward of $24,000,000 of British and French bonds were held in the United States by the Morgans and their patrons. Such securities no longer sold at par, and discount was devouring profits, besides tying up capital in munition plants.

Wall Street and war

This condition of things had been frankly described in a circular issued by *The Wall Street Digest*, March 2. In it, the author stated that whether war came at once or later, the United States was really "committed to a preparedness campaign that must assure the prosperity of American industries for a long time to come." But while there was "no lack of orders from the European allies and no haggling as to price," manufacturers of armament were forced to accept notes and bonds in place of cash. These pledges not

being salable, armament makers had been hard pressed for capital; and "a single hundred million dollars in American money will mean more than several times that sum in notes and obligations of foreign countries."

The above brief extracts throw light on the predicament of the munitions firms. Our entrance into the great conflict relieved the tension and let loose a flood of so-called "war babies," speculation in which was hailed as a "joyfest."

Menace of triumphant hordes

A third factor appeared in the attitude of the metropolitan press. Very early in 1915 the leading journals of the seaboard cities (the New York *Evening Post* and the Hearst publications — the latter usually anti-British — excepted) had urged elaborate and costly preparedness for war by the United States on the general ground of danger from Germany. In the face of a trained, triumphant horde, they argued, the United States would find itself impotent — our whole Atlantic seaboard especially would be helpless — our army was too small to be worth considering — and our antiquated, inadequate navy would go down before the great Hun Armada. Moreover, it was not impossible that a victorious Britain should turn her seasoned troops upon us to make good by indemnity her enormous war costs. An alert sentinel from his loft in the Metropolitan Tower even proposed the raising of a great force to defend the country against Canada, whose 500,000 Canadian soldiers, once released, might attack our undefended northern border.

From the very first it could be seen that the purpose of this campaign was not only to benefit armament makers but also to hurry the country into war.

As Edouard Bernstein has well said: "Men submit to militarism for all sorts of reasons, except for its real *raison d'être*, war."

One motive for compulsory training

As time went on it became also plain that another motive entered into preparedness, that of limiting industrial freedom through adoption of a Prussian type of organization. Universal military training is the most effective means yet developed for bringing about industrial subserviency by fitting workmen to their place and holding them as cogs in the machine.

2

During the eight days intervening between Sunday, March 25, and Tuesday, April 3, I kept up a losing fight in response to the many calls for support from those interested in possible adjustments apart from war. Some of these invitations came from university International Polity Clubs, others from branches of the American Peace Society, a few from church organizations, and none from radical groups of any sort. The district covered extended from Boston to Washington.

At Princeton

For the evening of Monday the 26th I went to Princeton at the request of Charles Arrott, a senior in the University; but although a great war demonstration had been held on Sunday evening in one of the halls, President Hibben refused permission for a peace meeting. Yet at that time no official action had been taken by our government, so that Arrott and his associates thought they were supporting Mr. Wilson in his former opposition to America's entry into the conflict.

Denied the privilege of assembly in the University,

Arrott secured the Presbyterian Church, and Professor Evans Clark of the Department of Economics presided at the meeting. Many of those present were not wholly in sympathy with what I had to say. They were, nevertheless, scrupulously polite — newspapers to the contrary notwithstanding — only two or three carefully modulated whistles indicating dissent at one time. *Evans Clark*

When I had finished, the audience passed a vote of censure on the authorities for refusing to allow students to hold a peace program under a university roof; as nearly as I could count, 300 voted in the affirmative and 25 in the negative. Afterward, in special conference, a smaller number organized a local branch of the Union against Militarism. All these young men, I was told, belonged to the group which had recently protested against the expensive and aristocratic "honor society" system of the institution.[1]

I next went to Boston, expecting to speak at a public meeting of the Union against Militarism at Harvard on the evening of the 27th. But being unable to secure a suitable hall for that particular date, the society asked for the following, which, however, I could not give, as my time was already pledged.

So far as I know, university officials put no obstacle in the way, yet the committee in charge suffered an outrageous attack in quite Prussian fashion at the hands of other students when they gathered in the room of Robert Garrison (grandson of the great *Garrison and the Junkers*

[1] Referring to this, a member of the faculty once spoke of it as "a visible sign of the earthquake rift which splits Princeton."

"Pacifists make the best fighters," says a French writer. At any rate I later heard of Arrott, a fellow of both nerve and refinement, as "somewhere in France."

Abolitionist leader) to make arrangements. For a dozen or so fellows—said to be more or less under the influence of liquor—then rushed in, forcing the owner and his associates to withdraw, after which they threw eggs about, overturned chairs, and scattered books.

Allinson Brent Dow Allinson, chairman of the committee, an unusually able and attractive youth, was afterward subjected to grossly unjust and trying persecution, the details of which I need not here relate.

In Boston On Wednesday evening I spoke in Ford Hall under the auspices of Professor Harry P. Ward of Boston University, John F. Moors, Mrs. Glendower Evans, and the Rev. W. Harris Crook. An apparently sympathetic audience filled the room, but except for the Boston *Journal*, the papers gave scant and incorrect accounts of the affair.

At noon next day a meeting took place in Faneuil Hall, the old cradle of liberty dating from 1742 and containing a fine portrait of Washington as well as other reminders of the early days of the Republic. The building being located in the center of traffic, this gathering consisted of people called in from the street by handbills scattered about. During the course of my talk I directed attention to the portrait of the man who by means of a Joint Commission had postponed and prevented war with the French Republic, recalling that as epitaph he asked for one short sentence only:

> Here lies John Adams, who averted war with France.

At Yale From Boston I went to Yale University, where as a guest of Dr. William Lyon Phelps I was to address an undergraduate audience under the auspices of the

Yale Fellowship of Reconciliation. But perverted accounts of the Princeton meeting had reached New Haven, and the more belligerent students felt that they must somehow assert themselves. It was therefore suggested that a band should play outside the hall during the lecture. Word came also to Phelps to wear his oldest clothes, as eggs might be used.[1] But being a man of unbounded popularity as well as courage, he made a direct appeal for the honor of Yale against all forms of patriotic rowdyism. The band might play after the address, he said, when those who so felt inclined could have a great parade; and with characteristic tact he asked the uniformed Yale Cadets to restrain any tendency to disturbance.[2]

Phelps and the merry gentlemen

The authorities not having granted the use of Woolsey Hall, which holds about 2500, the meeting started in Lampson, seating 500. Phelps presided graciously after his wont, beginning with the classic phrase, "We who are about to die, salute you." Every seat was occupied and all aisle space overfilled with men jammed together as in a football scrimmage. Meanwhile great numbers gathered outside, fairly quiet at first; but after a while from both within and without arose in unison the reiterated cry: "*We want Woolsey! We want Woolsey!*" Phelps now cleverly quieted the turmoil, at the same time despatching a messenger with a hurry call to the authorities to open up the bigger auditorium. This having been accomplished, we moved over and I gave an hour's talk to

[1] Afterward some students told him that they did bring eggs and potatoes in their pockets.

[2] "Throughout my twenty-five years of experience with Yale men," added Dr. Phelps, "they have invariably treated me with kindness and consideration, and it would be a new thing if they did not do so at this time."

a thronged but perfectly orderly assemblage of men and women.

At the close many friendly students came up to ask questions, but a large crowd of enthusiasts paraded for an hour through the streets of the city, behind the band. Next morning the New Haven *Journal-Courier* gave a correct if not wholly sympathetic account of the meeting.

Patten, University of Pennsylvania

To the University of Pennsylvania I went as the guest of Professor Simon Nelson Patten, the veteran economist of the institution, and that evening spoke in the great hall where a year and a half before I had given the George Dana Boardman Lecture. My audience, almost entirely academic, filled the room and showed no signs of dissent. Patten, who presided, introduced me in a very moderate and reasonable statement deprecating hasty action in a crisis of such supreme importance.

On Saturday morning I gave an address for Rabbi Berkowitz in the Jewish Synagogue before a large and interested group, and in my talk called attention to the first Joint High Commission recorded in history.[1] I was also invited to speak in two or three of the churches on Sunday, but other arrangements precluded.

First recorded peace commission

As already stated, Congress had been called to convene in special session on Monday, April 2. At Washington, therefore, I found a very active group of Emergency workers, hourly increased by new arrivals from all sections of the country, and established in headquarters on Pennsylvania Avenue midway between the Capitol and the White House.

[1] See the Book of Joshua, Chapter XXII.

Meanwhile my presence was requested at Baltimore, where a Sunday evening conference in the Academy of Music had been arranged by the Rev. Richard W. Hogue. Arrived in the afternoon, I went directly to the Hotel Rennert and called up an old acquaintance, who, with her sister, had crossed the ocean on the same boat with me in 1910. Miss Detrick at once invited me to spend the night at their residence on Biddle Street — an invitation I accepted with pleasure. She then said she would be at the Academy and take me home in her car.

Miss Detrick

The great hall was packed from pit to dome with an audience estimated at 5000; even in the anteroom there was barely standing space; on the stage sat a hundred or so prominent people. Mr. Hogue called the meeting to order and then turned over the gavel to William Tappan, principal of a boys' school, who made a sturdy plea for tolerance at the beginning, and showed great tact before the affair was over.

At the close of the opening address, about forty young men and women tripped across the stage carrying overcoats, rugs, suitcases, and other articles of travel. They had come down from Columbia University in a huge automobile, under the direction of a graduate student, and had stopped at different places on the road to speak against war. In two or three towns the police had asked them to move on, though nearly everywhere they met with a sympathetic reception. One of them remained on the platform long enough to describe their experiences; the others hurried away, and I saw them again in Washington on Monday morning.

Student pacifists

After two short talks my turn came. I had, however, barely begun when a loud racket was heard

"Patriotic" rowdyism

outside, following which the manager of the building reported to Tappan that a mob of more than a thousand had gathered and the thirty police on duty were unable to hold them back; we must therefore close the meeting at once. Announcement to that effect was now quietly made but met with some remonstrances from indignant members of the audience. A dozen young men then rushed up the aisle, the leader bearing a United States flag. Thrusting it at Tappan with profane and foul epithets, he shouted, "What do you say to this?" The presiding officer made a calm response, a quick-witted young woman on the stage mounted a chair and began to sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" in a fine, clear voice; everybody of course joined in, and the intruders were compelled to take off their hats and keep still. "America" followed, and "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean," the audience filing out by side exits opened for the purpose.

For law and order

Meanwhile the mob had forced the great bronze entrance doors, which had been locked when there was no longer even standing room in the auditorium. In the struggle the police, working at great disadvantage against numbers, used their clubs effectively and a number of young bloods, the flag bearer among them, were carried off in disabled condition. Those still outside, finding that people were leaving by other openings, rushed around to intercept the speakers, myself in particular as I afterward learned. But being one of the last to go, without any thought of personal danger I walked out through the front door; the street was then practically clear, with almost nobody in sight but a policeman, who pointed out a bit gruffly the waiting limousine in which Miss

Detrick had stubbornly held her place. Stopping for a moment only at the Rennert to pick up my luggage, we went on to Biddle Street, where I passed an undisturbed night, quite innocent of any attempt to "disappear."

The next day I read in the Baltimore *American* that the mob, made up of "scions of the most aristocratic families of the state" to the number of about 1200, paraded the town and visited all the hotels in search of me, singing "We'll hang Bill Bryan to a sour apple tree," and "We'll hang Dave Jordan to a sour apple tree." On a soft and peaceful Sabbath evening one would hardly have expected such a harsh and incongruous ending to a meeting called by a clergyman in the cause of peace! I had forgotten the ardent temper of the hotspurs of that city who assassinated the valiant General Henry Lee, "Light-horse Harry," father of Robert E. Lee, because of his opposition to declaring war in 1812, and who in 1861, in their efforts to waylay Abraham Lincoln, were responsible for

Incongruous hymns

> . . . the patriotic gore
> That flecked the streets of Baltimore.

The *American's* account was substantially correct so far as I know, though one of two Hopkins professors said to have been with the crowd disclaimed any relation to it and was doubtless only a member of the audience. Afterward I heard on good authority that the mob was directed by an armament builder and composed not of employees but mainly of "young bucks," sons of bankers and others interested in armament trade. Also that it was primarily instigated by an editorial in a local newspaper which

Interested instigation

insisted that "measures must be taken to see that the meeting failed in significance."

Two programs

The next day (Monday, April 2) I returned to Washington, where Lochner had announced a meeting in Convention Hall at eight o'clock at night. Unexpectedly this turned out to be the very hour chosen by Mr. Wilson to appear before a session of Congress called for the purpose. For although that body was barely organized, and before new members had had time to orient themselves, or parties to caucus, the President's address on the international situation, first set for Tuesday morning, had been advanced to Monday evening.

The Bannwaert episode

During the day a peculiar episode, the "Bannwaert Affair," took place in the Senate Office Building. Knowing both the participants — Henry Cabot Lodge and one of his constituents, Alexander Bannwaert of Dorchester, a Princeton athlete devoted to Mr. Wilson, later an officer in France — as well as two of the five witnesses present, I felt considerable interest in the matter. But as the best thing I can say of the senior Senator from Massachusetts is nothing at all, I refrain from further comment. Those interested, however, are referred to a correct account given in *The New Republic* for May 24, 1919, under the title, "Not Strictly Accurate."

Visitors from Baltimore

In the course of the day, also, news was brought that about 500 Baltimoreans had already come to Washington intending to break up the meeting in Convention Hall. Lochner accordingly appealed for police protection and arranged that admittance should be only by cards distributed from the Federation office.

Our audience of 3000 persons was mainly composed

of pacifists from various parts of the United States who had come to talk things over with their Congressmen. As they were gathering, the Baltimore "bunch" appeared outside but were ordered by the police to disperse, with further notification that a company of soldiers would be called if necessary. Seven of them, however, had succeeded in getting tickets and were accordingly allowed to enter. Nevertheless, though they made no disturbance, one officer, apprehensive as to what they might later do, told them they must go. At first they refused, saying they were properly provided with cards of admission. "No," he replied, "you belong to the Baltimore gang; I know by your looks!" And out they went.

Good policing

Two others, burly fellows, came in with the speakers and sat on the stage immediately behind me. In an interval one of them asked, "Is that Jordan?" "Yes," answered his companion; "we'll get *him*." Lochner overheard this conversation and immediately informed the officer at the door, who sent up a strong man in civilian clothes to sit next me throughout the meeting. Between addresses he ordered the men behind him to leave the hall, which they perforce did. There was no interruption of any kind.[1]

Unpleasant neighbors

Milholland presided. Speeches moderate in tone and well-considered were made by the Rev. Herbert S. Bigelow, Rabbi Magnes, Elizabeth Freeman, John Reed,[2] and Daniel Kiefer. While I was talking,

[1] I cannot write in too high terms of the efficiency of the officers detailed to preserve order. Several of them who spoke to me after the meeting seemed to take delight in the fact that they had got ahead of the "Baltimore gang," and this without disturbance or injury to any one.

[2] An impulsive and lovable fellow who wore out his short life in a struggle — perhaps over-vehement — for freedom and justice.

Milholland handed me a note stating that Mr. Wilson had formally pronounced in favor of war. I read it aloud, but added that the United States was not actually at war until Congress should so declare.

The President's decision

The President's address, read evidently under great stress of feeling and now become historic, was delivered at the earliest possible moment in order to support a Joint Resolution declaring war against Germany which had been introduced only a few hours before by Senator Martin of Virginia. As amended by the Committee on Foreign Affairs, it was next day reported to the Senate by Hitchcock of Nebraska (the chairman, Stone of Missouri, apparently declining to act) and adopted by that body, in due season also by the House of Representatives.[1] It read as follows:

DECLARING THAT A STATE OF WAR EXISTS BETWEEN THE IMPERIAL GERMAN GOVERNMENT AND THE GOVERNMENT AND THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES AND MAKING PROVISIONS TO PROSECUTE THE SAME

Whereas the Imperial German Government has committed repeated acts of war against the Government and the people of the United States of America: Therefore be it

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the state of war between the United States and the Imperial German Government which has thus been thrust upon the United States is hereby formally declared; and that the President be, and he is hereby authorized and directed to employ the entire naval and

[1] Six adverse votes were recorded in the Senate, these being cast by Gronna, La Follette, Lane, Norris, Stone, and Vardaman. The terms of some of the other "willful" Senators of March 3 —Clapp, O'Gorman, and Works — had expired on March 4. Senator Kenyon, one of the three remaining representatives of this group, explained his vote in a speech to which I listened; the President having spoken, the Senate had no recourse save to follow, as Congress must present "an

military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war against the Imperial German Government; and to bring the conflict to a successful termination, all the resources of the country are hereby pledged by the Congress of the United States.

Two points of view

Technically and in accordance with recognized law and precedent, the injuries done to American shipping amply justified the declaration. But if that were the sole real issue, the crisis seemed to me to call for further deliberation in view of enormous considerations — the certainty of terrible loss, suffering, and social and financial disintegration on the part of our country sure to follow entrance into war. Triumph and defeat, as Kipling has indicated, are twin "impostors who must be treated alike."

As a matter of fact, however, Wilson spoke and the nation followed for humanity's sake. With essentially

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undivided front." This view influenced a large number of others, being indeed based on practical sense.

On the other hand, a well-known member, a retired colonel of the Spanish war, told me that when leaving his home in the West he was fully prepared to vote for war, but on hearing the arguments current in the East and the "hullabaloo" along the seaboard, he became dead set against it and voted accordingly.

Previously, as legislators arrived, Miss Frances M. Witherspoon, daughter of a prominent Congressman recently deceased, made a personal canvass, finding less than half of the Senate really convinced of the necessity of war, and about sixty per cent of the House decidedly opposed; approximately twenty-five per cent of the others were strong for war, the remainder more or less uncertain. But only fifty negative votes were cast in the House, several of those most strongly opposed adopting Kenyon's view. Concerning this matter one of the dissenters said to me that if certain leading Representatives in each party had voted "in accordance with their personal views as did Claude Kitchin, the Democratic floor leader, they would have carried the majority with them." This would, however, have brought about a confusing and almost impossible situation, with the President and Senate having declared the existence of war and the House refusing to recognize it.

In the Senate, on April 3, Norris of Nebraska, a sturdy representative of the "plain people," made a vigorous arraignment of certain sordid war motives, thus calling out a bitter retort by Reed of Missouri, a new member already fast acquiring a reputation of common scold.

Opposing sides of the shield

the same facts before us, he and we were looking on different sides of one shield. He stressed the world disaster sure to ensue from a German victory even though its fruits turned to ashes in the Kaiser's grasp. We feared the imminent demoralization of our great democracy, hitherto ideally the world's chief "City of Refuge" from both actual and frustrate war, as well as the dangers (which proved very real) arising from any victory whatever.

Logic and feeling might justify either view, for the nation's course surely lay between the devil and the deep sea.

Breathless campaign

The Emergency campaign was not what I would have chosen, being indeed, as John Dewey observed, "opportunist and breathless." But our time was then very short — a week for conference, a week for propaganda — and the stakes were very great. The President having spoken, the question was no longer a living issue. The Federation accordingly passed out of existence, and I soon left for home, declining various invitations to speak on the road, it being neither wise nor reasonable to oppose in any way the established policy of the nation.

Another forlorn hope

There was now nothing to do but accept the situation and turn all our efforts toward winning the war with the least possible sacrifice of the principles of democracy. In this attempt, as in the other, we led a forlorn hope. It is often said that democratic government is not adapted for war making; contrariwise, war making is no fit work for democracy. The two cannot permanently exist together, a fact trenchantly emphasized in Marcel Sembat's volume (1913), "Make a King or Make Peace!"[1] Democracy

[1] "*Faites un Roi ou faites la Paix!*"

must be "unarmed and unafraid." "Personal freedom is the first casualty in any war," and as Rousseau once observed, it is easier to gain freedom than to recover it when lost.

Varying dilemmas

All war is in itself a confession of failure, and at the end its avowed purpose may be as far from attainment as at the beginning. Nevertheless, there were some other aspects of the matter not to be overlooked. True peace cannot be gained by lying down before aggression. Had Belgium surrendered, she would have forfeited her independence. The spectacle of Germany, even though bankrupt, as the overlord of a prostrate Europe would be intolerable, and we could not permit the defeat of Great Britain in a struggle in which her part, despite sordid side-currents, was essentially altruistic so far as the people were concerned. It is true, no doubt, that of the original warring nations only Belgium entered the conflict with clean hands, but Germany began it.

My statement

On April 8, on my way to California, I sent the following statement to the San Francisco *Bulletin:*

> *Our country is now at war and the only way out is forward.* I would not change one word I have spoken against war. But that is no longer the issue. We must now stand together in the hope that our entrance into Europe may in some way advance the cause of Democracy and hasten the coming of lasting peace.

Upon my arrival home the Stanford *Chaparral* honored me with a cartoon representing a tombstone bearing the inscription "Emeritus," with a cooing dove above it. The efforts of three years had indeed ended in failure, perhaps inevitably so. But any other course would for me have been cowardly.

"Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind." [1]

The die once cast, our nation became a unit in the effort to bring world order through victory, and, as already implied, the friends of peace fell back on the second line of defense, the protection of individual freedom as guaranteed by the Constitution. But "military necessity" soon paralyzed that venerable document, and only the third line remained. This was the effort to use war, after all, as an agency of freedom and justice. History shows few records of success in such attempts, but the great republic might be able to write a new page. A way to this end seemed to be blazed by the lofty words of Mr. Wilson, who saw clearly what the outcome ought to be, even though to secure it after four years of bloodshed proved a task perhaps transcending human capacity.

Successive repulses

[1] Emerson.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FOUR

I

East again

THE last of May, 1917, in response to a telegram from Milholland urging me to come East to consider a certain proposition which had just developed and about which he wanted my advice, I left for Washington. There I learned that a new plan of international adjustment looking toward peace had been devised in financial circles. Nevertheless, after a full discussion the details seemed impracticable to me and to others, so that the matter was never made public.

During the day Milholland introduced me to Senator Weeks of Massachusetts, who that evening gave at the New Willard Hotel a private dinner to Jules Bache, a leading Wall Street broker, Milholland, and myself. Senators Smoot of Utah and Carter of Kansas were also present, as well as John Dwight, the former Republican "whip" of the House. Next day I went on to New York as Milholland's guest, meeting then several of his friends, among them the Rev. Richard Roberts, a man of unusual charm and vigor, who recently won the Stanford audience from our University pulpit. I also renewed acquaintance with Frederick C. Howe, an enlightened and courageous official, Norman Thomas, a young man with a vision, and the progressive publisher, B. W. Huebsch.

Forebodings in Wall Street

In company with Howe and a dozen or so operators on Exchange, I had luncheon with Bache in Wall Street. Most of those present took a gloomy view of the outlook, saying that the rapid expansion of

debt would bring great inflation, and this in turn involve drastic taxation, the only escape from which lay in the exemption of Liberty Bonds — "the softest thing ever handed out to Wall Street," stated one of the men, referring to a purchase of three millions he had made that very day!

The People's Council

During my stay I was invited to attend a meeting of a small group called to organize the "People's Council for Democracy and Peace." Only a dozen or so, mostly acquaintances of mine, were present, Magnes acting as chairman and Lochner as secretary. The original platform (to which I assented) read as follows:

Object

To defend and promote democratic liberties in war time and to work for an early and enduring peace.

Program

1. To maintain our constitutional rights of assemblage and free speech.
2. To safeguard the right of the people to discuss the aims, scope, and method of our participation in the war, and to advocate terms of peace.
3. To oppose the enactment of measures for compulsory service.[1]
4. To urge our government to seize every opportunity for bringing about peace negotiations and establishing international organization.

My own connection with this body was slight, though subjecting me to unforeseen and annoying misrepresentation, the account of which may be briefly rehearsed.[2]

[1] Congress having declared for conscription, this article was at once abandoned.

[2] Some critic has lately asserted that "the autobiography of any man, be he a shelved prime minister or a retired pugilist, is but a carefully conceived and artfully executed series of alibis."

As a matter of form, during the meeting I was asked to act as treasurer *pro tem.* To this I demurred, saying that I was about to leave for California and could undertake no responsibility; being pressed, however, as a courtesy I consented to the temporary use of my name, but stipulated that I should not be asked to handle any funds. Several days later, sufficient time having elapsed to permit the selection of some one else, I sent in my resignation from Washington. Acceptance of this was postponed from time to time on various pleas, and to my growing embarrassment. For though the Council extended its operations into fields wholly foreign to my activities — by affiliation with various societies of protest, socialistic and anti-British — I was widely advertised in large type as the only officer, thus appearing as the head and front of the movement. Nothing was farther from my wish, even had the organization retained its original character *as most of the founders understood it.*

An unwelcome distinction

Finally, having protested without avail at the unwarranted publicity, I felt obliged formally to disclaim responsibility through the press of Minneapolis, where the Council was preparing to hold its first convention and elect "permanent" officers. Accordingly, by telegram to my sister, a resident of the city, I asked her to hand to the newspapers my statement "in view of extraordinary unwelcome prominence given my name, over repeated protests, in connection with affairs of the People's Council."

Appeal to the press

As is usual in similar groupings, the extremists ran away with the organization. Meanwhile reckless talk on the one hand and intolerance on the other had stirred up a good deal of bitter feeling, and the

People's Council was widely condemned as "pro-German" and revolutionary. Official intervention, followed by mob disturbances, now prevented any gathering in the state of Minnesota, and the leading spirits retreated to Chicago, where, in private meeting, an election of officers took place. But not long afterward, grown more and more incongruous, the society disbanded.

In San Francisco

One more incident may perhaps need mention. Early in the summer I promised to speak at a meeting of the Council in San Francisco. In the end, rather than break my word, I went, but only on condition that no extremist should appear on the program. This pledge was imperfectly carried out. It was, moreover, again evident that the interest of a large part of the audience lay not so much in international peace as in sympathy with Ireland and in opposition to what they called "capitalism."

To avoid misquotation I wrote out in advance my address, entitled "What of Democracy?" and afterward printed in full in *The Public*, at the request of the editor, Stoughton Cooley.

A plain statement

"We are in the war and we can neither back out nor sidestep," I said; "all our energies, therefore, must be bent on the support of the cause espoused by the nation." From an army officer at the Presidio of San Francisco I quoted with approval: "If the war should end tomorrow with the future of democracy assured, we should all rejoice."

From New York I returned home by way of Washington, where I had been asked to spend a couple of days to consider with certain Congressmen the possibility of an official statement as to the

nation's aims in Europe. Inasmuch as Congress alone may declare war, many persons urged that Congress had the right and duty to define its purposes. So far its only pronouncement had been that a state of war existed.

Need for definition

The need of such a declaration I discussed with seven influential Senators and eleven members of the House, without, however, finding much unity of opinion. Most of those consulted thought that a joint resolution should be adopted; support of the war was not in question, that being taken for granted, but whether our main purpose was the redemption of Belgium and France, coöperation with Great Britain, suppression of the submarine campaign, or the overturn of autocracy, or part or all of these, there was little consensus of opinion.

New form of University Extension

At the request of some of the younger members two meetings were held, one in the office of Randall of California, the other in that of Burnett of Alabama. In these conferences I discussed certain phases of the conflict, especially the relation of the Pangermanist League to domination and aggression. I stressed also my view that fear of the loss of power on the part of the privileged classes is the heart of war making. This is by no means identical with "capitalistic greed," though the two sometimes run in parallel channels. The perennial world conflict is not between French and German, or between one country and another, but between imperialists who seek by force to hold the world in order and democrats who by personal freedom would keep society alive.

Our gatherings were humorously called "University Extension in Congress," and those who attended, about thirty in all, seemed to be edified.

Jeannette Rankin

I was pleased to meet again Miss Jeannette Rankin of Montana, the first woman to be elected to Congress, a resolute, clear-eyed, progressive young woman who held opinions of her own and voted in accordance with them. The newspaper story of her breakdown on the critical third of April was, I am credibly informed, a pure fabrication.

My own view

In a personal letter to George Huddleston of Alabama, I indicated my own view:

> Can we not ask that Congress should, in substance, declare that the United States of America has entered on the great war in a spirit of altruism, hoping to stay the slaughter and asking no reward, primarily through sympathy with efforts to redeem Belgium, France, and Serbia? When this is guaranteed and the seas recognized as the World's Open Highway, we shall hope to lay down our arms, returning to our normal status of peace. We shall approve of no forced annexations, of no compulsory indemnities, and of no exploitation of commercial or economic fruits of victory. We ask no guarantees for the future save those involved in the good will of free peoples. We appeal to all nations to grant, through federation and autonomy, relief to repressed nationalities, believing that in coöperation and conciliation rather than through unchecked national sovereignty, the future of civilization may be conserved.

The President defines our aims

Not long afterward, the President himself made a clear statement of America's aims, accepted on all sides as eminently satisfactory. In a crisis, one man speaks more to the point than five hundred.

He now assured the world that we were pledged to conduct the war "with no selfish ends to serve," and committed us to peace with "no annexations and no punitive indemnities." . . . "The day of conquest and aggrandizement is gone by." . . . "War should not end in vindictive action of any kind; no nation or people shall be robbed or punished. . . . We shall

be free to base peace upon generosity and justice to the exclusion of all selfish claims for advantage even on the part of the victors."

Hope for rational peace

To all these propositions Great Britain openly or tacitly assented, and the outlook for a rational peace, even with victory, seemed to grow bright. That the war would restore Belgium and France, free Alsace and Lorraine, and work the downfall of the three emperors, I had little doubt. And in the long course of history the crumpling of a pasteboard Cæsar and the release of oppressed provinces were perhaps all we had the right to expect. But in spite of the fact that every international war has scattered the seed of other struggles I came to hope that this would in some way prove an exception. I trusted that from his exalted position the President might have prospects I had not, might glimpse the dawn of demobilization, conciliation, economic freedom, and the removal of the tyranny of frontiers. For the frontier which should be an international bridge is throughout Europe a yawning chasm.

2

Stanford's war losses

From the beginning the youth of our land went forth with high resolve, and from among them, as already stated,[1] seventy-seven Stanford men gave their lives for the ideals so finely set before the nation by Woodrow Wilson. Of this number, James Grant Fergusson of Ethiebeaton, Scotland, Arthur Clifford Kimber, originally from New York, and Harold Vincent Aupperle of Grand Junction, Colorado, came

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XVII, page 423.

nearer to me personally than any of the others. Yet in singling them out for affectionate memorial, I should like to feel that in some sense I pay my tribute to all!

James Fergusson

Lieutenant Fergusson, the first from Stanford to fall, I have already mentioned in connection with my visit at his home in 1913. In 1914, after two years' special study in Dundee, Freiburg, and Munich, he took his medical degree at Baltimore. When war broke out he left America for the Netley Base Hospital at Liverpool, but soon joined the fighting forces. "Older men," he explained in a letter to Dr. Fairclough, his uncle, "can do this work as well as I, and my country needs more soldiers." He then enlisted in the famous Black Watch, which had been almost wiped out in the early stages of the war. In 1915 he received a second lieutenant's commission and went to France. Once wounded and invalided home, he returned to the front, where he was killed July 14, 1916, while leading a charge at Longueval. To his mother the battalion major wrote that James's men "would have followed him into Hell itself. His name in the regiment was 'Fearless Fergusson.'" And his captain said:

> I took your son out with me the night before the battle and pointed out the position we hoped to take. I said to him: "Yours will be the leading platoon." He replied: "Thank you, sir. It is a great honor, and I shall be the first man over the parapet." And he was. He had gained his objective, when he was shot in the head.

Clifford Kimber

Lieutenant Kimber, of the Stanford class of 1918, volunteered in April, 1917, under the auspices of the "Friends of France," as a member of the American Ambulance Corps, and had the honor of carrying the

first American flag to the French front. This silken banner bore on its staff two silver plates engraved with the following inscriptions:

PRESENTED BY
THE AMERICAN LEAGUE OF CALIFORNIA
TO THE
FIRST FRIENDS OF FRANCE UNIT
VOLUNTEERS OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY
TO THE
AMERICAN AMBULANCE FIELD SERVICE
IN FRANCE
FEBRUARY 4, 1917, A.D.

* * *

THIS FLAG BLESSED BY THE BISHOP OF CALIFORNIA
IS THE FIRST AMERICAN FLAG TO BE CARRIED IN SERVICE
AT THE FRENCH FRONT
WITH THE OFFICIAL SANCTION OF THE AMERICAN
GOVERNMENT

In New York

In New York, while taking part in a parade on Fifth Avenue, young Kimber was attacked by about forty members of a rival unit, some of whom then seized the banner and made off with it. Instantly he commandeered a passing car and ran down the miscreants, whose attempt came near involving them in the meshes of the law. On Sunday, May 13, the flag rested in the beautiful chancel of Old Trinity Church. Finally on June 4 at Trevary, with impressive setting, it was duly presented by its gallant custodian to Colonel Colon, the officer in charge.

The French official responded in an eloquent speech, closing with an apostrophe "*aux drapeaux.*"

After the entry of the United States into the war Clifford joined the aviation service, with the rank of lieutenant. On September 26, 1918, his machine was blown to pieces in the air over the village of Bantheville, while engaged in patrolling with a squadron the region about Romagne. In a letter to his mother I said:

> The character of this young man was typical of the best in America, wise, resourceful, and resolute, yet at the same time gentle and idealistic. It was my fortune to know him well as a student and to recognize his noble qualities. That war insistently devours such men as Clifford is its final indictment at the bar of civilization.[1]

Harold Aupperle

Aupperle served me as secretary and helper in my most strenuous campaign for peace, that of 1916. A youth of small stature, though of great alertness and athletic activity, he was more than once rejected by the army. As a member of the Red Cross with the rank of captain, he spent two years in relief work in Albania and Serbia. His death from typhus fever occurred at Belgrade in the summer of 1918. From Mr. D. W. Aupperle, his father, we received the following account, which I here quote because of the unusual details contained in it:

> Just before his death Harold met two little Serbian girls, sisters of seven and nine years old, to whom he became very much attached. This was particularly true in the case of the older one. He wrote us about them and asked me to cable whether or not he might bring one or both home with him. I was on the point of assenting when we received the news of his death.

[1] From "The Story of the First Flag," by Mrs. Clara E. Kimber.

ARTHUR CLIFFORD KIMBER

JAMES GRANT FERGUSSON

HAROLD VINCENT AUPPERLE

I immediately took the matter up with Miss L——, the Red Cross nurse who had been closely associated with him, and asked her if possible to bring the elder child to us when she came home. . . . At the last moment the plan failed. We then decided to try to support and educate her there, and some of Harold's friends arranged to raise a fund with which to provide for the care and education of the younger sister as a little memorial. This last required considerable time, but there is sufficient money in sight to provide for her for five years.

I gave Madame Grouitch, wife of the Serbian minister, some of Harold's official reports of his work in western Serbia, with an account of the conditions and the relief furnished by the Red Cross, also some of his letters with fine descriptions of the country. She became quite interested and proposed getting out a book containing a brief sketch of the boy's life, his service with the Red Cross, together with the general work of that organization, besides some of his descriptive letters and reports.

In the first place, she said, they have no written accounts of the conditions in the outlying sections of their country such as are found in his papers. Furthermore, the national spirit was kept up during hundreds of years of oppression and discouragement by teaching the young people that the greatest honor which could come to them was to serve their country and, if need be, to die for it. She wanted to place before them the story of this lad who left his own land to serve theirs and gave his life for them. Finally she wanted them to have the story for its effect in perpetuating a feeling of gratitude toward the people of this country and a friendly relationship in the years to come.

Pellissier

The two members of the Stanford faculty who fell in battle were Professors Pellissier and Beaseley. Pellissier, a brilliant student and accomplished gentleman, came from the University of Paris. "Letters from a Chasseur à Pied," published by his sister, show literary skill and the noble spirit of a man who goes through duties repugnant to all his instincts without repining and without hate.

Beaseley

Dr. Shadworth O. Beaseley, assistant professor of Obstetrics, entered the army as a surgeon with the

rank of major, and was shot in October, 1918, while gallantly rescuing wounded men under fire.

3

Stockholm conference

During the summer of 1917 a popular anti-war plan was launched abroad, when, in July, the Socialists of Europe convened at Stockholm, their main purpose being in some way to bring the conflict to an end. The movement seemed to me one worth encouraging, as it would surely prove a backfire against German autocracy, and give German delegates a better knowledge of general public opinion. But the authorities at Washington apparently looked on it unfavorably, refusing (so it was reported) to grant passports to certain Socialist leaders in New York.

Overtures were made to induce me to go to Stockholm, but I refused to consider the idea for two reasons. Without the approval of our State Department I could accomplish nothing; moreover, as I explained, I am not a Socialist and should feel no more at home in a Socialist congress than in one of capitalists.

"The Root of the Evil"

In the fall of the year I wrote, at official request, a letter to Americans of German descent in which I set forth the contrast between Imperialism and Democracy, showing the natural tendency of the one to war and of the other to peace — hinting also at the certain downfall of the Kaiser and the system he represented, though I did not expect it would come as soon or be as complete as it proved.

My letter having been printed as a pamphlet entitled "The Root of the Evil," 30,000 copies of a German version, "*Die Wurzel des Uebels*," were sent

out by order of the Creel bureau for distribution among German-Americans and especially among German prisoners in France and England. The English text was also used in some of our military training camps.

In my paper I reminded "German-Americans" that the war would be followed by an accounting in the Fatherland which no autocrat could face, the German people then coming into their own. Medieval obsessions lasted longest in Germany, where through military and apparent financial success they acquired a strength they could nowhere else secure. The tireless but minute researches of German science, with the patient docility of individuals, gave the theory and practice of "monarchical order" a hold which in recent years it has not had in England or France.

"Pangermany"

Meanwhile I gave a number of lectures on "The Schemes of Pangermany," in support of the Red Cross and of Belgian and Armenian relief, besides writing signed and unsigned editorials for *The Public*, *Unity*, and occasionally other papers.

"Rhin et Moselle"

Two of these contributions had a picturesque fate. In 1917–18 certain French troops entrenched in Lorraine published each fortnight a little journal of literature and news called *Rhin et Moselle*. The editor having no type, the articles were written out in script and the pages then photo-engraved. What I had to say about "The Superman" and "Alsace-Lorraine during the War" found favor with Jules Froelich, a Nancy man of letters, author of "Le Pangermaniste en Alsace" and other clever booklets, who translated my papers for *Rhin et Moselle*. On November 11, the second article came to an abrupt end, the editor politely explaining to me that the advent of peace had deprived him of all his subscribers.

A period of humiliation

Toward the close of 1917, as an aftermath of the Espionage Act passed under administrative urge by an unwilling Congress, there ensued one of the most humiliating series of episodes in American history. For from then on to the signing of the Armistice, the whole country was beset by semi-official spies calling themselves "volunteer aides" [1] to the Department of Justice. Many of these persons were discredited politicians endeavoring as "patrioteers" to recover lost ground and join the more fortunate group of "profiteers." They tampered with the mails, wrote decoy letters, invaded private offices and homes without warrant to insert dictaphones, and in general violated the rights of private citizens without fear of restraint or punishment. Apparently they were mentally unable or unwilling to distinguish between opposition to our entrance into the war and working for defeat when once embarked on it. But to advise against plunging the ship of state into a treacherous and tempestuous sea is one thing, to try to scuttle it quite another!

Under the Espionage Act, all semblance of free speech or free discussion was lost. Apparently few

[1] At this time a sheet worded as follows came into my hands:

"The Commercial Travelers Mutual Accident Association of America, Utica, N. Y., with 98,000 *selected* members, adds this postscript to a circular letter to its members:

" 'P. S. — The Government has written us a special letter requesting this office to ask each one of our members to inform us of any seditious or disloyal talk you may hear, in your home town, on trains, or in hotels, with full particulars, especially as to the language used, the date, place, name, and address of all persons who heard it.

" '*This service is of vital importance to our country*, and yet it is easy for all of us to render it. In behalf of our government, we ask you to keep this on your mind and respond, and keep responding.' "

Below this postscript were penciled the words:

"Now, I have 98,000 secret service *agents* of our country."

L'Alsace-Lorraine pendant la guerre.

par David Starr Jordan.

(Suite)

Voilà ce qui se passait avant le 1er août 1914. Qu'est-il arrivé depuis? Le censeur a tenu le rideau fermé et peu d'informations passent à travers. Cependant, en dépit du censeur, nous apprenons que des personnalités alsaciennes proéminentes ont été condamnées à mort, mais qui par bonheur ont toutes trouvé un refuge en France ou en Suisse. Nous apprenons que les meilleurs de la classe aisée ont jugé nécessaire de s'expatrier, pendant que les officiers allemands faisaient du pillage varié et vendaient leur butin aux enchères à Stockholm et à Amsterdam. Un ami d'Alsace m'écrit d'un autre pays que le sien, que « jamais il n'aurait pensé que la guerre pût être aussi cruelle et aussi arbitraire et que les dirigeants et le peuple pussent perdre à tel point toute notion de moralité et de légalité. »

Nous avons appris que l'Alsace-Lorraine a été officiellement traitée de « pays ennemi ». La véritable signification de ce terme, du point de vue prussien, a déjà été mise en évidence en Belgique, en France, en Serbie et en Arménie – exemples qui placent les autorités militaires allemandes en dehors des limites de ce qu'on peut appeler la civilisation.

EXTRACT FROM CONTRIBUTION BY AUTHOR TO "RHIN ET MOSELLE"

if any German spies were taken through its operations, but the lives and properties of loyal Americans were placed in jeopardy if some among their neighbors were unscrupulous enough to frame any sort of denunciation. One district attorney, himself a man of character and ability, whose duty it was to prosecute under the Act, said to me that by means of it the government "could ruin any man." It was particularly used to break the lives of young men who (in Thoreau's words) "do not keep step with their companions because they hear a different drummer."

Superheated patriotism a product of war

From time to time during the course of 1917 and 1918, I underwent annoyances from superheated or superserviceable heresy-hunters, but hundreds of other men suffered more grievously than I. Abroad the struggle for democracy also counted its victims; hysterical intolerance is a natural product of war. In England Liberal papers were muzzled, and the most outspoken of them, *The Nation*, *Common Sense*, *Cambridge Magazine*, *Labour Leader*, and *War and Peace*, were prohibited from circulation outside of Great Britain itself. Meanwhile the Defense of the Realm Act (popularly known as D.O.R.A. or "Dora") was turned with ruthless malice against protesting minorities or even against those who might be expected to protest on principle, whether they did so or not. It was to this situation that Francis Neilson [1] referred when he said to me: "If ever America goes into the war, you will see here all the intolerance, bigotry, and cruelty shown in England."

[1] See Chapter XLII, page 478.

4

Thursday evening conferences

In the spring of 1918 I began a series of Thursday evening meetings at my house, during which I discussed with groups of students the problems of war and peace, conditions in Europe, and later a variety of other topics, many of them proposed by the young people themselves. The plan of these gatherings was suggested by Fordyce Grinnell, Jr., a student in Zoölogy, later a teacher in secondary schools of Hawaii. I am convinced that such informal conferences are productive of much good to those who attend them. In this case they have certainly been highly appreciated.

"Democracy and World Relations"

Early in 1918, also, I wrote at the request of Caspar Hodgson [1] of the World Book Company a volume for school reference and teachers' reading circles, entitled "Democracy and World Relations." This appeared on Armistice Day, November 11, 1918. In my preface I asserted that

> Peace itself is not a finality, but rather a requisite of civilization. Its maintenance may not be at all times a duty even to itself. Peace is a natural resultant of freedom, order, and justice. When these are established, by whatever means, peace follows as a matter of course. Moreover, peace cannot be secured by mere submission. To lie down before aggression is to accept the doctrine that might makes right, and further to throw open the door to new assaults.
>
> Our stand in the present conflict is plain. *It had to be done.* There were but two alternatives from the day the invading hosts entered Belgium. At once we were deeply involved. Whether as mediator or as combatant did not immediately appear; the German war makers, however, progressively removed all doubt. From the first there was no room for moral neutrality — legal neutrality was at last pushed to the wall.

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XVII, page 413.

In the book I undertook to support the President's appeal for a new world order. "Without that new order," said he, "the world will be without peace. The force of America is the force of moral principle." This ideal was admirably phrased in his four imperatives proclaimed on February 11, 1918, amplified into the famous "Fourteen Points" before my volume appeared. These maintained

The Fourteen Points

1. THAT each part of the final settlement must be based upon the essential justice of that particular cause, and upon such adjustments as are most likely to bring peace that will be permanent;
2. THAT peoples and provinces are not to be bartered about from sovereignty as if they were mere chattels and pawns in a game, even the great game, now forever discredited, of the balance of power; but
3. THAT every territorial settlement involved in this war must be made in the interest and for the benefit of the populations concerned, and not as a part of any mere adjustment or compromise of claims amongst rival states; and
4. THAT all well-defined national aspirations shall be accorded the utmost satisfaction that can be accorded them without introducing new or perpetuating old elements of discord and antagonism that would be likely in time to break the peace of Europe and consequently of the world.

Necessary foundation of civilization

On a basis such as this, I declared in a foreword, international order must rest; modern civilization will be content with nothing less. The acceptance of these principles would mark the end of the medieval era in world politics. It would square international relations with the advances already achieved by science, ethics, and religion within the social order.

In developing my thesis at length, I again laid stress on the contrast between the theory of a free democracy and that of the all-powerful state as

conceived by Hegel, popularized by Treitschke, and actually established by Bismarck; and I closed with an outlook on the world as a society of peoples in which good will and community of interests should take the place of armed force as the bond of union.[1]

How I appear to critics

In reviewing the volume, Dr. Alvin Johnson, one of the editors of *The New Republic*, said that I was "primarily not a pacifist but a democrat," a definition I readily accept, though I see little future for democracy if its path is to be torn up at intervals by war. By other critics I have been defined as a "conservative radical," a fairly descriptive appellation taking the word in its legitimate use, as is also (I trust) that of "an optimist with his eyes open." Less friendly in intention is the more trenchant phrase, "Apostle of the Obvious." This too I accept, mysticism being to me only another name for error — or at least haziness of vision — and clearness being the first requisite of any thought or belief to be woven into action. Whatever is true in human affairs is also obvious — if not at once, certain to be so in a century or two; and only the obvious can be long foretold.

Ferdinand's fall

In September of this year press despatches recorded that Tsar Ferdinand of Bulgaria had left Sofia and that Malinof, the Social Democrat, had become Prime Minister. Knowing Malinof's feeling toward Ferdinand,[2] I ventured to predict that the latter would never return, that Bulgaria would soon be out of the war, then Turkey as well, in which case

[1] "Democracy and World Relations," with its critical analysis of Pangermanism, has now (1920) been translated for publication in Stuttgart.

[2] See Chapter XLVII, page 576.

Austria would collapse and Germany be obliged to sue for peace — events which inevitably followed and in even more rapid succession than I had expected. With these things in mind I spoke at Tacoma and elsewhere on the "Impending Collapse of Germany," and on "Germany's Frenzied Finance." [1] At this time also I wrote to Dr. Fried at Berne a letter from which I quote the first paragraph in order to make my position perfectly plain: *Too late!*

> The recent peace overtures of Austria-Hungary seem to me inadequate and unsuitable as a basis of mediation or other adjustment. Arrangements that might have been acceptable two years ago will not be considered under present conditions. The submarine campaign, the deportation of civilians, the farce of Brest-Litovsk, have closed doors that might once have been opened. Every day that Germany persists in war, every town outraged by her soldiery, but adds to the burden the German people will have to bear, a burden that cannot be lifted for a century and which can be lightened only by throwing over those who brought on the war — the conscienceless coward at the head of the government and the vacuous Crown Prince first of all.

Just before leaving for Tacoma, as member of the "Central Organization" [2] I received a circular communication from a committee of the Netherlands Senate in session at The Hague, dated June 7, 1918, asking my opinion as to the possibility of bringing the war to an honorable end through mediation by *Holland as mediator*

[1] Passing through Portland on my way north I gave a lecture on salmon and trout before the Beaver Club, a group of anglers with literary and artistic tendencies. They then made me the one honorary member of the club, and in 1919 dedicated their Annual to me. Such pleasant relations tend to verify Izaak Walton's remark that "It is good luck to any man to be on the good side of the man who knows fish." Leading spirits in this group are Frederick W. Skiff, a substantial merchant of Portland, and John Gill, bookseller and inveterate angler, also fish commissioner of Oregon.

[2] See Chapter LI, pages 670–672.

Holland. After a discussion of the difficulties which lay in the way, the signers said:

> Ought we not to consider that the time has come for neutrals to construct a bridge between the contending parties, who do not seem able to get near each other without help from outside?

By the proposed basis for mediation Germany was to be asked to evacuate Belgium and France, acknowledge the right of nations to decide their own fate, and be willing to join a League of Nations. As for the Entente, it was suggested that they should pledge themselves not to dismember Austria-Hungary nor launch an economic war after the treaty of peace, at the same time officially accepting President Wilson's four imperatives.

The vocation of Holland?

Having expanded the above propositions in some detail, the committee questioned if it might "not be the vocation of Holland to do a great deed in the interest of peace by taking some initiative in that direction then." They also asked judgment on a formal resolution adopted at meetings held by the Netherlands Anti-war Council at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague on July 31, 1918, but never acted on by the Dutch government. This read as follows:

> Considering that both belligerents have repeatedly declared their willingness to consider peace proposals of their opponents, but that each group persists in its refusal to make peace proposals itself, for fear that this would be interpreted as a sign of weakness;
>
> Convinced that at the present moment each belligerent party considers the prevention of a recurrence of this war to be its supreme war aim, and is desirous in order to attain this aim of coöperating towards the formation of a League of Nations, and that, moreover, pronouncements of statesmen of belligerent

countries justify the supposition that already now conciliation might be achieved by negotiation, we recommend *that the Dutch Government publicly take steps* towards mediation.

Autocracy incompatible with civilization

In my reply I acknowledged the universal demand for peace, doubting, however, whether the organization of the German government under autocratic military control was consistent with any league of nations, for enduring peace must rest on mutual confidence and common obedience to law. The German formula, "victory in a war forced upon us," could not be accepted in any degree, as neither of the two assertions was consistent with fact. Frank acceptance of the terms laid down by the President would bring peace at once. This must be no matter of give and take, conquests balanced against conquests, but based on consideration of general human welfare.[1]

5

Not Victory but Liberation

Preceded by the downfall of the Kaiser and of the military system of which he was the visible head, the Armistice seemed to promise an era of good will and the restoration of distracted Europe. The personal hopes of my wife and myself were embodied in a message we sent out to our friends:

> On this 11th day of November, 1918, the bells of the whole world are sounding the knell of the Dark Ages. Everywhere humanity is awakening as from a hideous nightmare while the last ramparts of tyranny crumble, the last shackles of medievalism drop away. To every people on earth opens the door to freedom. Not Victory but Liberation thrills the world heart today.

[1] For full text, see Appendix K (page 821).

Hopes dashed

Nevertheless, the outcome proved profoundly disappointing, though on announcing the signing of the Armistice, Mr. Wilson asserted that the nations which fought together to destroy German imperialism had

> . . . definitely united in the common purpose to set up such a peace as will satisfy the longing of the whole world for disinterested justice, embodied in settlements which are based on something much better and much more lasting than the selfish competitive interests of powerful states. . . .
>
> There is no longer conjecture as to the objects the victors have in mind. They have a mind in the matter not only, but a heart also. This avowed and concerted purpose is to satisfy and protect the weak as well as to accord their just rights to the strong. . . .

To the peoples who had "just come out of the yoke of arbitrary government" and were "now coming at last into their freedom," he held out every hope of assistance. "We must hold the light steady until they find themselves."

Healing by first intention

But a deep wound heals best by "first intention"; delay may fill it with alien substances. The Armistice should have been immediately followed by peace and food. Two matters of prime importance were the demobilization of armies and the feeding of Europe. To some degree, expediency — as bound up in the general welfare — should have replaced all thought of retribution and all considerations of "the just anger which makes men unjust." [1]

Gambetta's observation

It was a saying of Gambetta that "when war stops, difficulties begin." In other words, cessation of hostilities may not abate the passions and purposes engendered by war. The last two years constitute a

[1] Norman Angell.

period of continuous tragedy, marked by a steady lowering of human values. The Great War was in its essence a neighborhood quarrel in which those who suffered most were the least to blame, and from the consequences of which none may escape.

The Paris Conference

The supreme error of the Paris Conference lay, it seems to me, in the long delay between armistice and peace. It should have been possible, as indeed it was virtually necessary, to build at once a *modus vivendi* for Europe's restoration, leaving all relatively minor matters of indemnity, reparation, boundaries, and self-determination — even the League of Nations — to be settled in due season and in cooler blood by councils and commissions.

Failure to do this was in part the fault of President Wilson, though to accomplish it he must have cut his way through a mesh of cabal, open and secret. Moreover, it may fairly be said that Wilson's plans were to a degree betrayed by Lloyd George in his campaign for the election of a second coalition parliament. On a platform guaranteeing the trial of the Kaiser, the payment by Germany of all European costs of the war, and the flooding of Britain with industrial prosperity, he secured a subservient body, regarded as the weakest in British history. It is evident, too, that the President was also betrayed at home by the intrigues of certain political enemies apparently banded together to undo whatever he might try to build. And behind Clemenceau stood greedy, implacable elements satisfied with nothing in the range of human possibility.

Lloyd George as politician

Wilson's noble ambition

Mr. Wilson's failures and successes I interpret as springing alike from a noble ambition to make his administration stand out in high relief on the records

of history. There have been many analyses — friendly and otherwise — of his character and purposes. These I shall not discuss further than to affirm my belief that his lofty expressions of American idealism will give him ultimately a higher place than his admirers now claim for him.

CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE

I

Beginning with the January, 1919, issue of *Sunset*, I wrote at the request of the cordial editors, Charles K. Field and Walter V. Woehlke, a series of thirteen articles, "Problems of the Peace Table," in which I set forth my conception of what ought to be done at Paris in regard to the various world interests at stake.[1]

Spirit of the League

The conception of the League of Nations, "adopted in principle" on January 25, appealed strongly to me as a hopeful step toward a real association of peoples. The particular wording of the document I considered far less important than the spirit animating it, and the League once thoroughly established, its influence must expand through its own inherent appeal and the loyalties which spring up to support every forward movement.

The long delay preceding the first draft was discouraging, and certain proposed features awakened legitimate criticism. Nevertheless, the Covenant being accepted in good faith, amendment and extension might follow. In April, 1919, therefore, I gave a number of addresses in its favor.

Covenant and Treaty

The publication of the full text of the Covenant as part of the Treaty of Versailles chilled enthusiasm. This left me but two arguments in favor of ratification: the instrument provided for its own amendment,

[1] In but one case, that of Ireland, did the final settlement correspond with what I indicated, and that only after a reign of terror.

Mild reservations suggested

and impracticable as was the Treaty as a whole, one could not see that anything would be gained by refusal to ratify. But I much preferred that acceptance should be accompanied by certain explanations or "mild reservations." I accordingly wrote the following letter to Senator Charles L. McNary [1] of Oregon, a Stanford man, successor to the fine-spirited and sensitive Dr. Harry Lane, who as one of the "willful twelve" had been virtually hounded to death by intolerant "patrioteers":

It is evident, on the one hand, that a treaty of peace among the belligerent powers must be very soon concluded, and that all signs point to the acceptance by Europe of the Treaty as now drawn.

It seems probable, moreover, that when the matter comes to a vote in the Senate, the Treaty will not be divided, amended, or rejected.

It is possible, however, for the Senate to declare its understanding of certain paragraphs purposely left ambiguous, and to dissociate itself from demands which seem impossible or unjust, these being matters in which Europe or Asia are especially concerned.

Why not accept the whole treaty, in spite of its demands for the impossible, and in spite of certain irritating adjustments, depending on the future for correction?

The League of Nations will be what world public opinion makes it, and in every country public opinion is a long way ahead of the time-serving governments. The League gives a chance to talk things over, and to delay violent action. Any sort of a legalized concert would apparently have made the outset of the great war impossible.

Why not say something like this? "The Senate of the United States accepts the Treaty of Peace as signed by the Allied Powers and by the government of Germany, including clauses I–XXVI, which provide for a League of Nations," at the same time adding the following statement of interpretation:

[1] Identical communications were also sent by me to several other Senators.

Inasmuch as the "Fourteen Points" as declared by the President of the United States, and announcing the position assumed by him as executive, were accepted as the basis of peace by all the chief belligerent nations, the sole reservation being the interpretation on the part of Great Britain of the clause relating to the freedom of the Seas, the Senate of the United States reserves the right to interpret the League Covenant and the Treaty of Peace in harmony with the principles laid down in the said "Fourteen Points." It will therefore consider this Covenant and Treaty as in no wise binding the United States to any line of conduct, financial or military, which may run counter to the "Fourteen Points." It is further understood that under the Constitution of the United States, hostilities, either economic or military, cannot be automatically declared, but require positive action on the part of Congress.

Reasons for failure to ratify

In the end, the Senate declined to ratify the Treaty, even with reservations, and for two unrelated reasons: its badness, which alienated many of the League's ablest supporters, some of whom joined the ranks of "irreconcilables," and the determination of partisan Senators to discredit Mr. Wilson's handiwork. Meanwhile, increasing experience with the aberrations of British and French politics had rendered us more and more averse to entangling associations until equilibrium should be reached. To add to our deflections those of our allies would aggravate the general confusion.[1] Yet toward a genuine "Council

[1] In a spirit of cynical disillusionment at the close of 1919, I proposed a doggerel toast to the New Year:

Here's to nineteen hundred twenty!
Soc et tuum good and plenty!
Let the Devil take the hindmost
And the foremost as he will.
Sure the Master Driver loves us
As into our graves he shoves us;
Starving takes away the chill!

A year later, in similar vein, William Allen White (whose racy Western wit

A Council of Civilization

of Civilization" (not a disguised Balance of Power) having no element of force and no suggestion of penalties, military or economic, the American people would be most hospitable. And such, I imagine, is the form the League of Nations is sooner or later bound to take.

2

A profoundly sad feature of the war was the suffering it imposed on the brave men and women who stood out against the action of the Central Powers. One of the most influential was the eminent Austrian, Lammasch.[1] When hostilities began he resigned from all official relations, and went to the mountains at Salzburg, whence he sent me occasionally through Switzerland pamphlets inscribed *Herzlicher Gruss*.[2]

never belies his keen mind and big heart) vigorously addressed his readers in the Emporia *Gazette:*

"Happy New Year!

"If you like a world where 14 wars are waging, enjoy it. If you are pleased with a world where 100 million people are near starvation, laugh and sing and be gay. If your heart is warmed by the fact that kings are coming back into power in Europe and the ruthless plutocracy which was whipped to a finish by Roosevelt is returning in America, jump up and crack your heels together three times. If you like the kind of a world where crime waves are washing over the cities and hard, grueling times are pinching the farmer — hurrah for it, you've got it. If you like a world gone mad, where finance is topsy-turvy; where every one is rich and no one has credit, where we can only pay our national debts by canceling what other nations owe us, where we can only get foreign trade by selling to people who have nothing, and lending them money to pay for what we sell them — yip and kioodle! Here's your financial madhouse controlling the commerce of the world. If you like sitting on a volcano of four big possible wars, and if you like a great armament program to eat up taxes that should go to schools and the betterment of humanity, rejoice and make a glad noise, for your millennium is here.

"So on this bright New Year's Day, with all nature smiling, and the angels laughing their heads off and crying their eyes out at the stupidity and folly of man, in this beauteous New Year season, with every man on earth merely an outpatient of the vast boobyhatch of a jaundiced and disorganized life, on this bright New Year's Day we wish you with all our heart a happy New Year!"

[1] See Chapter XLIV, page 521. [2] "Hearty Greeting."

After the Armistice I wrote him, enclosing some of my current articles in *Sunset*, concerning which I received the following answer in English:

SALZBURG, AUSTRIA,
October 18, 1919

. . . It is a great comfort for me that you too do not approve the Treaty of St. Germain in its whole purport. Indeed, it is too hard a chastisement for our guilt for having let Germany subdue us.

I entirely concur with your appreciation of the League of Nations. I have published a little book about it in French, "Le maintien de la paix" [1] (Genève), and I hope that my greater book, published by the Nobel Institute at Kristiania, "Das Völkerrecht nach dem Kriege," [2] shall come out soon in a French translation and in a revised state. The German edition had been sent to you in 1918, but I am afraid you have not got it, like many others to whom it had been sent during the war.

You know probably that I was for a short time — too late! — at the head of the Austrian government, that I, together with Andrassy, have applied for the Armistice and I have signed the manifesto of abdication of our Emperor. Then I was for some time in Switzerland and at St. Germain. Now I live again at Salzburg, whither I removed during the war from Vienna. That our situation, economical, financial, and political, is desperate, you know from the papers. The state and almost all its citizens — except a few thousand war profiteers and a few hundred aristocrats and Jewish bankers — are beggars. We do not know how to live next year. Buying books is out of the question, since we are not sure whether we can buy our food! Our only hope is the "*commission de reparations*," but this depends from the constitution of the society of Nations. Therefore we look with anxiety toward your Senate. At the American Legation at Berne I found the best disposition for Austria, but nobody dares to help us in fact.

Before my answer reached Salzburg the great jurist had passed away, leaving wife and daughter in

[1] "The Maintenance of Peace." [2] "International Law after the War."

Herron's tribute

straitened circumstances. Shortly afterward Dr. George D. Herron wrote me a letter which I feel justified in printing because of its fine tribute to a noble man:

Chemin des Cottages, Geneva
January 8, 1920

Dear Dr. Jordan:

You will be glad to know that your comforting letter reached Professor Lammasch the day before he died. On that day he wrote me that he was much better and was happy over some arrangements I had made for him to contribute to English reviews. He was also just beginning the translation of an appeal which I had written at his request to the youth of Germany.

Will you permit me, in this connection, to express my own gratitude to you for your reply to Professor Lammasch? I have been in intimate contact with him since the beginning of 1918. And there was a time when I, acting for the President, and he, acting for the Emperor, had thought we had won a great moral victory and that the United States of Europe would emerge from the old Austrian Empire. But in the last moment, the weak young Emperor yielded to the menaces of Berlin and the great hope failed. The whole state of Europe and perhaps the future of the world would have been different if Karl had yielded to his great and good servant.[1]

This is a part of secret history, of course, but I want you to know that not in all Europe — not in France and not in England — did President Wilson have such a supporter as Professor Lammasch. He was still the one man that might have mediated between the Allies and the Central Powers.

I am sure you will be glad to know that, as he lay upon his bed in those last hours, feeling that his life had been a weariness and a failure, you were one of his final comforters. All the more am I grateful to you because —— and ——, with both of whom Professor Lammasch had served on international tribunals, had refused to have any communication with him because he had been Prime Minister of an "enemy country" — though, indeed, he was a far better servant of America — of the real America — than either of these.

[1] For the details of this matter see Appendix L (page 825).

Fried tells the story

A letter from Fried (then in Berne) published in *Friedenswarte* for February, 1917, gives an inside view of the position of the democrats of Germany who had worked for peace amid the calamities of the war. From it I condense a few extracts:

Most of the active German pacifists recognized from the first the guilt of Germany in the war, and so far as military repression would allow have openly spoken. They have opposed all annexation policies of the old war makers and spoken out against their methods. They have condemned the reckless submarine warfare and protested against the desolation in the retreat along the Somme. In turn they have suffered fearfully during the blockade and yet have held to their opinions in spite of military oppression.

The German Peace Society and the Union of the New Fatherland were disbanded by force, the active secretary of the latter, Lilli Jannasch, being made an object of persecution. Hans Wehberg, though unfit for military duty, was on account of his expressed desire for peace mustered into the army and shamefully treated. Fritz Röttcher was forced to wear the uniform and suffered severe military oppression. Schücking was interned at Marburg, and forbidden to write to any foreign peace lover, or even to the government at Berlin. Quidde was forbidden the use of the mails and the railway. Madame Hoesch-Ernst was arrested and interned in an out-of-the-way place. Lammasch was from the beginning the object of special hatred. I was myself arrested for high treason in Vienna. Paasche with much pain and difficulty escaped from the jail where he was confined for a month, to be afterward assassinated by a militarist.

Professor G. F. Nicolai [1] was degraded to the rank of a common soldier, but as such found the chance to write his masterwork, now world-renowned, "The Biology of War." Richard

[1] Dr. Nicolai, one of the most eminent of German scientists, was professor of Physiology in the University of Berlin and surgeon to the imperial family. His course of lectures on race deterioration due to the reversed selection of war met with official disfavor and he was ordered to discontinue them. Upon his refusal, he was removed from his chair and sent to the front at Danzig, where he was later imprisoned. Making his escape, he fled to Copenhagen in an airplane.

Grelling, the author of "J'accuse," a member of the Peace Society since 1892, was accused of high treason and all his property in Germany was confiscated. [Wilhelm] Muehlon is broken in spirit. [Friedrich W.] Förster has faced the hatred of his colleagues in the University and the defiance of the whole German press. Umfrid, pastor in Stuttgart, has been forbidden to write, and Lyda Gustava Heymann was banished from Munich. Younger pacifists, not yet well known, have been sent to jail and some of them have fled to neutral lands. The list might be much longer. It is enough to know that German opposition to this war has lived, worked, and done its part against the rule of militarism. They have been true to their principles even as their colleagues in other lands, and under difficulties far greater for the most part.

Fernau

In 1917 Professor Hermann Fernau, a lifelong and consistent opponent of German Imperialism, published an indictment entitled "Royalty Is War." [1] He thus held responsible, not finance or armament makers or manufacturers or intellectuals, but solely the aristocrats, the "East-Elbe Junkers," at the head of which stood the Kaiser and his family:

The German nobility contained only 150,000 barons as against 66,000,000 plain citizens. But in their hands rested every matter of importance. Germany (and with her all Europe) found herself placed between the alternative of eliminating the supreme power of this class or being crushed by it. The freedom of Germany could be obtained only by the abdication of the Hohenzollerns. The political problem was not "how to convert the Hohenzollerns to democracy," but how to get rid of them. Events have shown that the German people can regain their liberties only by framing a republic.

3

In 1920 Scudder Klyce, a retired naval officer long interested in scientific subjects, began the private

[1] "Das Königtum ist der Krieg."

publication of his remarkable treatise entitled "Universe," for which brief introductions had been written by John Dewey, Morris Llewellyn Cook, and myself. This contribution of mine involving for me a rare adventure into the philosophy of science, I am minded to repeat it here as part of my mental outlook not yet fully inflicted on my readers. *Klyce's "Universe"*

All that exists is, in a sense, of one piece, I said — infinite variety embraced within infinite unity. Thus the Universe may be looked on as a majestic Federation of Energies, an infinite machine in which all parts fit and coöperate.

Oneness, however, does not imply tangible sameness, though some apostles of Monism have insisted that underlying unity inevitably postulates at least some measure of objective identity — as of matter and force, for example — or more concretely, of all the chemical elements, one with another. But to be fundamentally "at one" does not necessitate any such sameness. Matter and force must complement each other in some positive sense, as the key fits the lock. Indeed, there are numberless intimate relations which do not necessarily involve identity of origin, form, and substance. In a harmonious universe (however we may describe it) there might be (and we can know only by observing) a million definitely distinct chemical elements, not interchangeable and not derived from Haeckel's fancied "Protyl," or any other primitive world stuff, whether matter or spirit. As to this and to all other questions of fact, we shall never know the answer until we find it out by looking. Moreover, the conception of the unity of the Universe need not ever reduce it to a single substance, nor even to a single definite purpose. *"Oneness" not necessarily "sameness"*

Pluralism (multiplicity in unity) is as true as oneness, in the meaning given by William James's assertion: "No one can question that the Universe is in some sense one, but the whole point lies in what that one is."

A priori reasoning

Science is human experience tested and set in order; any belief which neither demands nor permits verification lies outside of Science. All propositions which can be proved by deduction or even proved completely belong to the realm of Expression or Logic, not to Science — conclusions being involved in premises. Pure mathematics, for instance, is the logic of number and space, and its demonstrations, however intricate, are derived from its definitions. Similarly, a definition of the Universe can be framed in such a way as to make its unity self-evident; in fact, no other definition that is self-consistent is possible; but no scientific conclusion can be deduced from proof thus obtained. Details of reality — matter, force, and life — would be no nearer demonstration than before, for these we know only from the coördinated results of human dealings with them.

Sciences exact and inexact

Knowledge, never complete, may be relatively exact or inexact according to the sufficiency of our data. In no field has Science yet reached completion — and it is in the nature of things impossible that it ever can. It sees some things very definitely; but the unknown lies as a trackless wilderness on every hand. As details accumulate, generalizations are possible — and even prophecy with some degree of certainty. In Physics, Chemistry, Astronomy, relative exactness prevails. The simpler the factors involved, the more definite our mastery. Obstacles in the relatively exact sciences are mainly our human

limitations. The enormously distant and the extremely small elude precise observations, star and electron baffle alike; the bulk of the Universe is beyond our definite seeing. "Time is as long as space is wide," and no one can conceive a limit to either.

The sciences concerned with life deal also with the elements of matter and force, but in highly varying relations. In any biological problem, conditions due to the relative position and relation of atoms and molecules, of cells and tissues, of organisms and environment, are visibly varied almost to infinity; data of one sort or another everywhere abound, but the more we have, the more we see we need. Untested problems crowd on every solution. In biology, therefore, to a degree greater than in the more exact sciences, we cannot know what we know or what we do not know with completeness or ultimate precision.

Livableness

The only final test of a supposed fact is found in our ability to prove it by trusting our lives to it, or to the method by which it is gained. Simply to demonstrate that a proposition will "work" — that is, "muddle along" after a fashion — is not enough; in all its parts it must stand a supreme test, that of "livableness." Such a direct and conclusive proof, however, is not available in all life's complex and immediately pressing situations. The next resource is to test the method behind the conclusion. The aggregate of knowledge, so tested, constitutes Science, which then becomes the guide to conduct, though never infallible because never complete. In default of personal experimental knowledge as to matters of fact or ideals of conduct, we make the best we can of the conclusions of others, trusting to the strength

of the method by which the conclusions are reached. We thus have an acceptable hypothesis on which to act until the returns from personal experience begin to come in.

As to the fundamental coördination of all which exists, known or unknown, any consistent use of the word "Universe" implicitly asserts it. Man himself is able with fair success to make his way in the Cosmos; obviously then he is not utterly alien. Not only does his continued existence prove him not alien, but furthermore, by taking thought, he can hold his own against the forces of nature and thus in some degree shape his own career. A similar line of argument is shown to apply to every concrete thing of which we are cognizant. The burden of disproof of Mr. Klyce's thesis lies on him who, within the confines of the Universe, can conceive anything — matter, spirit, life, space, or time — which lies outside it.

My view of prayer

I also venture to reprint in these pages a few paragraphs I recently wrote by way of foreword to a special edition of Mr. Field's "Prayer," [1] because they express my attitude toward a certain phase of religious emotion.

This exquisite poem, as I stated, tells the story of a crisis of feeling in the poet's own career. It touches the experience of thousands of sincere and thoughtful youths who in their studies reach what seems to be the parting of the ways. The University deals with actual truth, with the Universe as it is — not with opinion, however plausible, or tradition, however venerable. "The winds of freedom" blow on its heights; whatever is not fastened on the "solid ground

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter XVII, page 408.

of Nature" is swept away. The student finds that much he has revered as faith is only the débris of his grandfather's science.

First of many problems is that of the meaning of prayer. Is it true that by faith he can move mountains, wring rain from the steel-blue sky, or make one hair black or white? Or are its functions that of a boat at its moorings, in which he may draw himself to the shore, the shore remaining immovable? Or must he merely turn away as from another of the "faded fancies of an elder world"?

In this condition of bewilderment our poet, while attending Stanford University, met a young man — old in the path of wisdom — Dr. Wilbur Wilson Thoburn, a professor of Zoölogy. Whether prayer would or would not change one atom in the physical universe did not concern Thoburn. His conception, like that of Jesus, was that prayer is an individual act, to be performed in one's own closet, for the time being his temple. Prayer he interpreted in terms of life, the expression of some noble purpose. If our prayer aims to realize hope in action, it will be answered. Prayer is not a plea to change the world about us, but our own resolve to consecrate ourselves to our loftiest duty in the affairs of life.

Prayer the core of endeavor

Wisdom is knowing what one ought to do next; virtue, doing it; religion, our conception of the reason why right action is better than wrong; and prayer, the core of our endeavor.

4

On the 4th day of June, 1820, was made the first move toward the establishment of a university in

Indiana University pageant

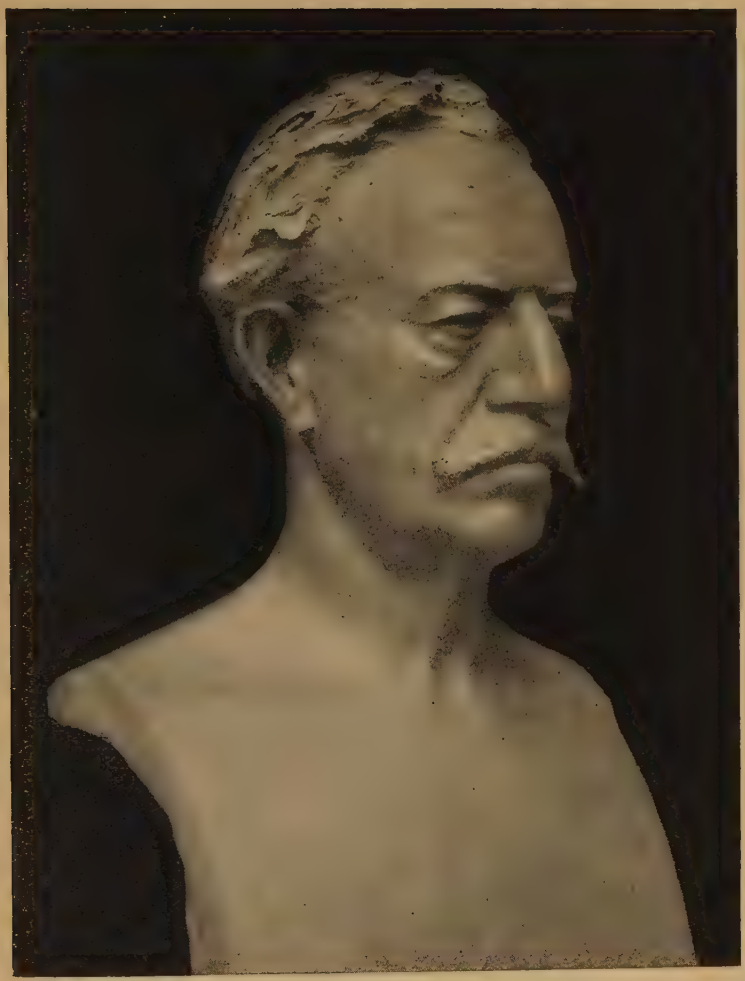
Indiana.[1] Just one hundred years later the Commencement program of the institution took the form of a centennial memorial, an elaborate historical pageant being then staged on Jordan Field. This figured Dr. David Maxwell and others active at different periods in the University's early history, while its later development was indicated in the procession by three of its former heads — myself, Coulter, and Swain — followed by Bryan, the present executive. Afterward, on the Commencement stage, each one of us gave an account of his own labors and varied experience in the state.

It was also at this time that I attended the reunion of the class of 1883, a group which had fared with me from Rock Castle River to Cumberland Falls and Cumberland Gap thirty-seven years before.[2]

At Cornell

In connection with my trip to Bloomington I went on to Cornell to make a sort of farewell visit, though not really the last, I hope. Dr. Jacob Gould Schurman, president of the institution for twenty-eight years, had already resigned, and Albert W. Smith, a graduate of 1878 and one of our early Stanford faculty, was acting president until a permanent head should be chosen. The Comstocks entertained me at their charming cottage in the forest across Fall Creek, and old friends and new vied with each other in making me welcome. I had the pleasure also of calling on Minnie Mitchell Barnes at the old brick farmhouse on the East Hill, to which we boys of "the Grove" used often to find our way on Sunday evenings. Our good friend is now a well-preserved

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter VIII, page 186.
[2] See Vol. I, Chapter X, pages 246–249.



DAVID STARR JORDAN, 1921

From clay model of bust by Cartaino Scarpitta, a bronze cast of which is to be presented to Stanford University

woman well along in the seventies, with the same keen eyes and sweet voice.[1]

In the great hall I spoke on "Europe's Plight and America's Duty" to a very large audience, practically all the students, who seemed much gratified because I called the acting president by the endearing name of "Albert." *Albert Smith*

From Ithaca I went to New York to renew acquaintance with Hamilton Holt, Colonel House, John Mez, and other associates. There the six Stanford men who under direction of Bruce Bliven have made the New York *Globe* an organ of liberalism, gave me a dinner at the Park Avenue Hotel, an event long to be remembered. One evening I took Mez, Mrs. Mez, and Susan Bristol, once my stenographer at Stanford — now engaged in journalistic work in the East — to see Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" as portrayed by Frank McGlynn. This seemed to me an impressive impersonation of the greatest of democrats, one of the most satisfying character studies I have ever witnessed. *A study of Lincoln*

On Sunday evening I spoke at the forum of the Church of the Ascension, directed by the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant. Here a crowded house listened with interest to my version of conditions in Europe and our duty toward the distressed peoples. Turning my face homeward, I spent a day in Indianapolis, with Brayton, Amos Butler, and "Jimmie" Mitchell. Farther west, I took part in the semi-centennial celebration of the Iowa State College at Ames, one of the most vigorous of the forty-nine institutions having their initial endowment under the Morrill Act of the '60's.[2] At Provo I passed a couple of days

[1] See Vol. I, Chapter III, page 68. [2] See Vol. I, Chapter IV, page 78.

with Knight and his family, meanwhile speaking in the Brigham Young University, where two of the professors are from Stanford.

Democratic National Convention

In July I was asked by a press syndicate to attend the Democratic National Convention in San Francisco to write it up from a non-partisan, philosophical standpoint. This was my first experience of the sort.

As the Republican Convention of a month before, following the line of least resistance, passed apparently into the hands of the Senate "overlords," so the Democratic gathering was seemingly ruled by the "underworld" of the great cities. Its notable feature was a speech by Bryan pleading for the insertion of a clause in the platform upholding the existing national prohibition law. Facing certainty of defeat, he made one of the great efforts of his life, and was warmly applauded by hundreds who no longer recognized him as leader.

In my first letter I laid stress on the party's opportunity to choose a man whose character and talents should give promise of real statesmanship. Never in our history had there been greater need of wise and patient direction; never before had the world so yearned for our help. Of the various candidates brought forward only one, Senator Robert L. Owen of Oklahoma, seemed to me fairly to measure up to the demand of the time. But on the forty-fifth ballot, after a long-drawn-out contest, James M. Cox, governor of Ohio, was nominated.

Senator Owen

The proceedings, as usual in such assemblies, were punctuated by horseplay, with prolonged and pointless cheering. I was especially struck by the atmosphere of good nature pervading the entertainment. In our game of politics everybody is a "good loser."

The kindly-disposed American people are patient, too patient, under it all. Their social fabric is solidly woven, frayed along the edges only, and if affairs go badly they say with the elephant in the Hindu tale: "It will pass, it will pass."

The Republican Convention had been a rather spiritless affair, a similar absence of any acknowledged leader and the intense heat of Chicago conspiring to make it so. The unquestioned choice of the great majority of the people of the United States, regardless of party, was Herbert Hoover. But to the politicians the accession of an idealist with unexcelled business ability was doubly unwelcome, and Hoover in turn cared little for their aims or methods. Furthermore, the cumbersome primary law, devised in the interest of local "favorite sons," debarred the party at large from effective voice in the selection of candidates. The two most prominent at the time were regarded by party leaders as impossible, and a final choice then fell on the man with the fewest enemies. Senator Warren G. Harding of Ohio was known mainly as an amiable gentleman, the editor of a provincial newspaper, who had always voted with the majority of his party. His nomination evoked scant enthusiasm, although his election was a foregone conclusion. Later events give him a higher rating.

The people's choice

President Harding

5

The 19th of January, 1921, the seventieth anniversary of my birth, was made the occasion of a very unexpected tribute of appreciation on the part of a host of men and women whose paths have crossed mine. For more than twenty-five years my wife has marked the recurring day by inviting a small circle

Three-score years and ten

of friends to dinner or reception, and in 1911, as I have said, those who remained out of the original university faculty presented me with a fine watch in testimony of their regard.[1] This time, however, the celebration assumed a most unusual character, due to a widespread conspiracy. Thus by letter, telegram, poem, and flowers, messages of congratulation and assurances of affection poured in from individuals and groups.

A conspiracy of affection

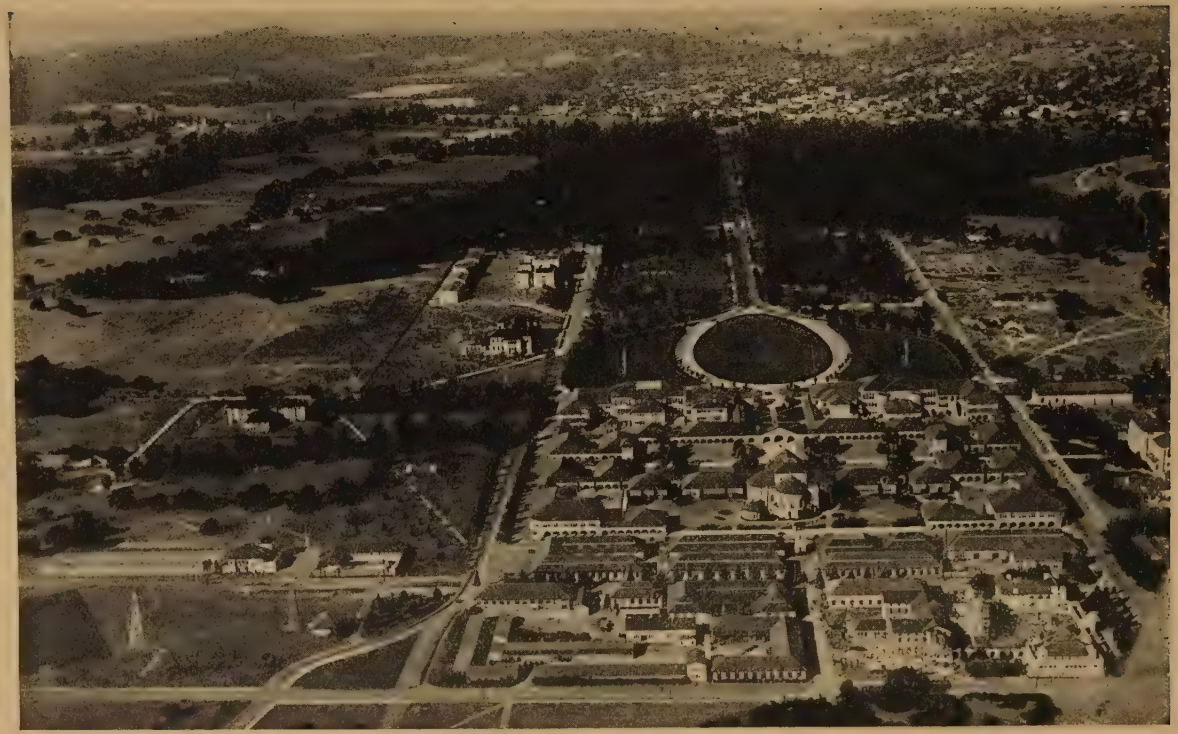
To a considerable extent, of course, these came from Stanford sources, near and far. But in addition to kindly greetings from Cornell and Indiana, similar ones reached me from various sister institutions the country over as also from scientific colleagues elsewhere. Indeed, a unique expression of esteem was that from Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, who officially designated me Honorary Associate in Zoölogy. But the most surprising of all was a finely illuminated testimonial signed by the whole staff of the San Francisco *Call*.

For the afternoon a special recital in the Memorial Church had been arranged by Dr. Gardner, the chaplain, our warm friend, and Mr. Warren D. Allen, the talented and generous organist. On this occasion, three of my poems set to music by Koerner were sung by Mr. Warren Watters, a pleasing baritone, and three noble organ compositions were played by Mr. Allen.

Old students entertain the "Old Guard"

The evening began with a beautiful dinner given by President and Mrs. Wilbur, who had brought together all the "Old Guard" and their wives. Seventy lighted cardinal candles set in flat festoons of green leaves around the long board and a huge

[1] See Note, Chapter XXXVII, page 348.



STANFORD UNIVERSITY FROM THE AIR, 1921

centerpiece of glowing carnations of the same color made a brilliant picture of "Stanford red," [1] to say nothing of the good cheer and happy communion. While we still sat at table, Anderson was prevailed upon to read some stately stanzas he had written to accompany the gift of an enlarged copy of my class photograph of 1872.[2]

Dinner over, by courtesy of the Wilburs, the Jordan Club [3] held a reception in my honor in the big formal Hall of the residence. During the evening, "Charlie" Field — without whose saucy, felicitous note no joyful Stanford gathering is quite complete — read a number of telegrams and letters, punctuating them with flashes of humor and tenderness. The Zoölogy Club then presented a big wreath of laurel tied with cardinal ribbon and carrying two stanzas from "Rabbi Ben Ezra," after which Dr. Henry David Gray repeated a fine original poem dedicated to me, and Professor Lee Emerson Bassett read several other affecting tributes from devoted disciples.[4]

Benediction

It is comforting to feel that one's labors have borne ample fruit in other lives, as well as in his own!

[1] "The flower of life is red." BROWNING
[2] See Vol. I, opposite page 96.
[3] See Chapter XXXVI, page 293.
[4] See Appendix M (page 827).

Men Told Me, Lord
(1851–1921)

Men told me, Lord, it was a vale of tears
Where Thou hadst placed me, wickedness and woe
My twain companions whereso I might go;
That I through ten and threescore weary years
Should stumble on, beset by pains and fears,
Fierce conflict round me, passions hot within,
Enjoyment brief and fatal, but in sin.
When all was ended then should I demand
Full compensation from Thine austere hand;
For, 'tis Thy pleasure, all temptation past,
To be not just but generous at last.

Lord, here am I, my threescore years and ten
All counted to the full; I've fought Thy fight,
Crossed Thy dark valleys, scaled Thy rocks' harsh height,
Borne all the burdens Thou dost lay on men
With hand unsparing, threescore years and ten.
Before Thee now I make my claim, O Lord!
What shall I pray Thee as a meet reward?

I ask for nothing! Let the balance fall!
All that I am or know or may confess
But swells the weight of mine indebtedness;
Burdens and sorrows stand transfigured all;
Thy hand's rude buffet turns to a caress,
For Love, with all the rest, Thou gav'st me here,
And *Love is Heaven's very atmosphere!*
Lo, I have dwelt with Thee, Lord, day by day,
I could do no more, through all Eternity!

APPENDIXES

APPENDIXES

A

To David Starr Jordan, January 19, 1911

A fifth of a century has passed since you invited a couple of dozen young idealists to help you found a university at El Dorado. "Go and sell all that you have, and come, follow me." Fortunate we felt if all we had would come to enough to furnish us forth to that Promised Land. Once there, we were no longer to be ridden by the night-hag of material care. Our children should grow up in the sunshine, strong, beautiful, and wise, while we, unimpeded by precedent, unhampered by prejudice, should remake history. For we were elders of the earth and in the morning of the times.

> A nobler Athens shall arise,
> And to remoter time
> Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
> The splendor of her prime.

So we dreamed.

Tonight, a scant dozen veterans, grizzled and wayworn, we look back with somewhat grim wistfulness. Oh, we never look back, except upon anniversaries! And then our eyes are April with tears and smiles. An X-ray photograph of the goings-on in our brains twenty years syne, might furnish another Cervantes with material for a dozen Don Quixotes. I seem to recall that one of my own grave perplexities was: How to spend that ten thousand dollars for books the first year — never having had a hundred dollars at one time for the purpose, and not yet strong in the partnership of a great bibliographer like Fluegel. But I need not have worried.

Well, it was a dream worth having. But there are those to testify that it was not all a dream. People who have studied the cedar of Lebanon with Dudley, the hyssop in the wall with Campbell, the tribes of the sea with Gilbert, the Face of the Earth with Branner, the "Impassioned expression that is in the countenance of all science" with Newcomer, look to this place as the sun-worshiper looks to the East. To Jordan, above all, they owe that simple, sturdy, serene attitude toward religio-

ethical questions, problems, cults, and -isms, which is, I suppose, a mark of the Stanford Spirit. *Im Guten, Ganzen, Wahren, resolut zu leben,* — there is nothing so great as this; and may we not hope and partly believe that something of this virtue may have emanated from us all, individually and collectively? In so far as this were true, just in so far were our quixotic dreams realized. With the eye of Faith, I seem to see that perhaps we builded wiser than we knew. How if we were like those who, going out to seek their father's asses, found a kingdom? This or that art or science our students might, perhaps, have learned elsewhere, as well as here, — although some of them would repudiate such a concession; but surely the total effect, what they call the Stanford Spirit, they could have become imbued with nowhere else.

Such, then, is our creation: assuredly not these layers of masonry yonder, which the unthinking term Stanford University; nor yet chiefly the outward results of our toil, patience, vigilance, self-sacrifice; not even the prowess of the heroes of track and gridiron; but rather the preparation for life, the outlook upon life, the power to hand on the lamp of fire, which are acquired here. In these consist the Stanford Spirit — a term which, like other great abstractions, such as Culture, Civilization, God, is indefinable, and liable to abuse. *Wie Einer ist so ist mein Gott:* thus the measure of a Stanford Man is given by his conception of the Stanford Spirit.

Without you, Sir, whom we are met to greet and honor, that spirit would be unthinkable. From your first announcement that we were to breathe *die Luft der Freiheit,* down to your bravely simple talk the other day on "the religion of a sensible man," you have done more than any other, more perhaps than all others, to keep that Spirit alive.

But I desist from commonplaces of eulogy which may better befit him who shall at some far future date inscribe your epitaph. It is something intimate and personal that draws us to you tonight. You have reached a waymark upon the march of existence — a high point of observation from which we, who are near you, can look back over the fair prospect. Of time we have had about the same allotment as you — which is all the time there is; and we have endeavored not to waste the time we have had. Not every one of us, however, can feel that he has

exemplified in his achievement, as you have done, The Power of Time. You may have noticed a recent wise and witty book, entitled, "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day." You do not need to read it. I have often wondered in what small arc of the twenty-four-hour epicycle of your great circle of sixty years, you have accomplished the permanent outstanding part of your ample achievement. Defective eyesight forbids you the midnight oil, whereof most of us burn so much and therefore the very wick of our lamp of life. The manifold engagements of the university executive and representative, of the man of the world, the public servant, the lecturer, the specialist, the arbitrator, the protector of the seal; countless meetings of boards, committees, conferences, academies, foundations; endless journeyings up and down the earth; inopportune inrushings of "people of importance"; to say nothing of the heartrending intrusions of reporters, faddists, maniacs, locophists, and followers of every kidney and cut of turban — these, and the like, might well account for every hour of the twenty-four. Yet in the poor fag-ends of your left-over time, what have you not accomplished! In the little nick of time which another would have devoted to a cigar, you have written books and articles the mere bibliography of which would be a volume. And all this you have been enabled to do because you had the angler's secret of taking that shy creature of the sea of Time, which we call Opportunity.

Of Opportunity, we hope you are to have more in the coming twenty years than in the last. And this prayer of ours has led us to think of a way in which we can really help you. It is our desire to commemorate this happy occasion by a gift which shall be useful to you and at the same time a constant reminder to you of our friendship. From participation in the pleasure of this gift we have zealously and selfishly excluded all save the too few survivors of the Pioneer Faculty, construing the word Pioneer with severe literalness. We have desired to present to you an object which shall be closer to you, and if possible more useful, than anything or anybody except your wife. You will carry it close to your heart, as long as it shall beat — that big heart wherein we hope to occupy a permanent place. It will go with you on your journeyings, will recall your engagements, will make easier the practice of that austerest of virtues, Punc-

tuality, and will measure the fall of each grain of sand in the hourglass of Opportunity. In those rare instances when, bored and homesick, you, like other mighty men, are thinking about nothing, let it remind you about the Old Guard at Stanford, with whose love and prayers for your good speed I now have the honor to hand you this casket.

MELVILLE BEST ANDERSON

B

The Stability of Truth (1911)

(Extracts from Chapter I)

The purpose of this book is to set forth the doctrine that the final test of truth is found in trusting our lives to it. Truth is livable, while error is not, and the difference appears through the strain of the conduct of life. The primal impulse as well as the final purpose of science is the conduct of life. Science cannot grasp ultimate truths — that is, it cannot grasp any truth in final or absolute completeness. But science may deal with certain relations of truth and certain phases of reality, and may state these in terms of previous human experience. Such versions or transcripts of reality are truth, and represent actual verity so far as they go.

Incidentally I assert (*a*) that pure science cannot be separated from applied science — *knowledge in action* — in which science finds its verification, (*b*) that philosophy — the logic or mathematics of human experience — is an outgrowth of science, and (*c*) that in all matters concerning human conduct science furnishes the final guide or, at least, that any guide to thought and action which has proved to be safe becomes by that fact a part of science. Thus right action is the final purpose of science, and in like fashion and in the same degree the acquisition of truth is the crowning glory of human endeavor. . . .

(In opposition to those who regard all knowledge as merely subjective, I claim in the name of science) that there exists a parallelism or correlation between the actual character of objects in nature, and the impressions these objects make on the nervous system of man and the other animals. This impression is not the thing itself, but object and impression run the same course. One is the inevitable effect of the other, as impressed on human consciousness. . . .

Men and animals are guided by their own realities. They live by truth. That they move safely implies safe guidance, the power to "size up the situation" about them with substantial accuracy, so far as it concerns themselves; were it not so, no race could ever have maintained itself. The sense organs of every animal are so constructed that realities are adequate to needs.

A need is not that of a "copy or transcript of nature, but accuracy as prompting fruitful attack or exploitation." For the truth in dealing with external things is not primarily knowledge of the things themselves, but rather of their relation to each other and to us. . . .

The power to sum up the truth arising from ordinary sense impressions derived from realities we call common sense. Science involves common sense, but its operations are continued beyond the obvious into the hidden complexities of truth. By a knowledge of these complexities endeavors similarly complex may be carried out with success. Such success is in proportion to the exactness of our knowledge, the degree in which our conceptions correspond to reality, and the courage with which we actually use our knowledge. . . .

(Again) just as we can trust our lives to truth, so may we trust that for which life is valuable — our aims, purposes, and hopes. "Livableness" represents our final test rather than "workableness," the word now more often used in this connection. An idea may be "workable" as a basis for action and yet be only partially true, a fact which may appear under critical test. (That is, many ideas appear "workable" because nobody has tried to translate them into action.) If then a theory cannot be tested by action in some fashion or other, it is not truth.

Truth, to be our truth, must have some relevance in human affairs. Probably a majority of the Aryan race accepts the doctrine of Reincarnation which can in no way be tested by action or worked out in terms of endeavor. That you or I or millions of men find it satisfying or acceptable or apparently "workable" (gives it) no standing in the court of realities, because it rests on no phase of human experience.

. . . The test of "livableness" must also be applied to the process by which knowledge is gained. This is the final test, the test of the long run, for no doctrine can undergo its full verification in the lifetime of an individual. But if it be true, any man or generation of men can depend upon it. . . . (On the other hand) if our objective ideas are not true so far as they concern us, the error involved must prove fatal, not at once necessarily, nor perhaps to everybody, but in the long run to all who stake their lives on unverified conclusions. Such error

might not involve actual race extinction, at least within an appreciable time, but it would work injury in proportion to its importance (in any event tending to lower the plane of existence).

In no field has science yet reached finality. It sees some things very clearly, but the unknown lies about on every side, a trackless wilderness yet to be cleared and fitted for human habitation. . . .

The scanty records of the words of Jesus recorded in the four Gospels furnish the living inspiration of a multitude of creeds. These have justified themselves by the truth that is in them, not by religious organizations, the forms and ceremonies, the pomp and circumstance superimposed upon it. When the core of truth is grasped and woven into action, the rest is valueless, however imposing in human eyes. . . .

It is possible to speak of the unknown in terms of the known, of the infinite in terms of human experience. . . . (Thus arises) the conception of the anthropomorphism of God, a fallacy which gives point to Haeckel's sneer at the current idea of Deity as that of a "gaseous vertebrate." . . .

The development of all science has been a constant struggle, a struggle of reality against superstition, of actual impressions against traditional interpretations, of truth against "make-believe," of investigation against opinion. Investigation once enthroned as science must again face insurgent opinion, and the recrudescence of ancient folly. For men are prone to trust a theory rather than a fact. A fact is a single point of contact; a theory or a tradition is a circle made of an infinite number of points, none of them, perhaps, real or permanently significant.

The "warfare of science" is, however, not primarily a conflict with religion as Draper called it, nor even with "dogmatic theology," as President White has indicated. It is all of this and more — a conflict of human tendencies worked out in history. The great historical crises are for the most part rehearsed in the minds of men before they unroll on the world stage. In the affairs of life most of us, of necessity, perform deeds and recite phrases "written generations before we were born." . . .

The warfare . . . is the effort of the human mind to relate itself to realities in the midst of tradition and superstition, to

grasp the fact that Nature, however complex, is never mysterious. As a final result all time-honored systems of philosophy, if not all possible systems, have been thrust out from science as belonging to the realm of literature, at times of poetry. No longer do they dogmatically control conduct. . . . In the conflict with tradition the real and timely in act and motive strives to replace the unreal and the obsolete. . . . To live here and now as a man should live constitutes the ethics of science. This practical ideal is in constant antithesis to the ethics of ecclesiasticism, asceticism, and militarism, as well as to the fancies of the various groups of "intellectual malcontents to whom the progress of Science seems slow and laborious."

C

Relation of the University to Medicine

(Extracts from address at the dedication of the Lane Medical Library)

The danger of the red plague present everywhere is infinitely greater than war with any part of Europe or Asia. The terrible infliction of the unknown parasite which shows itself as infantile paralysis awaits the strong arm of the people to set it aside entirely. No disease would long exist if we made adequate quarantine provision. Its germs, animal or plant, must be carried from man to man or from animal to man, else the race of parasites would die out. Now that we know what our enemies are it is possible for us to fight them, as I said in a review of Tyndall's work . . . thirty-five years ago. Now that we know what our enemies are, and now that we know that they can be fought successfully only by national and international coöperation, it is our duty thus to fight them. It shows a lack of national manliness to continue to bear these ills when a little energy with the knowledge we have is adequate to throw them all off. . . .

(When in 1875 I took my degree in medicine) the world of science and therefore the province of medicine knew nothing of invisible one-celled animals and plants, bacteria, and protozoa, which flourish and run their courses in the life blood of living animals.

The source of infection in disease was then called a "virus," and the growth of a virus was an extension of death. Carlyle had said that a fallen leaf must still have life in it, else how could it rot? But neither the poet nor the prophet realized that this life which tore the fallen leaf to pieces was the life of a multifarious group of one-celled vegetation whose function it is to return all organic matter not still active back to the universe in its constituent elements. In those days malaria was an evil spirit or miasma, the product of bad air or maybe of bad water. All plagues were of the same sort. No one suspected the mosquito, the fly or the flea, the louse, the bedbug, or the wood tick of harboring any vices worse than those which their bite or their presence suggests. There was no science of infectious

diseases and therefore no art in curing or preventing them. The most that could be done was to let them run their course, allaying as might be some of their most annoying symptoms.

Antiseptic treatment was only guesswork. We had not heard of carbolic acid, or barely heard of it, and the coal-tar products with their varied possibilities of usefulness and mischief still lay in the fossil beds of the earth. Surgery was a matter of luck, a gamble, as the phrase is, still conducted, as has been said, "along the lines laid down by the early Egyptians." There had been no Lister to show the reason for clean knives, clean hands, and clean air, and the battlefields of those days were a wild riot of the germs of gangrene and blood poisoning.

As surgery did not exist, we knew nothing of preventive surgery or the surgery of pathology. As medicine dealt with symptoms, we knew nothing of pharmacology. Those were the days before Michael Foster, and physiology was still merely a series of deductions from the facts of elementary anatomy. The nature and structure of the body cell were very scantily known. Without knowing the germ cell — the physical basis of heredity — the science of heredity was unknown, and without accurate knowledge of heredity the science of eugenics can have no existence or meaning.

In these times, the facts and laws of pathology are to the trained physician as essential as the alphabet or the multiplication table to the rest of the world. But we poor practical doctors of our day had to get along without it. Science had not reached so far, and we had to be practical men because perforce we could not be scientific. Dr. Charles Sedgwick Minot has well pointed out the distinction. "The only important difference," he says, "between the practical doctor and the scientific doctor is that the patients of the practical doctor are more likely to die." In healing men, as in other lines of industry, the first requisite is to know how. To know how is the essence of science.

The next stage of the scientific doctor is not merely to cure his patients but to help conduct the affairs of the community so that men and women will no longer come to him to be cured. Half the disease of the world comes from the infection of the crowd. Nine tenths of the infection of the crowd could be spared if the knowledge we have could work itself out in governmental action.

Relation of the University to Medicine

The governments of the world are about the poorest tools we know for the achievement of good deeds. They are controlled by tradition, by prejudice, by the noise of fife and drum. They are ruled by the influence of caste and privilege. They are bigoted and wasteful, and when they deal with the individual life they are likely to be careless and unjust.

But in dealing with the great plagues of the world, the black, the yellow, the red, and all the poisonous array of health-breaking parasites, the government is the only tool we have. The individual is helpless, the community is all. The acts of the community cannot rise much above its knowledge. All effective government is by public opinion. The people must learn the facts of pathology and sanitation. There is no school of medicine which can honorably come between them and the truth.

And that the Lane Library of Stanford University, the Medical Department of Stanford University, and the University itself may do their part in the great work of bringing health to the people, that they may coöperate with the sister schools and with all other good agencies to good ends, is the motive behind the functions of today.

D

In the Wilderness [1]

(Phi Beta Kappa Poem. May, 1913)

I

I stand as in a dream within a wood,
A forest crass, men call "The Wilderness,"
Of ill-grown oak trees and stunt, scanty pines,
With sumacs dun and huddling sassafras,
Enmeshed with brambles rude and tangling vines,—
Its mossy brooksides blue with violets,
Its red soil ever redder with men's hurt.
Men named this forest once "the Poisoned Woods,"
And it was poisoned by the wrath of man,
'Twas trebly poisoned by the flames of Hell
That burned through every corner of the wood.

Out from the forest, as in nightmare dream,
Out from its straggling trees and struggling vines,
Out from its red soil, redder with men's hurt,
From ravaged bank-sides blue with violets,
From withering venom of its flames of Hell,
I see a sad procession creeping down,
Full seven miles of maimed and broken men,
Full seven miles of ghastly shapes of men
Pouring like vomit from the Wilderness;
Out from the pious shades of Salem Church,
Out from the Catherine Furnace on the hill,
From sparse farm-houses saturate with dread,
Field hospitals of gruesome awfulness,
Where women, war-crazed, neither knew nor recked
Of their own children if alive or dead,
From Sunlight's enfilade where Sedgwick fell,
The Bloody Angle, by McCool's sweet spring,
From the old wayside inn whose awful name
Men spoke in bated whispers — Chancellorsville!

[1] Published in "War's Aftermath." In the writing of this poem I had the benefit of valuable criticisms by Dr. Gottfried Hult of the chair of English in the University of North Dakota.

In its green paddock, leading toward the ford
Of Rappahannock and of Rapidan,
Amidst the peach trees' rosy blossoming,
About the whitewashed shanties of the slaves,
The ground was piled thrice deep with wrecks of men
Living and dying — things which once were men,
The Blue — the Red — commingled with the Gray!
The blazing Inn an awesome funeral pyre.

Men tell us how the angry sun went down
A bloodshot disk upon a shrinking sky;
And then uprose the great white Maytime moon,
Flooding the forest with her patient light
Till Horror paled in dumb forgetfulness.

Shall we not ask in contrite humbleness:
Can we give praise to Lord of Heaven, or Hell,
For aught men did here in the wilderness?

II

Down in yon somber hollow Jackson fell,
His red hand raised in worship, to the last
Austere, devoted, of his Duty sure,
For States make Duty of the wrath of man,
Imputing Righteousness to deeds abhorred.

"The soldier has no duty save to die."
And is this Duty, that he thus should die?
Are nations built on bones of mangled men?
Have bonds of union no cement save blood?
"Obedience to the Law before all Time!"
But then is such obedience supreme,
Brought to fulfillment through red-handed rage?
"The brave makes Danger, Opportunity."
Is there no danger save from cannonades?
Is there no hardier, craftier foe than this
Whose strength is measured by a saber-thrust?
The path to Justice between man and man
Must lead through strife, but not through pools of blood,
The clash of will, but not the crush of men.

"But War's fierce furnace melts the chains of slaves;
Its march obliterates old vested wrongs;
Foul Bastiles crumble at its trumpet call,
And tyrants gasp at serried hosts of men.
War's candent fire-bath purifies the state,
War's furnace heat the bond of union welds.
Shall not war bring the great Enfranchisement,
The freedom from all shackles of the Past?"

He reaps dire harvest who sows dragon's teeth!
When Law is silent, anarch murder rules;
Law is humanity's consummate flower,
And Love is the fulfillment of the Law;
Its blind and brute denial, that is War.
The Laws of War! In war, there is no law.
Where war is not, there and there only — Law.

Where armies quarter, thorns and thistles grow.
New wrongs spring ever in the wake of war,
From their hot ashes mount up fresh Bastiles;
The Sutler camps on the Avenger's trail;
The Mailed Fist is but a burglar's tool;
Gross cities swell with loot of great campaigns,
The Vulture gorges where the Eagle strikes.

And each fresh slaughter dwarfs the breed of men —
The Unreturning ever were the Brave!

Nothing enduring yet in wrath was wrought;
No noble deed in hatred; in all time
The Master Builder works in soberness;
A world which reeked with wars, and reeks again,
The Prince of Peace in patience re-creates.

Oh, take away the frippery of war,
Its zest for glory, its mouth-filling lies,
Its rippling colors and resounding drums,
Its chargers, bannerets, and bugle calls,
Its heady wine of music and acclaim
That make a slaughter seem a holiday!

Oh, take away the sanction of the State,
That haloes murder with a holy light,
That makes our common hate seem Wrath Divine,
And thunderous shoutings as the voice of God.

III

I do remember in the far-off years
Through the long twilight of the August nights
(The nights of half a century ago),
I waited for my brother whom I loved, —
I waited for my brother, and he came, —
Came but in dreams and never came again,
For he was with the Sisterhood of Fate —
Man is; Man is not; Man shall never be.

IV

How like a chasm yawns our history!
Still figures pour out from the Poisoned Wood;
I seem to see them on their fated way,
I seem to see them creep from death to death,
Full seven miles of crushed and wasted men,
Full seven miles of tattered shreds of men,
Some dazed with blood, not knowing what they do,
Rising to fall, and falling not to rise.
Whither they go —— What matter? They must go!
If there be ghosts, they hover o'er this road;
If they be ghosts, they fill this Poisoned Wood!

Perchance no spirits wander of the slain,
For these are sleeping in the woodland glade,
The Blue for aye unsevered from the Gray.
Under that Flag where Hatred dies away
They rest as men may rest whose work is done,
The Horror lost in blest forgetfulness.
For they are with the Sisterhood of Fate —
Man is; Man is not; Man shall never be.

Yet there be ghosts here, ghosts that haunt for aye!
Rising forever from the Poisoned Wood,
The Slain Unnumbered; those who, still unborn,

Through wistful ages never to be born,
Never may answer to their country's call;
The long, sad roll that lengthens with the years,
The sweet life wasted, widening with the years;
Those who have lived not, never yet can live;
Their fathers slumber in the Wilderness,
While these are with the Sisterhood of Fate —
Man is; Man is not; Man shall never be.

Shall God not fill another universe
With Life we waste in wicked wantonness?

E

Krieg und Mannheit

(Condensation of an Address Given in German Cities, November and December, 1913)

An den Früchten kennt man den Baum. Welche sind nun die Früchte des Krieges? Einige sind schlecht, — das kann jedermann sehen.

Wenn nur die meisten Früchte gut wären, so sollte der Krieg uns willkommen sein. Prüfen wir den Krieg im Lichte der Wissenschaft, was finden wir? Ist er der Ursprung des Heldenmuts, der Unternehmung der Mannheit? Nein. Das findet man nicht. Was im Krieg gut erscheint, ist nur zufällig so. Der Krieg zerstreut alle Ordnung. Neben Unkraut rottet er allerdings auch Weizen aus. Um Ratten zu vernichten brennt man das Haus.

Gegen den Krieg spricht in erster Linie seine innere Schlechtheit. Im Sinne der Wissenschaft ist alles gut, das zu des Lebens Reichtum führt, und das ist schlecht, was zu ärmeren Leben führt. Das thut immer der Krieg. Der Krieg ist nur Mord; mitwirkender, beigeordneter Mord, Mord unter Bestätigung der Politik, des Patriotismus, und leider, der Religion. Wäre Krieg nicht geheiligt, so wäre er gehasst.

Jedes kriegerische Volk muss am Ende durch Armut und Schwachheit, körperlich ebensogut wie sittlich, leiden. Kein Krieg kann in irgend einer Weise vorteilhaft sein.

Der Krieg entblösst alle Naturtriebe der Menschenmildheit. Für Jahrhunderte hat *der Krieg alle Lehren der Geschichte, der Sittlichkeit, der Vaterlandsliebe, zwar der Religion,* durch Lüge und Hass *verdreht und vergiftet.* Der Krieg hat die Welt mit Schrecken erfüllt, bis dass der Schrecken [1] selbst nur ein anderer Name des Krieges geworden ist.

Der Krieg hat die Welt, die Frauenwelt besonders, mit Sorgen angefüllt. Der Krieg mit seinem Kriegssystem des Friedens im Waffen hat diese reiche Welt in eine bankbrüchige Erdkugel verwandelt. Die verschiedenen Staaten der Welt sind mit mehr als hundert sechzig tausend Millionen Mark für die Kriege des

[1] "Ein furchtbar heulend Schreckniss ist der Krieg." SCHILLER

letzten Jahrhunderts verschuldet. Wäre es nicht für Kriegszwecke, brauchte kein Volk auch nur einen einzelnen Pfennig zu borgen.

Die gegenwärtige Lebenssteuerung und die Steigung der Preise sind grösstenteils der Vermehrung der Rüstungskosten zu zuschreiben. Seit 1897 ist die Summe der Steuern auf der Welt verdoppelt worden. Die Steuerschranke erhebt auch immer die Preise. 5,000,000,000 Mark Zinsen sind gegenwärtig allein für Kriegsschulden der Welt alljährlich zu bezahlen. 16,000,000,000 werden jährlich für Heere und Marinen ausgegeben. Fünf bis sechs Millionen Menschen für Jahre verwenden ihre beste Lebenszeit mit unproduktiver Tätigkeit.

Im gleichen Masse kann die Entwicklung nicht fortschreiten. Wir haben bereits die kommenden Generationen auf drei oder vier Geschlechter hinaus verschuldet. Alles was sie verdienen und ersparen wird verauszahlt. Diese Dinge müssen ihre Wirkung ausüben, wenn sie reif sind, oder aber zur Revolution und zum Staatsbankerott führen.

Der Krieg wirkt nach vielen Richtungen als Verschwender, Räuber und Mörder. In keiner Beziehung aber ist er zerstörender als durch seine Wirkung auf die Rassengesundheit selbst, auf die Eugenik der Menschheit. Der Krieg ist der Gegner der Eugenik. Das Pfand der Rassenstärke eines Volks für die Zukunft findet sich in einer gesunden und starken Vaterschaft von heute. Dieses Pfand vernichtet der Krieg. Wie die Saat ist, so ist immer die Ernte. Das ist das erste Gesetz der Biologie. Darin finde ich mein Thema.

Dieses Thema hat schon vor hundert Jahren Schiller gegeben: "Der Krieg verschlingt die Besten." Von der Auslese der Besten rührt, wie wir wissen, aller Rassenfortschritt her. Nun bedeutet der Krieg einen Rückschlag der Auslese. Der Krieg bringt immer zur Vaterschaft diejenigen, welche dazu am wenigsten geeignet sind.

Wenn man in einer Rinderherde die stärksten vernichtet, so überlässt man damit die Zeugung der künftigen Herde dem untauglichen Rest. Wenn wir nun im Gegenteil die schwächlichen, mageren, unfruchtbaren Kälber vernichten, so bilden wir die Grundlage der künstlichen Zuchtwahl, den Zauberstab, wobei man Tier- und Pflanzenformen hervorzulocken vermag. Dieselben Tatsachen sind auch für die Menschheitgeschichte

grundlegend. Im erweiterten Sinne genommen, ist jede Menschenrasse einer Tierherde gleich.

Die einzige Art, wodurch irgend eine Rasse, als Ganzes genommen, veredelt werden konnte, war die Erhaltung ihrer besten und die Vernichtung ihrer schlechtesten Individuen. Der Krieg aber bedeutet immer "die Ausrottung der Besten"!

Eine Rasse wird in ihrer Entwicklung gehemmt nur durch folgende drei Faktoren — *Auswanderung*, wobei die besten Männer an fremde Länder übertragen werden, *Einwanderungen*, wobei die niedergestossenen Männer der überwundenen Rassen die Plätze der besseren Männer erfüllen, *Krieg*, der immer die Besten verschlingt.

In früher Vorzeit, als Rom selbst noch klein und unbekannt war, keine Kolonien besass und nicht besonders über Sklaven herrschte, damals waren die Tage der Grösse Roms.

Dann wich die Freiheitsliebe nach und nach dem Geist der Herrschsucht. Mit der Zeit führte dies zu Knechtung, Angriff, Unterdrückung, Plünderung, Kämpfen, Ruhm- und Ehrsucht und all den anderen Begleiterscheinungen kriegerischer Prachtentfaltung. Die Individualität der Einzelnen in der grossen Masse ging unter. Die ursprüngliche Unabhängigkeit wich dem Ehrgeiz, das Wort Patriotismus gewann eine neue Bedeutung und wurde von Haus und Heimat, auf die es sich zuerst bezog, auf das Gepränge von Krieg und Kriegsspiel übertragen.

Einzelzüge der Geschichte Roms aus der Folgezeit gehen uns dabei nichts weiter an. Wir haben jetzt nur einen einzigen Faktor in Betracht zu ziehen. In der Wissenschaft ist dieser Faktor unter dem Namen "Auslese" bekannt. "Sendet die besten Männer in den Kampf," war der Wortlaut des römischen Kampfaufrufs, und so wurden wirklich die besten Männer in den Kampf gesandt. In der Eroberungszeit Roms zog *vir*, der echte Mann, zum Kampf und zu der Eroberung fremder Länder aus; *homo*, das menschliche Wesen überhaupt, blieb auf dem Acker und in der Werkstatt zurück und zeugte das kommende Geschlecht. So verschwand *vir*, um dem *homo* Platz zu machen. Die Söhne echter, wahrer Männer wichen den Söhnen von Lastträgern, Stallburschen, Sklaven und Trossknechten und dem Abschaum der römischen Bevölkerung, dessen die grosse Armee zu ihrem Siegeslauf nicht bedürfte. Ein maurisches Sprichwort lautet: Der Vater ein Unkraut, die Mutter ein Unkraut, soll da das Kind Saffranwurzel sein?

Wie der Same, so ist die Ernte. An dem Zuwachs an absoluter Macht können wir als an einer Art historischen Barometers den Niedergang der Gattung innerhalb desselben Volkes konstatieren. Dies sehen wir in der Geschichte Roms. Die absolutistische Kaisermacht des Augustus beweist dasselbe. Aber der Niedergang machte weitere Fortschritte. "Der kleine Finger Konstantins war dicker als die Lenden des Augustus," heisst es. Zur Zeit wurde der Kaiser nicht mehr die starke Persönlichkeit, die alles in Schach hielt. Er war das Geschöpf des Pöbels, und dieser betete, von seiner Machtfülle berauscht, sein eigenes Werk als göttliches Wesen an.

In Otto Seeck's grosszügigem Geschichtswerk, "Der Untergang der antiken Welt," finden wir die Ursache des Niedergangs Roms nur in der "Ausrottung der Besten." So sagt Seeck: "Eine Fülle von Geisteskraft ging in diesen selbstmörderischen Kriegen zugrunde. Wer in Rom die Kühnheit besass, nach politischer Macht zu streben, wurde fast ausnahmslos zu Boden geschleudert. *Nur die Feiglinge blieben übrig, und aus ihrem Blute entstammte die neue Generation.* Ihre Feigheit trat im Mangel an eigenem Willen, im sklavischen Nachahmen der kaiserlichen Herren und in fremden Sitten und Gebräuche zutage."

Der Grund der schliesslichen Zerstörung lag nicht in der Rasse selbst, noch in ihrer Regierungsform, sondern in dem System, durch welches die besten Männer von der Fortpflanzung der Gattung abgehalten wurden. "Das Römerreich ging an seinem Mangel an Männern zugrunde."[1]

"Die schlechtesten Regierungen bleiben immer die, die göttergleiche Anbetung geniessen." "Der Kaiser besass in seinem Heere eine überwältigende Macht, auf welche die Bürger keinen Einfluss gewinnen konnten. Krieger ohne Vaterlandsliebe, denn sie hatten ja kein Vaterland, Menschen ohne jede Menschlichkeit, die keine zarten Bande an Haus und Herd knüpften. Die Nation brachte keine echten Männer mehr hervor. Um die römischen Felder zu bestellen, musste man fremde Völker heranziehen. Der scharfäugige, kraftvolle, arbeitende Freibauer wich dem Sklaven, dem Ackerknecht, dem Paria, dem Menschen, dessen Los man nicht verbessern konnte, da in ihm selbst nicht die Möglichkeit zu eigner Vervollkommnung lag. So wichen schliesslich die Römer der Barbarenwelt." "Die Barbaren

[1] "The empire perished for want of men." SEELEY

brauchten sich bloss anzusiedeln und das Land zu bevölkern." Und dieser Vorgang wird in der Geschichte als Untergang des römischen Reiches bezeichnet.

Kann sich die Geschichte jemals wiederholen? Ja, denn die echte Geschichte wiederholt sich immer. Ist dies nicht der Fall, so haben wir es nicht mit Geschichte, sondern mit einer blossen Aufeinanderfolge von Tatsachen zu thun. Gleiche Ursachen erzeugen gleiche Folgen. Im Leben der Völker wie im Leben der Natur gibt eine karge Aussaat nur eine karge Ernte. Wo Schwächlinge und Feiglinge die Ueberlebenden sind, "ist die Menschenernte schlecht" und wird nie anders als schlecht ausfallen.

Die hervorragendste römische Provinz war Gallien, das meistbegünstigte Land, wo die edelsten Römer, die Franken und Normannen miteinander verschmolzen und aus ihrer Blutmischung ein edles Volk hervorging, dessen angehörige hoffnungsvolle Führer in allen Künsten des Friedens, doch leider auch Anführer in den unheilvollen Kriegskünsten werden.

In der Wiertz-Galerie zu Brüssel befindet sich ein Gemälde aus der Zeit von Waterloo, das "Eine Scene in der Hölle" zum Gegenstand hat. Es stellt den grossen Feldherrn dar, wie er mit übereinandergeschlagenen Armen und unbewegtem Gesicht langsam in das Reich der Schatten hinabsteigt. Vor ihm — den ganzen Hintergrund des Gemäldes erfüllend — sind die Männer, die sein zügelloser Ehrgeiz in die Hölle vorausgeschickt hat. Jeder Gesichtsausdrück und jede Art menschlicher Haltung sind vertreten. Vier Millionen waren es im Ganzen, so erzählt die Geschichte; mehr als die Hälfte aller waren Franzosen. Sie werden natürlich nicht alle auf dem einen Bilde dargestellt; ihre grosse Zahl wird nur angedeutet. Und hinter den Millionen, die uns gezeigt oder bloss angedeutet werden, stehen die Millionen und Milliarden von Menschen, die existieren hätten können und nicht existieren: der unabsehbare erweiternde Keil aller, die man sich als Nachkommen der im Kampfe Gefallenen vorstellen könnte. Die Soldaten der napoleonischen Heere waren makellose Jünglinge, "die Besten, die die Nation hervorgebracht hatte," die als Kanonenfutter verwendet wurden, "um vor Einbruch des Abends wie Gras zertreten zu werden" im Wirbelwind napoleonischer Schlachten. Diese Männer kamen vom Pflug, vom Geschäftsladen, von der Schule; es waren wirklich die

Besten des Volkes. Zuerst, achtzehn- bis fünf und dreissig-jährige Männer, dann später ältere und jüngere. "Je kraftvoller und stärker ein junger Mensch ist, je regelmässiger gebaut, um so grössere Aussicht hat er, durch Flinte und Gewehr, durch Büchsen und andere ähnliche Höllenmaschinen der Zivilisation getötet zu werden." Unter den Kriegern, die Napoleon vernichtete, befand sich "die Elite Europas." "Napoleon sammelte in einer Reihe von Jahren alle hochgewachsenen Burschen und zerstreute sie über viele Schlachtfelder, die folgende Generation bestand meist aus Männern von niedrigerem Wuchs. Und mehr als einmal musste seit Napoleons Zeiten das Militärmass herabgesetzt werden."

Es ist nicht der Krieg allein, aber das ganze Kriegssystem, das gegen Rassenentwickelung wirkt. Im Kriegssystem haben wir einerseits eine gewaltigte Ehelosigkeit und anderseits haben wir die Prostitution. Diese Sünde bringt immer die Ehe zu Uebel und damit das höchste Glück des Lebens.

Spanien ging vor Jahrhunderten am Imperialismus zugrunde. Schon im Jahre 1630 äusserte sich der Augustinermönch La Puente folgendermassen über das Schicksal Spaniens: "Dem Gewinn an bekehrten Heidenseelen stelle ich die Kosten der Armada und die Menschenopfer an Soldaten und Mönchen gegenüber, die man nach den Philippinen geschickt hat; und mir scheint der Verlust grösser als der Gewinn; denn Bergwerke liefern Silber und Wälder liefern Bauholz, aber nur Spanien bringt Spanier hervor, und vielleicht müsste es so viele hergeben, dass es menschenleer und dazu gebracht werden könnte, die Kinder Fremder an Stelle seiner eigenen aufzuziehen." "Das ist Kastilien," sagte ein spanischer Ritter, "es bringt Menschen hervor und vernichtet sie." "Dieses furchtbar erhabene Wort," sagt ein Anderer, "enthält den Inbegriff spanischer Geschichte."

In allen diesen Beziehungen der Entartung, finden wir in England und in Deutschland keine Ausnahme. Deutschland hat manche Tausende tapferen Männer verloren. Andere Tausende, ebenso tauglich, sind vom Vaterland ausgewandert, neue Heimat ohne Kriegssystem zu finden.

Ein Offizier hat neulich gesagt: "Ein anderes Land besitzt ein Heer; das Heer besitzt Deutschland."

Und weiteres sage ich nicht.

Zugleich mit den Wirkungen des Krieges machten sich die

Folgen der Auswanderung bemerkbar. Aber zwischen beiden herrscht doch ein gewaltiger Unterschied: die starken Männer, die aus ihrem Lande auswandern, gehen der Welt nicht verloren. Was ein Teil verliert, gewinnt der andere.

Was hat England durch Krieg und Kolonisation verloren? Um welchen Preis hat England der ganzen Welt den britischen Frieden gegeben? Statistik haben wir nicht genug, aber die Ausrottung der Besten hat ein neues England gelassen, ein England voll Probleme der Entartung, der Armut, von Männern die immer hilflos und hoffnungslos sind.

Wer jemals England bereist hat, wird wissen, um welchen Preis Englands Glanz erreicht wurde. Ueberall in den Kirchen sieht man Gedenktafeln der vor der Zeit dahingerafften jungen Männer, Söhne der Landleute und der Feldbauer, die ihr Leben auf irgend einer unbedeutenden kriegerischen Expedition in fernem Lande lassen mussten. Ihre Gebeine ruhen im Zululand, in Burma, an der Goldküste, in Transvaal, in Indien. In England lebt nur das Gedenken an sie fort. In den Dorfkirchen zählen diese bei Dutzenden, in den Kathedralen bei Tausenden. England hat ihre beste Söhne für Gedenktafeln ausgewechselt; überall wird man solch Gedenktafeln für blühende junge Menschen finden. Welch grosse Vorteile hätte es für England haben können, wenn alle diese "Tapferen" und alle ihre möglichen Nachkommen zu seinen Söhnen gezählt werden könnten!

Man sagt, wir wollen den Frieden um jeden Preis. Nein! aber wir wollen zuerst die Preislist sehen. Der Preis des Krieges ist uns zu hoch. Es kostet hundert tausend Mark für jeden Mann getötet. Und unsere Brüder sterben auch mit ihm.

Ebensoviel kostet der bewaffnete Frieden des Kriegssystems. Den wollen wir auch nicht, weil er keine Sicherheit bringt. Der Friede der Ehre ist billiger, und es ist kein anderer, der dauerhaft ist. Der Preis des Friedens ist wohl wert ihn zu verdienen. Die beste Grenzefestung ist ein zufriedenes Grenzevolk.

Das sagt einmal Cavour: "Mit Bayonetten kann man alles thun—nur nicht darauf zu sitzen." Mit Gewalt schöpft man keinen dauernden Staat.

Und so komme ich zu Ende mit den Wörtern Franklins: "Die Kriegskosten werden nicht in Kriegszeit bezahlt; die Rechnung kommt später!"

F

The Balkans

Here I wish to supplement my main text by a few general considerations which may be of interest. In so doing, I shall assume that the reader knows something of the geography of the region, as also of the "grim, raw races" conquered by the Turks in the fifteenth century, to be subjected through four hundred years to the vicissitudes of Moslem rule, whereby periods of utter neglect alternated with episodes of religious zeal always expressed in terms of massacre.

The catastrophic confusions which have intermittently followed escape from Turkish rule in the last century are in no sense consequences of release; neither are they the result of special racial defects or tendencies. As a whole, the Balkan folk are on a fair level of intelligence and capacity with other Europeans. Thus far, they have never had a fair chance. All of them are better than they seem at a distance, and all better as individuals than gathered into armies or political organizations. Moreover, under Ottoman rule social distinctions were obliterated; noble and peasant found themselves on the same level — at the bottom. This condition made ultimately for democracy, it is true, as no hereditary nobility exists in Bulgaria or Serbia.

Their history has been conditioned on five main elements: (1) emancipation long drawn out, the various districts which gained their freedom at intervals forming separate centers of population and rapidly developing national rivalries; (2) the placing over several of these new states — "the Tsar's small change" — an alien German ruler or Germanized prince trained in the poisonous atmosphere of petty courts; (3) the infesting of their capitals at all times by the secret agents of three unscrupulous dynasties, each offering something offensive or injurious to other states; (4) the weakening of respect for human life through generations of servitude; and finally, (5) the confusion of tongues. As to this last, the Balkan peoples speak at least seven distinct languages, five of them (Slavic, Roumanian, Greek, Hebrew, and Turkish) using different alphabets and with scarcely a linguistic root in common, while along the borders and in the courts six world-tongues (French,

German, English, Russian, Italian, and Spanish) clamor for recognition. Under such conditions racial identity is confused; a man is usually known by the language he speaks, rather than by religion or origin.

Adding to the general complication, two further elements have had their part in creating dissension. In the first place, there are four state hierarchies or churches, each essentially a political organization, and three of them (as indicated in my narrative) little "concerned with either religion or morals." Secondly, under Turkish rule all ancient boundaries were obliterated, and promiscuous migrations resulted in inextricable racial entanglement, especially in Macedonia. There members of each nationality have strayed across the ethnic borders, and Bulgarians, Serbs, Turks, Greeks, Vlachs (Roumanians), and Jews make up the patchwork population. Of these, the Bulgarians occupied most of the uplands and farming districts, the Greeks crowded the seashore, while the Jews were mainly centered in Salonica, still speaking the Spanish dialect of Barcelona, whence their ancestors had been driven

Let us imagine, if we can, that similar conditions had beset our American colonists. Suppose, for instance, that instead of the mild Prussianism of George III, our ancestors had been subjected for four hundred years to a tyranny wholly alien and twenty times as severe and unjust. Suppose further that nine colonies had been at the outset racially divergent — strains being pure in limited districts only, hopelessly confused elsewhere — and speaking many different languages. Assume also that half a century had intervened between the independence of Massachusetts and that of Carolina; that most of the former colonies had in turn been forced to accept a narrow-minded alien as king, with a court infested by secret agents of jealous neighbors; that each state had adopted a system of cutthroat tariffs to injure the others. Under such circumstances, it is easy to see, the United States of America would not soon have risen as a unified republic, whatever its array of Washingtons, Franklins, Hamiltons, and Jeffersons. Union might have come at last, of course; even "the United States of the Balkans" is still in the lap of the gods. But the road to it is a very rocky one, with much distress and calamity ahead.

The secret treaty between Bulgaria and Serbia, dated Febru-

ary 29, 1912, but only recently published,[1] shows clearly that Bulgaria's one interest lay in the liberation of Macedonia, which was to have autonomy, and that the main purpose of Serbia was access to the Adriatic. If, however, both parties found it impracticable to create an independent government in Macedonia, the territory was to be divided between them, the principles governing possible division being laid down with precision. Thus Serbia conceded that the population beyond a line running roughly northeast from Lake Ochrida was predominantly Bulgar, and she made no claim to it. As for the northwestern section of Macedonia, neither nation set up definite pretensions, both agreeing to abide by the arbitrament of the Tsar of Russia.

Greece also joined the alliance, though no treaty concerning her claims has been made public. It was understood, however, that she hoped to acquire Epirus, Thessaly, the Ægean Islands, and perhaps Salonica, but it is said that Venizelos did not covet any territory east of the Struma, as such acquisition would "have no backbone."

The combined attack on Bulgaria (1912) by Serbia, Greece, Roumania, and Turkey was followed by the Treaty of Bucharest (August 6, 1913), "one of the most iniquitous ever conceived, . . . a heartbreaking affair to every one who had hopes of a happier future for the Balkans."[2] But the Treaty of Neuilly (1920) is in every respect still worse, the most indefensible of the series of adjustments following the Treaty of Versailles.[3]

To restore human values, it must be made worth while to live. Where men are free, boundary lines have little importance. As it is, every change is likely to be a new oppression, making

[1] Arthur Bullard, "The Diplomacy of the Great War," page 141.

[2] *Ibid.*, page 146.

[3] In a personal letter to me (1920) Markham condemns the Treaty of Neuilly as "nothing that even approaches a settlement of the Balkan question, and wars must again break out in that corner of Europe. Roumania, Serbia, and Greece are unduly enlarged, and there will be much turmoil before they assimilate their enormous new gains. When a snake is struggling to swallow a toad or a rabbit, he can be attacked to good advantage. Bulgaria, unified in spirit by a single national aim and burning with consuming hatred, is watching three such serpents as they hiss and writhe, and awaits her time to attack. And Europe tries to prevent this by allowing Serbia to plant her cannon on more Bulgarian mountains! Europe solves the Macedonian problem by shoving Bulgarian bayonets ten miles farther from the Macedonian Railway!"

way for new injustices and laying the foundation of new revenges. Unrest and hatred are largely the result of past injustice. For this there are two lines of remedy — either to remove the original cause, or to heal it by fresh conciliation. Balkan governments in general have tried neither the one nor the other. Should they do so, the results would be surprising. With equality before the law and interchangeable citizenship, questions of boundary and allegiance would have little importance.

As a matter of fact, absolute justice in frontier rearrangements is impossible in districts as confused as Macedonia, but the rights of the people should be everywhere paramount to the rights of states.

G

To the Scholars, Writers, and Artists of Great Britain and Germany

During the past weeks various documents signed by distinguished writers, scholars, and artists have come to this country from Great Britain and Germany setting forth the British and the German attitude, respectively, towards the appalling inter-European war. We may refer more specifically to the declaration of British authors, signed by fifty-four leading writers, the widely published statements of the departments of History of the Universities of Cambridge and of Oxford; the detailed statement of the German side issued by a committee which includes the names of distinguished men and women in public life in Germany, the appeal of the German theologians and the answer of the English theologians, both documents issued in the names of the most eminent representatives of religious thought of all shades in the two countries, and lastly the "Appeal to the Civilized World" signed by ninety-three of the most distinguished representatives of literature, scholarship, and art in Germany. The main purpose of each of these documents, apparently, is to secure the sympathy and good will of the American people for the side represented. In view of this and of the prominent positions occupied by the signers of these documents, we, representing various phases of literary and scientific activity in the United States, deem it proper to set forth, as our reply, some part of what we have reason to believe is the American point of view toward the war.

We deplore the outbreak of hostilities among the cultural nations of Europe and regard this dreadful war as a crime against civilization. We believe that "a war between civilized peoples is as insane as it is foul and evil." We wish most emphatically to voice our bitter disappointment that the expressed provisions of the second Hague Conference have been passed by with scarcely a suggestion as to the possibility of submitting the differences to the Hague Tribunal. In so far, we consider that the nations involved failed in their primary duty in the interests of humanity to avoid the horrible carnage which is resulting from the methods actually pursued.

Waiving all discussion of the causes of the war and of the

methods by which it has been carried on (matters of great importance but not relevant to our present purpose and concerning which the undersigned maintain very definite but somewhat varying opinions), we unite in the hope that there may be devised means of bringing the conflict to a speedy end in an honorable and lasting peace. To this end we urge you to work toward some form of truce which will enable representatives of the warring nations and of the neutral nations to come together at The Hague for a rational discussion of their differences and a settlement which shall be just and fair and therefore permanent.

The American people is pledged to ideals of peace and law. Our nation has recently entered into an agreement with about thirty sovereign states to submit any difficulties that may in the future arise to a high commission for preliminary investigation, leading to a court of arbitration. Imbued with the conviction that an appeal to violence and force as a means of settling difficulties among nations is incompatible with the ideals of modern civilization, we would urge in the most emphatic manner, to those who have asked for our sympathy, that in order to secure it they should exert their influence to induce their respective governments to accept the suggestion here set forth.

Make the attempt to induce the European governments to settle their differences by an appeal to methods that are in conformity with the spirit of the age. The nation which refuses to accede to such an appeal, made in the name of suffering humanity, must bear the grievous responsibility of unnecessarily prolonging the war, a responsibility scarcely less than that involved in bringing it on.

Morris Jastrow
David Starr Jordan
Edwin Grant Conklin
Joseph Swain

Philadelphia,
November 6, 1914

H

Joint Telegram to Wilson and Carranza
July 4, 1916

El licenciado Luis Manuel Rojas y el doctor David Starr Jordan, miembros de la Asamblea Pacifista, formada por ciudadanos de los Estados Unidos de Norte América y de la República Mexicana, sin representación oficial de ninguno de los Gobiernos de ambos países; pero reunidos por iniciativa de la Unión Antimilitarista de Washington y por sentimientos elevados de humanidad, con el deseo vehemente y leal de evitar una guerra entre los Estados Unidos y México, para la que no hay un motivo o causas verdaderas y la que, una vez comenzada sería de consecuencias desastrosas e incalculables para uno y otro pueblo, pedimos atenta y respetuosamente a Usted, Señor don Venustiano Carranza, Primer Jefe del Ejército Constitucionalista, Encargado del Poder Ejecutivo de la Nación Mexicana, se sirva disponer lo conveniente a fin de que las tropas mexicanas eviten cualquier encuentro armado con las fuerzas de la "expedición punitiva", durante el término de diez días, entretanto que esta Asamblea formula y tendrá el honor de presentar a la respetable consideración de Usted, una sugestión seria que, a nuestro juicio, como hombres de buena fe y después de meditado estudio, soluciona la única dificultad real que ha dado lugar a la presente situación, dejando a cubierto la dignidad y el honor de ambos países. Un mensaje con petición semejante enviamos al Señor Woodrow Wilson, Presidente de los Estados Unidos de Norte América.

Por la Paz, la Constitución y la Reforma
Washington, D. C., Julio 4 de 1916.
(Firmado) David Starr Jordan—Luis Manuel Rojas.

I

The Passing of Don Luis

(Extracts from "The Unpopular Review," Vol. VIII, No. 15, July, 1917, page 157[1]*)*

Not long since, in the "Hotel Paso del Norte" on the Rio Grande, the writer saw a gray little man, courteous and unobtrusive, plainly a "gentleman," and as plainly not at home in El Paso.

Three years ago and more, Don Luis Terrazas ruled without question over a tract larger than our smaller states, over six million acres from mountain to plain, fifty miles across — or maybe sixty, for the Don never measured it and he does not stand on trifles. On this enormous holding thousands of people, his devoted servants and employees, worked for him patiently after their fashion at a few — a very few — *centavos* a day. Their food and clothes they bought at the *hacienda* store, and their debts amounted to more than their wages. Among them, therefore, the inheritance passed on from father to son was one of indebtedness only, swelling from generation to generation, *and never to be lifted.* Citizens of a republic in name, they were slaves in fact under a social system inherited from medieval Spain and older than any existing republic.

On the great *rancho* they lived in squalor and ignorance. No schools were provided, and their religious teachers felt it unsafe that they should think for themselves. Strong drink tended to stupefy them, and a scanty diet garnished with red pepper, cigarettes, and black coffee does not stimulate efficiency; efficiency, moreover, had never been for them a racial ideal. And to leave the *rancho* to better oneself was impossible, it being the height of discourtesy for one landowner to employ the former servants of another. Thus to step out of his place made the peon an outlaw. The mountains around have long swarmed with fugitives — "bandits," "brigands," "patriots," "*caballeros*," in the changing terminology of the times.

Justice lay in the hands of Don Luis alone; his it was to pardon or to punish. Men without ambition, living only in

[1] With a few verbal changes.

the present hour, are easily tempted to steal. A thief is a nuisance; a rifle ball, therefore, and no questions asked. No court of appeal, either, from Don Luis the *alcalde!*

Those who know that region say that the hospitable Terrazas represents "the very best element in the nation." . . . And some say also that a million high-minded and cultured men and women of Spanish descent cannot in justice be controlled by fourteen millions of Indians and halfbreeds, illiterate, superstitious, violent, and impecunious.

. . . But the day of great estates and mighty concessions, for natives as well as for foreigners, is over. Men of culture must lend a hand to build up the state. They must take their part in the new free schools springing up everywhere as the war spirit subsides, even as fresh grass follows a prairie fire. They must meet taxation and even expropriation in the interest of the common good, for the huge, half-occupied feudal estates must necessarily be turned over to groups of small farmers. They must be content to see pass the régime of Porfirio Diaz with its semblance of order resting on force, affection, chicane, and the interwoven interests of foreign capitalists. They must find their place in the coming republic, crude, unsteady, pleasure-loving, bloody at times, but having within itself the germs of real democracy.

Is there hope in military intervention? No, a thousand times no! We would not, we *could* not restore the medieval past with its reckless concessions to foreigners, its arbitrary control at home, its persistent maintenance of ignorance, poverty, superstition, and disease. Intervention has a very different meaning to different people. To Don Luis, as to many — not all — of the foreign concessionaries, it means simply "the last chance." To the exploiters, native and foreign, and especially to the noisy swarm of agents along the Rio Grande, it means "easy money." To the devoted friends of civilization in Mexico, those on whom its future must depend, it means conquest, annexation, the loss of national existence, and a legacy of undying hate.

Revolution is the historic means by which the serf of Europe has gained freedom. Present conditions in Mexico are a survival of the system of old Spain. In the first Revolution, the

Mexicans freed themselves politically but not socially. By freedom we mean the right to make the most of one's body and brain, and to direct the process himself. For the differences between the *científico* and the peon, between educated and illiterate in Mexico as in medieval Europe, are not wholly matters of blood or brains. They are in part questions of "nurture" rather than "nature." With equality of opportunity present differences will tend to disappear. With education, however, still greater ones will arise, corresponding, not as now to hereditary caste, but to fundamental qualities of mind and character. Under more favorable conditions, a crude, bloody, and forceful Villa might become a real leader of men. No one can guess the human possibilities buried beneath illiteracy in Mexico.

Revolution is never a pleasant thing. It is unjust, undiscriminating. We have been taught to look on its excesses with horror — while the vastly more terrible incidents of war — of any kind of war — are invested in our minds with a sort of dignity. This is a part of the age-long superstition which justifies killing when performed on a large scale with the sanction of the state and the blessing of the church.

In the year 1791, James Mackintosh, having in view the bloody atrocities of the French Revolution, wrote as follows:

> The massacres of war, and the murders committed by the sword of Justice, are disguised by the solemnities which invest them. But the wild justice of the people has a naked and undisguised horror. Its slightest assertion awakens all our indignation, while murder and rapine, if arrayed in the gorgeous disguise of acts of state, may with impunity stalk abroad.[1]

One may not like the methods of the Revolution, and can imagine much better ways of reaching the desired results. But armed intervention is not a good way. To bring security and order does not demand more killing, nor the restoration by force of former conditions. It is not for us to hand back to Don Luis his lost *hacienda*. "Too long," says Professor Seeck, "too long have historians looked on the rich and noble as determining the fate of the world." Neither is it our duty to restore to the religious orders, either "charitable" or "contemplative," the lands and privileges forfeited to the state

[1] "Defence of the French Revolution," page 88.

under Benito Juarez's "Law of Reform." *Clericos* as well as *científicos* must take their chances in the revolt for which their own blindness is largely responsible. We cannot assume that the inordinate concessions held in New York and London, secured from Porfirio Diaz in his senile days . . . are valid titles to be sealed with the blood of our young men.

The American public in general regards as all of one piece the Revolution against unbearable conditions, the anarchy brought on by the Revolution (and which it has thus far failed to subdue), and the ignorance, poverty, and injustice for which it sought a remedy. Revolt is never law-abiding; in its appeal to higher law it lifts the lid from society. When traditional or conventional restraints are dissolved, injustice and robbery are likely to ensue. But once under way, revolution must go forward. No backward movement by whomsoever led or supported could endure. . . . The era of Porfirio Diaz has gone forever. Mexico could no more return to it than France to the régime of Napoleon III. The Mexican people will secure peace only by deserving it, and to this end military force, their own or any other, can contribute very little. Bandit violence, however mischievous, is merely a feature of transition — not the Revolution itself, but a temporary, though hideous, excrescence upon it.

J

The "Holocaust" at El Paso, March 6, 1916

(Letters from a Former Federal Official)

Here is the "bone" of the holocaust. The City Fathers ordered the prisoners in the City Jail bathed in gasoline. Also that a tub of gasoline be used to dip all clothing of the prisoners. The work, it seems, was left to "trusties." The prisoners were about ⅓ Americans and ⅔ Mexicans. When the air in that part of the jail was thoroughly saturated, an American "dope fiend" struck a match to light a cigarette. You know the result. Some of the burning victims escaped to the street. One, at least, reached the river. It was said he crossed to Juarez. Anyway, the report spread among the Mexicans on both sides that the Americans officially rounded up the Mexicans, saturated them with gasoline and set them on fire intentionally. Three days later, Columbus! There were nearly as many Americans dead as Mexicans. You have the concrete facts. You can make your own deductions.

. . . I know of no report of a telegram purporting to be from Villa to Gen. Pershing, but I do know that Gen. Gavira of Juarez warned the American army three days before the Columbus raid. And I do know that it was in the El Paso papers two days in advance of the raid. And I am reliably informed that the troops at Columbus were armed with ten rounds each for two days and that they were disarmed the day previous to the raid, with guns and ammunition locked up. I know that the "news" went over Mexico that El Paso had rounded up the Mexicans and had burned them in a bath of oil! And the ill-treatment of the Mexicans here and the indignities they suffered at the international bridge by being *kicked* and cuffed back into Mexico by the El Paso police was enough to anger any people on earth. That went on for months.

I am of the opinion that the Carranzistas, Huertistas, and Orozquistas had as much to do with the Columbus raid as the Villistas. I have been as reliably informed that Villa was in Baracas Venezuela at that date as that he was in Columbus

or 25 miles north of Chihuahua City the morning after Columbus — over 200 miles away! Five Americans say they saw him near Laguna, north of Chihuahua. One woman who did not know him before said he brought her a prisoner to Columbus. He was pointed out to her as "Villa." I don't know where he was. But if he ever talks and was at Columbus, he will say so. I never knew him to lie except to deceive his enemy in war.

(*Letter from Herbert H. Thompson, a Stanford journalist stationed at El Paso*)

I enclose summary of the facts relating to the jail holocaust of last year, as I got them from newspaper files and newspaper reporters I talked with. If there is any particular point on which you would like additional information, please let me know.

That the Mexicans of Juarez could have believed the El Paso police guilty of a deliberate crime in this connection, is significant. But what the police have done here, the Texas Rangers have done all down the line. Again, fights between rival bands of Mexican and American cattle rustlers are a cause of race hatred. It looks to me as if one of the main things needed in the cause of peace between Mexico and this country is an effective border patrol by a semi-military body similar to the Canadian mounted police, composed of men endowed with a sense of fairness and justice as well as physical bravery. Mexicans commit their crimes on our side of the line, but too often merely in retaliation.

Villa raided Columbus in the early morning of March 9.

The connection between the El Paso jail holocaust and the Villa raid is based on report and inference.

It is a fact that Villa's partisans in El Paso believed that Villa intended to give himself up to the American authorities, that Villa's presence near Columbus was given wide publicity and that the military authorities did not believe it necessary to take any unusual precautions against the possibility of a raid on Columbus. It is also a fact that the report spread through Juarez, and thence through Mexico, that Mexicans had been thrown into the El Paso jail, soaked with oil, and set on fire by the El Paso police as an act of race hatred. There is a

story that Villa heard the report and threatened to "make a torch" of every American he could catch. At any rate, the belief that the holocaust inspired the raid is widespread in El Paso.

Nothing has ever been done to fix responsibility for the jail tragedy, although Mayor Tom Lea promised an investigation and the Grand Jury took the matter up in several meetings. The excuse commonly given is that an investigation would do no more than implicate some prisoner for carelessness, and public interest waned as the danger of a clash with Carranza increased.

The list of dead printed a couple of days after the fire showed thirteen Mexicans and eight Americans. This list later totaled twenty-seven. The prisoners were held on minor charges, largely vagrancy, and some had no charges lodged against them, being arrested as suspicious characters. The Americans were tramps.

It appears that the prisoners were warned not to strike any matches in the room where they were put through the lice-killing bath as a preventive against typhus.

(*Extracts from Pamphlet entitled "Who, Where, and Why Is Villa?" by Dr. A. Margo, and published by the Latin-American News Association*)

On the sixth of March, just three days before the Columbus raid took place, there was a little report in the press that could hardly be noticed. In a few lines we read on that day that eighteen Mexicans, who had been admitted as immigrants to this country, were put in jail in El Paso, Texas, where they were put through the customary requirements of taking a bath in gasoline. While going through with this process, the tanks caught fire and the Mexicans were burned to death, while the cells were locked up. The mayor of the city of El Paso announced that the whole thing was an unavoidable accident and that nobody was to blame. These kinds of accidents happen pretty often to Mexicans in Texas, and it was just as unavoidable as the lighting of a cigarette. The people in that part of the country were quite stirred up and no doubt

this had a great deal to do in exasperating some of those who took part in the raid, but they were not conscious that they were being made the dupes for the benefit of parties who were looking for an excuse to invade the country. At any rate it had the desired effect: the people were put in a mood in which they were ready to consent to the invasion of Mexico. The cry went up immediately, "On to Mexico, catch Pancho Villa, dead or alive." It was evident to those who knew what was behind the whole thing, that the man whom they pretended to be trying to capture would never be caught. For obviously a culprit cannot be caught where he is not.

People who were acquainted with the situation knew that Pancho Villa was not in Chihuahua at the time the invasion of Mexico was undertaken and furthermore that the man has not been there in all this time that he is supposed to be pursued by the American army. In the first place it is disclosed that the raid on Columbus was premeditated, that the American commanders on the border had knowledge of the attempt at least a week in advance, and that they could have prevented the raid if they had been interested in so doing.

The town of Columbus is situated in the middle of a desert, and no considerable body of forces could march toward that place without being noticed in ample time to prevent their doing any damage. Everybody in that neighborhood seemed to know that was going to happen. In the reports of the papers of that date the facts leaked out that passengers on the east-bound train were told of the raid by American soldiers twenty-four hours before the raid happened, in the station of Hachita, New Mexico, which is a few miles west of Columbus. When they arrived in Columbus nothing had occurred, but it happened just as it had been foretold to them, twenty-four hours after they had left the place.

The newspaper syndicate owned by Mr. Hearst seemed to be as sure of the occurrence as if it had been a moving-picture drama for which all the preparations had been made, for he sent special telegraph operators to flash the news throughout the country, and they were so sure that this was coming off that his papers, in Chicago at least, were giving the news of the raid a day in advance.

K

Letter to Senator Dresselhuys

Hotel Tacoma
Tacoma, Washington, U. S. A.
September 30, 1918

H. C. Dresselhuys,
Second Chamber of the Dutch Parliament,
The Hague, Netherlands.

In response to your kind request, I herewith enclose a formal statement. I may also add that great as is the desire for peace in this country I should hesitate to advise an attempt at mediation of the form indicated by you, because at the present time it would not be likely to prove successful.

I have great sympathy with the purposes indicated in your valued letter and I am sure that mediation on the part of the government of the Netherlands is most natural and desirable. But I am forced to doubt whether the special proposals would achieve the desired result.

The people of this nation, as of all others, are longing eagerly for peace. By peace, however, they do not mean mere cessation of hostilities. They demand such solution of the European anarchy as will put an end to international war.

To some minds this involves a crushing of the Central Powers. To others it waits on the awakening of the German people, their recognition of the truth that they have been betrayed by their own leaders, also that their national organization, civil and military, constitutes a perpetual menace to their neighbors. This menace rests especially in the fact that in Germany neither the people nor their representatives can do anything contrary to the will of the King of Prussia. Peculiarly dangerous is the adjustment whereby the German army ceases to be a national army, but is rather the personal bodyguard or perquisite of the Kaiser. Furthermore, its officers are for the most part drawn from a hereditary, privileged caste over which the people have no control. It is manifest that no league of nations can be composed of self-governing or more or less democratic groups on the one hand, with on the other an autocratic ruler responsible to no one, who does not scruple to use his military power as an asset in trade.

The first elements in enduring peace are mutual confidence and common obedience to law. At the present time, the world does not trust the government of Germany, either its own good intentions or its power to resist the intrigues of the "Alldeutschtum Verband" and similar societies devoted to a policy of aggression.

With no especial right to speak, it seems to me impossible for my country to consider any peace terms as yet proffered by Germany and Austria.

In brief, these offers all begin substantially with the formula: "Whereas, we are victorious in the war which was forced upon us." If these words express the actual opinion of the Germans, peace is still far away. If they represent merely a diplomatic formula, we must wait until the German people is brave enough to repudiate these singular combinations of bluster and whining.

Whatever the victories of the Central Powers, they are only partial and temporary and have little bearing on the final result. Moreover, if they were apparently decisive, it would simply force the Allies, and especially America, to redoubled efforts. For the people of this continent will never permit any further extension of dynastic control. They will not consent to the acquisition of territory or indemnities by the Central Powers under any pretext whatever.

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the invasion of Belgium made German victory wholly impossible.

Moreover, again, the world will not for a moment accept the grotesque plea that this war was forced on the Central Powers by any ruler or state or combination of states. That assertion, which nobody can believe, belies all claim of sincerity.

Furthermore, as already indicated, a league of peace must be a grouping of free peoples, not a replica of the disastrous Holy Alliance of the last century. And to imagine Imperial Germany the leader in such a league (as recently suggested by a German Chancellor) would involve an incongruity beyond the range of democratic conception.

So far as Belgium, Serbia, Armenia, and Alsace-Lorraine are concerned, the words of Ulrich von Hutten, spoken four hundred years ago, are still pertinent: "There can never be peace between the robber and the robbed until the stolen goods are returned." We are not yet assured that the German

government really proposes to restore Belgium or to evacuate France, as a moral duty of any sort. The idea that these districts are to be held as pawns with which to barter at the peace table is detestable.

The dismemberment of Austria-Hungary is not, I take it, an absolute purpose of the United States. But it is inconceivable that a nation can endure established on the basis of the gross inequality before the law characteristic of this empire "*de convenance*" under the Hapsburg dynasty.

It is clear also that the Brest-Litovsk treaties cannot be recognized by the civilized world, as they offer no basis on which an orderly self-governing Russia can be built up, either as a whole or in separate parts. The principle of federated equality seems to be the only one which can bring final peace to Austria-Hungary, to the Russias, or to the Balkans. But the world as yet sees no indication that the Hohenzollerns or the Hapsburgs, any more than the Romanoffs, are willing to recognize the fundamental principle that the state belongs to its people, and not primarily to its hereditary ruler.

So far as the German colonies are concerned, it is my own belief that they should not be retained by any of the Allied powers, but that they with other regions should pass into the control of Joint High Commissions devoted to their development in equal relation to the commerce of all countries. However, it is impossible to overlook the fact that German colonial administration has not in the past considered the rights or the feelings of native peoples, and that negro slavery, elsewhere happily abolished, has lingered too long in unfortunate districts under German control.

Personally I believe that no official economic war will follow the conflict of arms. It is true, however, that individual buyers in free countries will continue to control their own trade. The war methods as well as the trade methods of Germany have startled and alarmed the world. If the present influences remain dominant, it will be a generation before one American in twenty will buy any article whatever known to be of German origin. This condition is not a phase of international hate that may soon pass. It is rather a sort of painful disillusionment, a permanent feeling verging on contempt, in view of the base composition and still baser uses of the famed German efficiency.

Appendix K

The "monarchial order" established in Germany by the hard but firm hand of Bismarck has been perverted to trivial and contemptible ends by the present rulers. Popular government of some sort must rise in Germany before she can take any place in the sisterhood of nations.

The conditions under which Europe may have peace have been clearly stated by President Wilson. To this one may add that he means exactly what he says, and frank acceptance would bring peace tomorrow. But this result must be no matter of give and take, conquests balanced against conquests. It must be established in the general interest of human welfare. And in this matter the United States has no selfish purposes, nor will it support such on the part of others.

L

Lammasch's Efforts for Peace[1]

For many months Dr. Lammasch had urged the Emperor Karl to lead in the "transmutation of the empire into a Confederation" after the fashion of Switzerland, with a constitutional monarchy, the states themselves becoming self-governing democracies. The future of Austria in his judgment lay in cooperation, not with Prussia[2] but with Italy, — and afterward with England and the United States. This view Karl was brought to accept in 1917 through the influence of Lammasch and Förster; and the details of a plan to end the war by the withdrawal of Austria were then discussed at Château Hofgut in Switzerland, the home at the time of Dr. Mühlon. This meeting was arranged by Dr. de Jong van Beek en Donk, the efficient secretary of the "Organisation Centrale." To Herron, Lammasch declared that "the fate of the world depended upon the building of a golden bridge between Vienna and Washington. . . . If Prussia should win—certainly the world would be spiritually lost; the materialization of Europe if not of America would inevitably follow. On the other hand, if the war went on to a mere military victory of the Allies great disasters would follow. . . . Faith in the triumph of the Wilson idea would but turn upon and rend its supporters. . . . The actual and inevitable choice lay between his proposed golden bridge and an ultimate European society become a hybrid of Bolshevism and supercapitalism."

In February, 1918, Lammasch accurately predicted the present condition of Europe and the present policy of France as the inevitable logic of an unqualified Allied military triumph. His "whole faith in a better future for the nations was staked upon the insistency of Wilson's program and personal action. In thus supporting the policy of Wilson he was acting as no mere Austrian patriot or statesman, but as the lover of humanity which his long and devoted career had already proved him to

[1] Condensed from an article by Dr. George D. Herron in a memorial volume, "Heinrich Lammasch, seine Aufzeichnungen, seine Wirken und seine Politik," by his daughter, Marga Lammasch, and Hans Sperl.

[2] Lammasch always spoke of Prussia in this connection, never of Germany, whose interests were being wrecked by her Prussian overlords.

be." He believed that the Emperor was whole-heartedly in sympathy with his work and he was also supported therein by his clever and forcible consort, the Empress Zita.

The details of Lammasch's plans for the withdrawal of Austria-Hungary from alliance with Prussia and her reconstruction as a federated state need not be repeated here. In answer to the question as to whether America would be permitted to dictate as to the interior condition of the Austrian Empire, Lammasch replied: "We will not only permit you, we will embrace you. If President Wilson will but make conditions of peace more explicit, so far as we of Austria are concerned, we will accept them. We will then confront Germany with the demand that she make peace accordingly. And Germany dare not refuse. If she refuse, then Bavaria and Württemberg, probably all South Germany, will join us. Thus the refusal of Berlin will result in the instant breaking up of the German Empire. Even if the Emperor failed, his failure would constitute a sacrifice that would be vicarious and thence universally redemptive."

Though the meetings were secret, spies reported that peace negotiations were in the air. "Count Czernin hurried with his suspicions to Berlin. And Berlin served what was practically an ultimatum on Vienna. Kaiser Karl wavered and then failed. . . . Alas, instead of the end of the war in a moral victory redemptive of the world, Lammasch became the last Prime Minister of the Empire and sorrowfully performed its liquidation.

"No one ever knew him who did not regard him with affection and reverence. I do not know of having previously met a man whom I so instantly revered. . . . I knew myself to be indeed in the presence of one of the purest souls, one of the truest seers, one of the altogether noblest and wisest of men yet remaining on the earth. He went out in what was to him the dusk of civilization, the dusk before the deepest night that has ever settled down upon historic humanity."

M

A Few Tributes on the Author's Seventieth Birthday

To make any choice from among the many declarations of loyalty and warm esteem contained in telegrams, unofficial letters, and messages received on January 19, 1921, seems quite impossible. I have in consequence limited my selections to a few of those of more formal nature.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

January 13, 1921

Dear Doctor Jordan:

On the occasion of your seventieth birthday, permit me, in behalf of the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum, to offer my congratulations as well as thanks for your faithful coöperation during half a century.

For fully fifty years you have labored for the high ideals expressed by the Founder of this Institution in the words — "Increase and diffusion of knowledge among men" — and for nearly the same period your work has been in close association with the Institution and its staff.

Your work has also been intimately connected with the National Museum since its organization as such, and your scientific papers are among the most valued contributions to the Museum's publications from its very first volume to the latest. Your early associations were with Baird, Gill, Brown Goode, and Tarleton Bean, and your name will go down in the Museum's history linked with theirs. No wonder we have always regarded you as one of us, and we know that this sentiment is being reciprocated by you.

As a slight token of my appreciation of your services to science and to the Museum, may I not ask you to accept the designation as Honorary Associate in Zoölogy?

Trusting that you may be spared for many more years to continue your work, I am

Very truly yours,

Charles D. Walcott,
Secretary

DEAR DOCTOR JORDAN:

On this Seventieth Anniversary of your Birth your Friends in the Office of *The Call* wish to Assure you of their

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS:

The time will surely come when men will look back and wonder — not wholly able to understand the blindness of the age in which you lived. In the most desperate period of the world's history you had the courage to believe that men, deep in their hearts, really wanted most what they seemed to want least. While the world was at war you continued to have faith in the blessing and wisdom of peace.

Learned scholar, understanding teacher, brave idealist, you were of the small and suffering band of men who labored to keep humanity a little above the level of the beast, while all their fellows sank deeper and deeper into madness.

You might have struck your banners — with apparent honor; you chose to fight onward — to apparent defeat. And so, on the Seventieth anniversary of your birth, you may truthfully look back on your life and know that you have made of it a lasting and inspiring success. Most men have more claim on reverence at birth than at any other moment in their lives. It is part of your strength that on this day, when you span the allotted threescore years and ten, you are more deserving than ever of the love and reverence of your friends, who in their own selfishness wish for you many more years of life.

FREMONT OLDER
WARREN W. BROWN
JOHN J. CONNOLLY
FRANK I. NOON
KATHLEEN RUSSELL
C. E. KUNZE
J. D. VAN BECKER
MARSHALL MASLIN
ELENORE MEHEREN
JOHN C. ANGENS
E. J. GOUGH
EUGENE B. BLOCK
ALLAN MCEVAN
ELFORD EDDY
HALE M. SHIELDS
LOUISE M. O'HARA
ALMA M. S. REED
CORA OLDER
CARL HOFFMAN
JOS. MARRON
EDGAR T. GLEESON
JOHN D. BARRY
JACOB L. ADLER
R. W. HARWOOD
MIRIAM MICHELSON
EVELYN WELLS
JOHN BLACK
MARY D'ANTONIO

Greetings to Dr. Jordan on His Seventieth Birthday from Stanford's Resident Alumnæ

Though each successive Class-Day weeps a tear
  At partings imminent, farewells to say,
  "Each one of us, alas! must go his way —
Tomorrow, Stanford will not find us here!"
A kindlier fate has favored, year by year,
  A few of us, permitting us to stay,
  And each to weave her life, as best she may
Into the Stanford pattern she holds dear.

And since you, too, most happily remain
  Close to the heart of all that you have wrought,
We still can greet you ever and again,
  And feel each meeting with a blessing fraught.
Because your presence keeps us young, we bring,
With love and thanks, the fairest blooms of Spring![1]

Alice Kimball

El Padre

They bade him to the Land of Gold and Rain,—
  Set to his hand a place of tile and stone;
  They sent him youth that he should train to own
The worth of Heaven and the Greater Spain.

And youth that went across the earth and sea
  To work, to love, to death, to dream and deed,
  Bore in their hearts the Padre's secret creed
Learned in his sun-blessed Mission of the Tree —

That neither stone nor book nor padre even,
  Well though they play their dedicated part,
  But the bell ringing in his heart of heart,
Leadeth a man through service to his Heaven.

So on this morn that marks the years that pass,
  From all the hillsides where his children be,
  Swung on the winds he taught us to call free, —
The deep bells in our hearts ring out his Mass.

Dare Stark

[1] Referring to the beautiful floral offering to accompany which the verses were written.

On a Portrait of David Starr Jordan at the Age of Twenty-one

Such were his features clear and frank,
His mildly penetrating glance,
Before Time scarred the surface blank
With lines of grave significance.

Time found in that unwrinkled brow
An outline for the work he planned:
Compare the living portrait now
As fashioned by the master-hand!

Where just the promise of a soul
Began to dawn upon the face,
Time traced deep lines of self-control,
And toil, and thought, — but nothing base.

To set high light in bold relief
Time plunged the background in eclipse;
So out of gloom and bitter grief
Brighten sweet smiles upon the lips.

Darkly did Time the face enshroud
And characters of pain disclose:
At set of sun the heaviest cloud
Is flushed with orange and with rose.

Since, in long process of the sun,
The pencil traced no lines amiss,
Time bids you, now that all is done,
"Look on this picture, and on this!"

Time, craftsman tacit and aloof,
Who crosses many a hopeful plan,
Here gives the paradox approof,
"The child is father of the man";

For here the shy prelusive grace
That often withers, scarce unfolded,
Pervades the whole benignant face
By seventy winters carved and molded.

Melville Best Anderson

For the Nineteenth of January, 1921

To David Starr Jordan on His Seventieth Birthday

This is the glad day when
One of the world's great men
Has rounded out his threescore years and ten;
And we awhile would pause
Upon so fair a cause
To add our tribute to a world's applause.

Words are so poor and cold
We leave our love untold
Except when privileged moments make us bold;
Now we at last can say
The word that silent lay
Deep down within our hearts for many a day.

We pay the honor due
The man of world-wide view,
The scholar, leader, poet, prophet, who
Had but to speak the word
And every heart was stirred,
And every eye looked up, and all the nations heard.

But we his friends who know
The genial human glow,
The kindly humor those clear eyes can show,
We value more the name
Of friend than all his fame!
To him who never stopped for praise or blame,

But did the thing he knew
Was right and just and true,
If not in men's, yet pleasing in God's view;
To him our best we bring
When we no praises sing,
But make our love our simple offering.

Yet in his fame we dare
To claim our humbler share;
All he has done to make the world more fair
A borrowed glory lends
To us, his loyal friends;
And to us, too, his call to serve extends.

Scholar, who in the time
Of Science's golden prime,
When from neglect she rose to heights sublime —
He came in her best age
And proved his heritage
By adding luster to her brightest page.

Leader, whose growing years
With Stanford's hopes and fears
Kept measure till his triumphs dried her tears —
Teacher of teachers he,
Molder of men to be
The carriers of our country's victory.

Poet, whose wit can range
From tales of wonder strange
To God's great laws of truth and time and change —
Though seventy and still growing,
On us he's now bestowing
The written record of a life worth knowing.

Prophet, whose victories
Are those of love and peace —
How shall we thank him that when wrongs increase
He falters not, nor ever
Turns from his high endeavor
Malice from justice, right from revenge to sever?

Scholar and leader too,
Poet and prophet true,
"What shall we say" for him? What can we do?
God keep him well and strong,
God grant him to live long,
This champion of right, — this challenger of wrong!

HENRY DAVID GRAY

N

The Author Addresses His Friend

To Melville Best Anderson, on the Completion of His and Dante's "Divina Commedia"

L'INFERNO

The poet's cunning art

Two poets only write in Terza Rima,
And on their trail I follow hard today.
Hard, I repeat, for 'tis a crafty scheme — a
Plan to promote an everflowing lay,
For there's no way to stop when all is said;
The wildering triplets writhe on ceaselessly.

Dante in Florence

But wait, I have a most congenial Thema, —
My welcome task a fragrant wreath to lay,
And I must hasten lest its perfume shed.
A scene historic clings in memory;
By Arno's bank, six centuries agone,
A poet stood in noble dignity,
A crown of Laurel o'er his graying hair
And at his feet the Mighty of the Day!
With sainted Beatrice bending down,
Embrasured in celestial balcony!

Anderson at Palo Alto

My rôle though humble is yet most sincere, —
In loving friendship, trust me, it is done;
Though Pennyroyal mine, instead of Bay,
I venture where mere angels fear to tread,
And on your brow I wreathe it, Anderson!

IL PURGATORIO

The monotonous delta

I mind me of a broadly ample plain —
Its undulations stretching far and wide —
Verdant beneath revivifying rain,
Yet undistinguished all; from side to side,
Amidst fatiguing uniformity,
Mole-hill and ant-hill petty men have tried
To build as if in futile rivalry.

Lo, in the distance rises broad and tall
Father Nile scatters largess (By storied Nilus sprawling turbidly)
A giant massive which the sages call
The Pyramid of Cheops, unexcelled
In its chaste grandeur, overtopping all,
Which through the æons men have ever held
The emblem of perfection. Let it be
A symbol of the homage we may yield
Dullness is dismal To Genius on the plains of Poesy,
Midst mole- and ant-hill poetasters planned,
The Dismalcy of Mediocrity!

Thus towering Dante, in whose austere hand
Divinest secrets all unveiled lie,
As from a dominating pyramid
The all-seeing poet sees all Looks down upon each flitting century,
And nothing from his searchant gaze is hid;
Ecstatic visions granted him alone!
Far glimpses of the Everlasting Love!

Italia, O Italia, tu che hai il don funeste della beltà! But "syllables that breathe of the Sweet South,"
A speech our race has not inherited,
Are ill-befitting to a Northern mouth;
His inmost meaning to us all unknown
Or felt but vaguely till to him we climb, —
I must learn Tuscan one of these days No slight adventure, for we find, in truth,
Acute the angles, smooth the polished stone
Wrought in firm masonry of triple rhyme.

IL PARADISO

A great adventure To thee, my friend, the lifelong task was given
To lift us to the apex where alone
Is held the key to open Hell and Heaven;
A staircase hast thou builded, broad and fair
Of rough-hewn blocks of Saxon granite riven,
On which we climb through circumambient air
A great reward O'er ant-hill, mole-hill, toward the very stars,
Where in far lucent azure swims the vast
Perspective of great Dante's Universe!

A Mutual Friend Addresses Both

JORDAN AND ANDERSON [1]

Ithaca — Palo Alto

From the young vine the tendrils reach
  Exploring fingers toward the sun
As youth aspires, in riming speech,
  To phrase a friendship but begun.

And from the gnarled vine's crest of flowers
  Soft wreathing spirals still put forth
As, rarely! in its crowning hours
  Age sings a lifelong comrade's worth.

So have we heard with happy tears
Your friendship's music through the years.

"CAROLUS AGER"

The Author Further Discloses His Philosophy

"ECCE HOMO"

There was a man who saw God face to face:
  His countenance and vestments evermore
  Glowed with a light that never shone before,
Saving from him who saw God face to face.
And men, anear him for a little space,
    Were sorely vexed at the unwonted light.
Those whom the light did blind rose angrily;
    They bore his body to a mountain height
  And nailed it to a tree; then went their way.
  And he resisted not nor said them nay,
Because that he had seen God face to face.

There was a man who saw Life face to face;
  And ever as he walked from day to day,
  The deathless mystery of being lay
Plain as the path he trod in loneliness;

[1] Written at an emotional moment (in the office) after reading Jordan's verses to Anderson on the completion of the Dante translation.

C. K. F. 12–28–21

And each deep-hid inscription could he trace;
How men have fought and loved and fought again;
How in lone darkness souls cried out for pain;
How each green foot of sod from sea to sea
Was red with blood of men slain wantonly;
How tears of pity warm as summer rain
Again and ever washed the stains away,
Leaving to Love, at last, the victory.
Above the strife and hate and fever pain,
The squalid talk and walk of sordid men,
He saw the vision changeless as the stars
That shone through temple gates or prison bars,
Or to the body nailed upon the tree,
Through each mean action of the life that is,
The marvel of the Life that yet shall be.

When Man Shall Rise

When man shall rise to manhood's destiny,
When our slow-toddling race shall be full-grown,
Deep in each human heart a chamber lone
Of Holies Holiest shall builded be;

And each man for himself must hold the key;
Each there must kindle his own altar-fires,
Each burn an offering of his own desires,
And each at last his own High Priest must be.

The Bubbles of Saki

In sweet, sad cadence Persian Omar sings
The life of man that lasts but for a day —
A phantom caravan that hastes away
On to the chaos of Insensate Things.

"The Eternal Saki from that bowl hath poured
Millions of bubbles like us, and shall pour," —
The life of man, a half-unspoken word,
A fleck of foam tossed on an unknown shore.

"When you and I behind the veil are past,
Oh! but the long, long while the world shall last;
Which of our coming and departure heeds,
As the Seven Seas shall heed a pebble cast."

"Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that clears
Today of past regrets and future fears";
This is the only wisdom man can know —
"I come like water, and like wind I go."

But tell me, Omar, hast thou said the whole?
If such the bubbles that fill Saki's bowl,
How great is Saki, whose least whisper calls
Forth from the swirling mists a human soul!

Omar, one word of thine is but a breath,
A single cadence in thy perfect song,
And, as its measures softly flow along,
A million syllables pass on to death.

Shall this one word withdraw itself in scorn
Because 'tis not thy first nor last nor all —
Because 'tis not the sole breath thou hast drawn,
Nor yet the sweetest word thy lips let fall?

I do rejoice that when "of me and thee"
Men talk no longer, yet not less but more
The Eternal Saki still that bowl shall fill,
And ever stronger, fairer bubbles pour;

A humble note in the Eternal Song,
The Perfect Singer hath made place for me,
And not one atom in Earth's wondrous throng
But shall be needful to Infinity.

April, 1896

Altruism

The God of things that are
    Is the God of the highest heaven;
The God of the morning star,
    Of the thrush that sings at even;
The God of the storm and sunshine,
    Of the wolf, the snail, and the bee,
Of the Alps' majestic silence,
    Of the soundless depths of the sea;

The God of the times and the nations,
    Of the planets as they roll,
Of the numberless constellations,
    Of the limitless human soul.
For there is nothing small,
    And naught can mighty be;
Archangels and atoms all —
    Embodiments of Thee!

A single thought divine
    Holds stars and suns in space;
A dream of man is Thine,
    And history finds its place,
When the universe was young,
    Thine was the Perfect Thought
That life should be bound in one
    By the strand of Love enwrought.

In the life of the fern and the lily,
    Of the dragon and the dove,
Still through the stress and struggle
    Waxes the bond of love.
Out from the ruthless ages
    Rises, like incense mild,
The love of the man and the woman,
    The love of the mother and child.

November, 1896

Unarmed and Unafraid

O thou blest land, America!
I look adown thy countryside,
And in the dawning glow of Peace,
I see thy landscape glorified.

Thy forests loftier rear their crests,
Thine eager rivers swifter flow,
While from thy hills of Hope and Faith,
Thy cleansing winds of Freedom blow.

The Future beckons; may it be
The land where every dream comes true,
The land in which each humblest child
Shall live as free as I or you;

The favored land of noble youth,
The land where hatred dies away,
The land where each may know the truth;
The chosen land of Liberty!

Erect, unarmed, and unafraid,
Thy children of the ages stand,
With Peace, her sheltering pinions spread,
North, South, East, West, above our land.

O speed the day when blood of man
No more shall drench the weary sod,
All joined in sacred brotherhood,
And every child a son of God —

When Peace with velvet-sandaled feet
Shall tread the Earth from shore to shore,
And peoples in the bond of love
Shall lust for conquest never more.

Appendix N

The Author Addresses His Lady Love

In Teháchapi

Cold is the wind upon the mountain side
(*For she, — my lady, — she is far from me*),
White is the snow and thick the mists that hide
Thy face, Teháchapi!

Stiffly the yuccas stand in mantles white
(*Garments unwonted, carried shiveringly*),
While desert cactus, sands, and storm unite,
Blending impartially.

But not forever lingers Winter here
(*For there is always Summer in the heart*),
The south wind whispers, and the hills are clear,
The thick fog falls apart.

The Summer's gentle touch shall never fail
(*Because, — my lady, — she will come to me*),
Blue are the skies beyond the mists that veil
Thy face, Teháchapi!

Madame Délicieuse

I know she's coming, and the air around me
Is warm and bright:
The little room is full to overflowing
With softest light.

No more the shadow of the winter lingers
Across my heart;
For at the magic hidden in her fingers
The clouds dispart.

Now Care and Faction cannot come to vex me;
Mine is the key
That locks the door to all unrest and passion
While Life shall be.

Kaweah in Tulare

Across Tulare, in the early morning,
The western trades blow free,
Bearing above us in huge broken masses
The white mists from the sea.

Through wastes of sand, green-fringed with oaks and willows,
The swift Kaweah goes,
Down to the thirsty basin of Tulare,
Which never overflows.

Its current mingles with the milk-white waters
Of the great silent lake,
Which, to receive it, through its guard of tules,
An opening seems to make.

O'er the dark foothills rise the calm Sierras,
Flushed with the morning red:
From their slow-melting snow-fields the Kaweah,
An infant stream, is fed.

Its winding course, rock-walled by cliff and canyon,
I trace in dim outline,
Through flecks of cloud between the silent summits
And the dark shades of pine.

My spirit wanders to those far recesses;
I scent the fragrant air,
Filtered from glaciers pure, through sun-warmed meshes
Of pine-leaves everywhere.

I seem to see the granite cliffs uprising
Like mighty castle walls;
And in the breeze, as snow-white banners waving,
The foamy waterfalls.

From each dark cleft, half hid in fern and aspen,
Their music comes to me,
With the one song the pine-tree's ever singing
Blended in harmony.

O river glorious in the mountain canyon,
Where thy fair birth is placed!
O river sad, whose waves are lost and swallowed,
In alkali and waste!

O glorious youth, by wondrous dreams surrounded
With fragrance, light, and life!
O sad old age, whose force is dissipated
In idle, aimless strife!

My life I see, as mirrored in the river, —
This only may I know,
'Tis hastening onward toward the Lake of Silence
Whose waters ne'er o'erflow.

The river's windings once again I follow,
Across the desert bare,
By lines of grateful oaks and bending willows,
Which tell the water there.

Along the margin sweetest flowers are springing,
The birds sing in the trees;
Where'er the river goes is life and verdure —
The desert vanishes.

Dear heart, if so my life be like the river,
Its fate be mine;
Let it flow on, its banks be green forever, —
What matter, oak or pine?

I Heard a Lark

I heard a lark in Heaven sing;
He was not saying anything.
No words perhaps had he to say,
And he was very far away.
Yet she who heard him knew for truth,
Knew that he sang of Love and Youth,
Each note as fresh and all unworn
As on Creation's natal morn.
Nothing is old and nothing new,
For Life began with Me and You.

I would that I in such a strain
Might sing my song to you again,
In newborn language clothe my art,
Some Esperanto of the heart,
Each note as fresh and all unworn
As if each tone were newly born.

But clumsily I do my part
In words worn smooth beyond repair,
Their angles rounded everywhere
Through usage in the common mart.
The Lark seems nearer Heaven than I,
I cannot voice his ecstasy.

And yet to you my song I bring;
I am not saying anything, —
My words are old and dull and gray,
They yield me nothing new to say;
But you who listen know, forsooth,
Know that I sing of Love and Youth,
Of Love that grants Eternal Youth!

In a Week of Sundays

In a week of Sundays,
In a year of Mays,
In a life o'erflowing
With fair holidays,

Sit beside me, sweetheart;
Touch my hand once more,
And the days shall ever
Follow as before, —

Every day a Sunday
Every month a June,
Every night and morning
Blessèd afternoon!

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